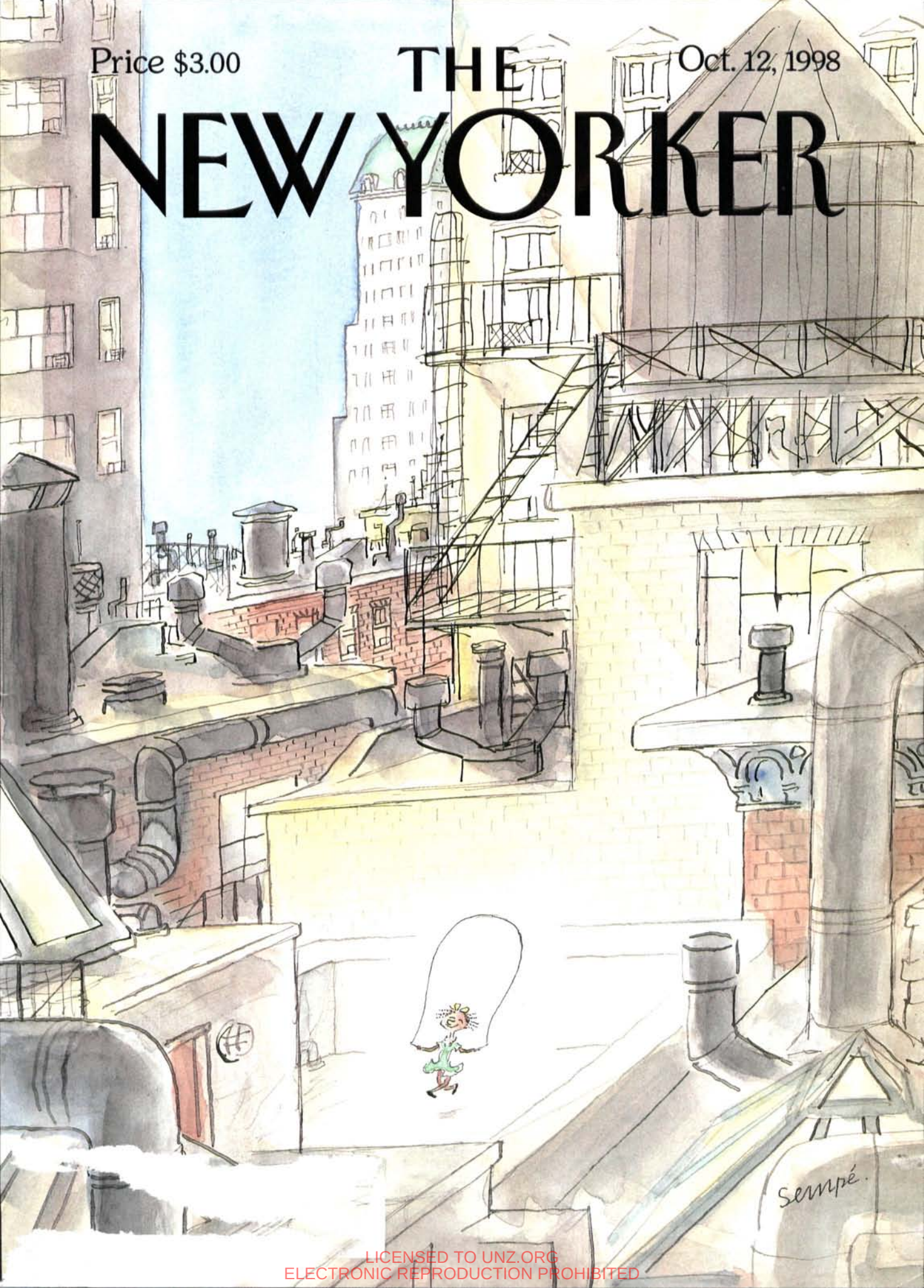


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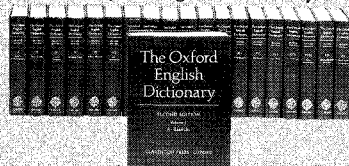
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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for seven combined issues: Feb. 23 & Mar. 2, Apr. 27 & May 4, June 22 & 29, Aug. 24 & 31, Oct. 26 & Nov. 2, Dec. 7 & 14, Dec. 28 & Jan. 4) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXIV, No. 31, October 12, 1998. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$39.95; two years, \$72.00. In Canada, one year, \$83.00 (includes GST and HST where applicable). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, \$91.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

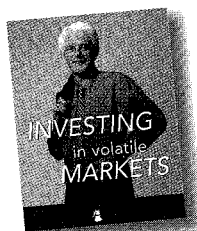


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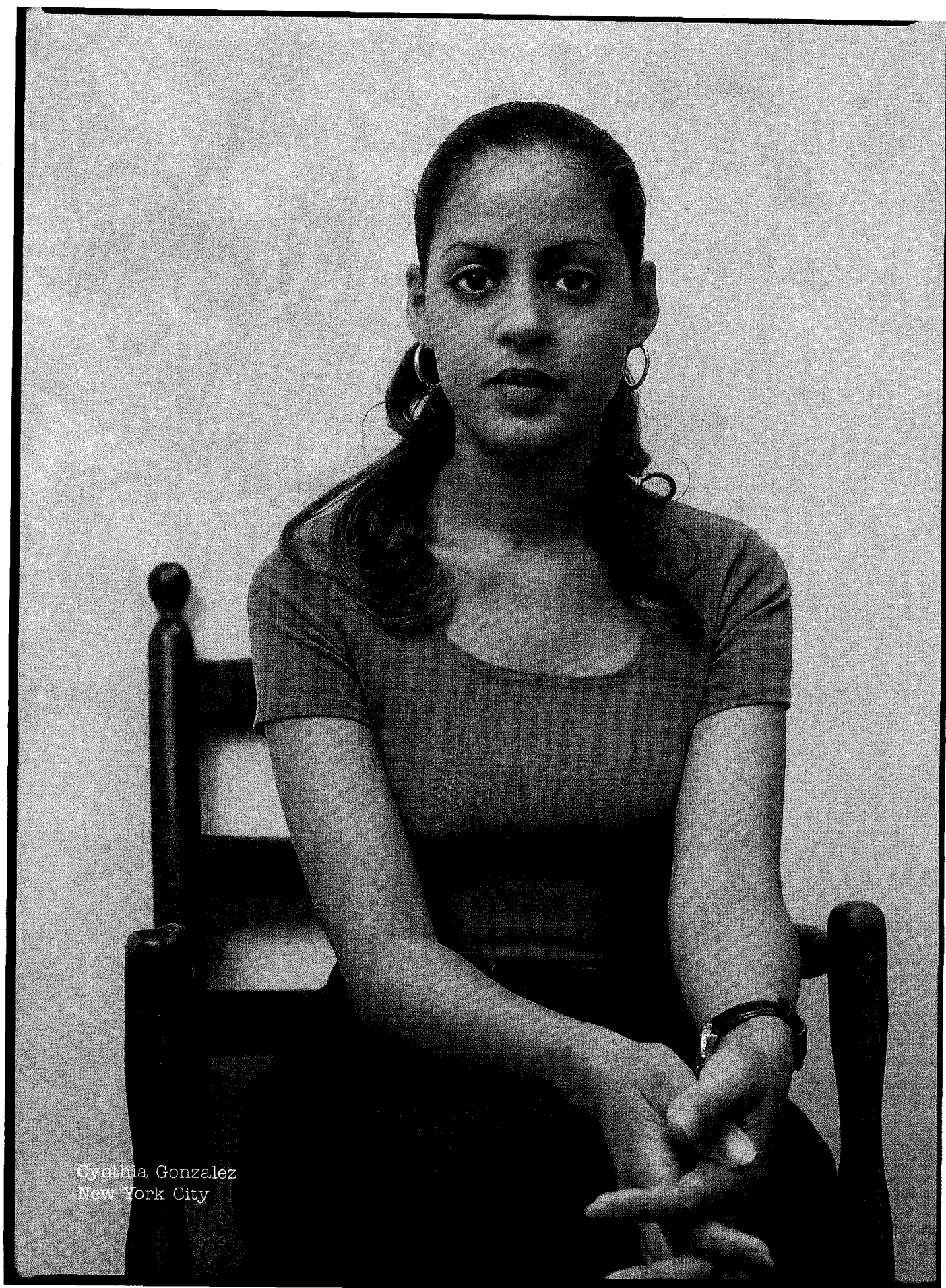
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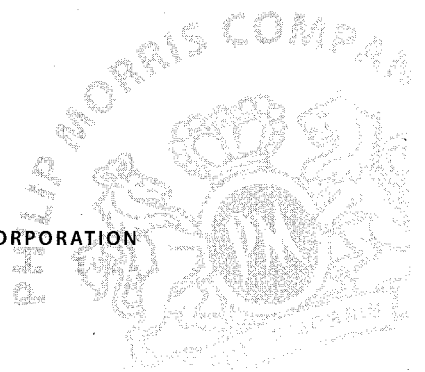
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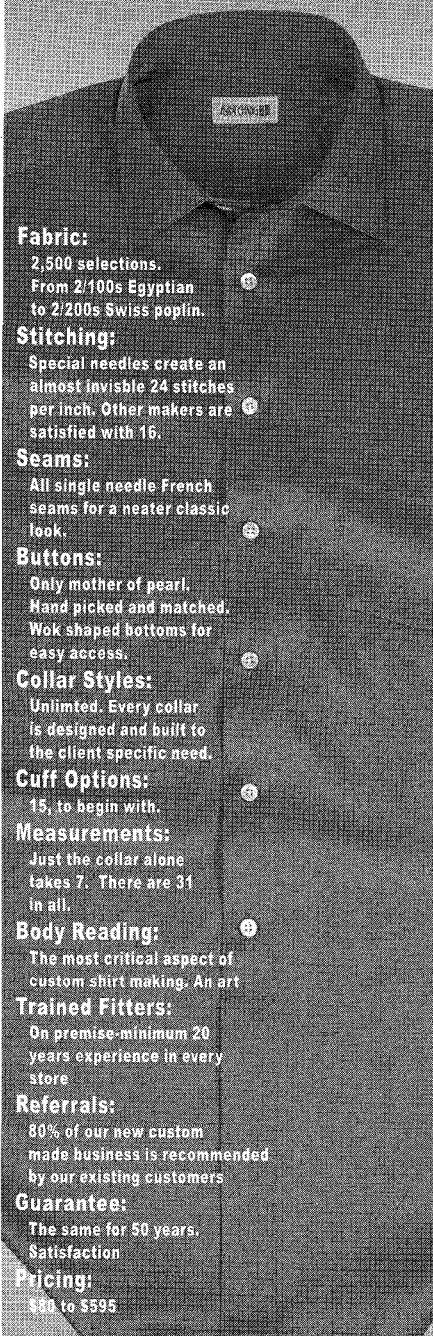
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CONTRIBUTORS

TONI MORRISON ("Strangers," p. 68) was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1993. She teaches at Princeton University. Her most recent novel is "Paradise."

SEYMOUR M. HERSH ("The Missiles of August," p. 34) has contributed to this magazine since 1971. His books include "The Dark Side of Camelot" and "Against All Enemies: Gulf War Syndrome."

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR. ("The Circuit Rider," p. 42), editor-at-large of *National Review*, author, and columnist, is the host of the television program "Firing Line."

SCOTT STOSSEL (Books, p. 92) is the executive editor of *The American Prospect*. This is his first article for *The New Yorker*.

ALICE MUNRO (Fiction, p. 72) is the author of a novel and eight collec-

tions of stories, including the forthcoming "The Love of a Good Woman."

JONATHAN FRANZEN ("Imperial Bedroom," p. 48) is the author of the novels "Strong Motion" and "The Twenty-Seventh City."

GORDON PARKS (Photograph, p. 55) is the subject of the retrospective "Half Past Autumn," currently on display at the Museum of the City of New York.

HOWARD L. BINGHAM (Photograph, p. 56), a freelance photographer whose friendship with Muhammad Ali dates back to 1962, published a book of photographs of Ali in 1993.

FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY (A Critic at Large, p. 85) is the author of nine books, including "Lovers and Tyrants" and "Soviet Women." She lives in Connecticut. ♦



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THE MAIL



BIBLE STORIES

From John Updike's review of Cullen Murphy's "The Word According to Eve" ("Can Eve Be Reprieved?," September 14th), we learn that Murphy's survey of women scholars offers no "cooked dish" as "memorable" as that served up by Harold Bloom, that Elizabeth Cady Stanton was obese, and, most egregious, that Jesus came to redeem women from Judaism, which "surpassed the male bias of other contemporary cultures" in its "intense misogyny." The first two comments are merely gratuitous, but the description of Judaism is both bad history and bad theology. Updike's stereotype of Jewish life relies on the early studies of Leonard Swidler, who is, as Updike notes, one of the few men cited in Murphy's volume. (Not only can't we women scholars cook; apparently, we can't be relied on for rigorous history, either.) Modern scholars' knowledge of early Judaism is incomplete, but what we do know corrects Updike's reductive portrait. The works of the women scholars cited in Murphy's book provide an up-to-date, critically aware view of Jesus the Jew within his own vibrant, complex setting. More, they offer a view of Christian origins that doesn't need to make itself look good by making Judaism look bad.

AMY-JILL LEVINE
Carpenter Professor of New Testament Studies
Vanderbilt Divinity School
Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. Updike seems to have missed the main point of Scripture; the Bible is about a woman and her son. Critiques of Eve blame her (and, by extension, all women) for the fall of humanity, but through the Bible's repeated emphasis of the mother figure Eve is reprieved. Judith, Esther, Sarah, Ruth, Naomi, Elizabeth, and the Mother of the Sons of Zebedee: the Bible is full of strong women. And the Catholic view of Scripture emphasizes the importance

of women because of the salvation that comes through them. Many of the strong Biblical women are precursors of that teen-age mother Mary, whose son, Jesus, redeems humanity through his birth. It's significant that no man is involved in his conception, only God, and that humanity is saved by Mary's motherhood. Updike's counsel to readers to turn a deaf ear to what does not sing to them in Scripture hardly makes for a scholarly approach. Better to listen more carefully and discover the songs they've missed.

JOHN HIGGINS
Vancouver, Canada

LOSING LAS VEGAS

Paul Goldberger's "Casinos Royale" (The Sky Line, with Robert Polidori, September 14th) made me remember the good old days of Las Vegas, when the atmosphere of decadence—drinking, gambling, prostitution—was enough to lure those eager for all-night entertainment. What's happened to Vegas in recent years reminds me of what happened when Route 66 was replaced with an interstate highway. The new route was bigger and travelling it was faster, but the road had no character. No one writes songs about interstates. Similarly, Vegas is no longer Vegas. It has been replaced by New York, Paris, Egypt, and Venice—all the places mainstream America wants to visit. Vegas used to be a unique subculture. Now it's pop culture in the extreme.

Fritz Larue
Athens, Ga.

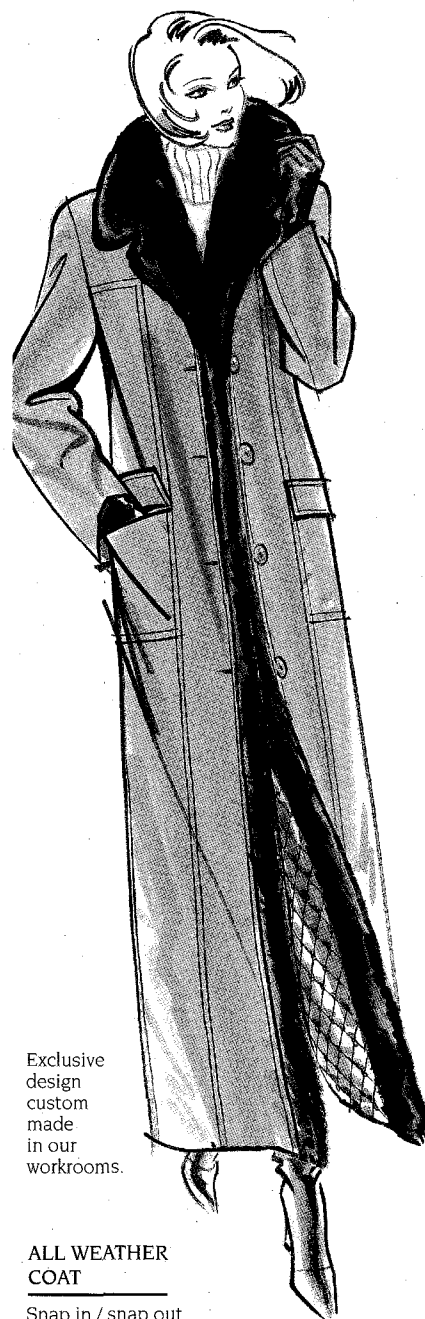
THE RIGHT TO COPY

Tad Friend's article on copyrights (Postcard from Hollywood, September 14th) reminded me of Chico Marx's classic line: "I play you one of my own compositions by Victor Herbert."

Bert Granet
Santa Monica, Calif.

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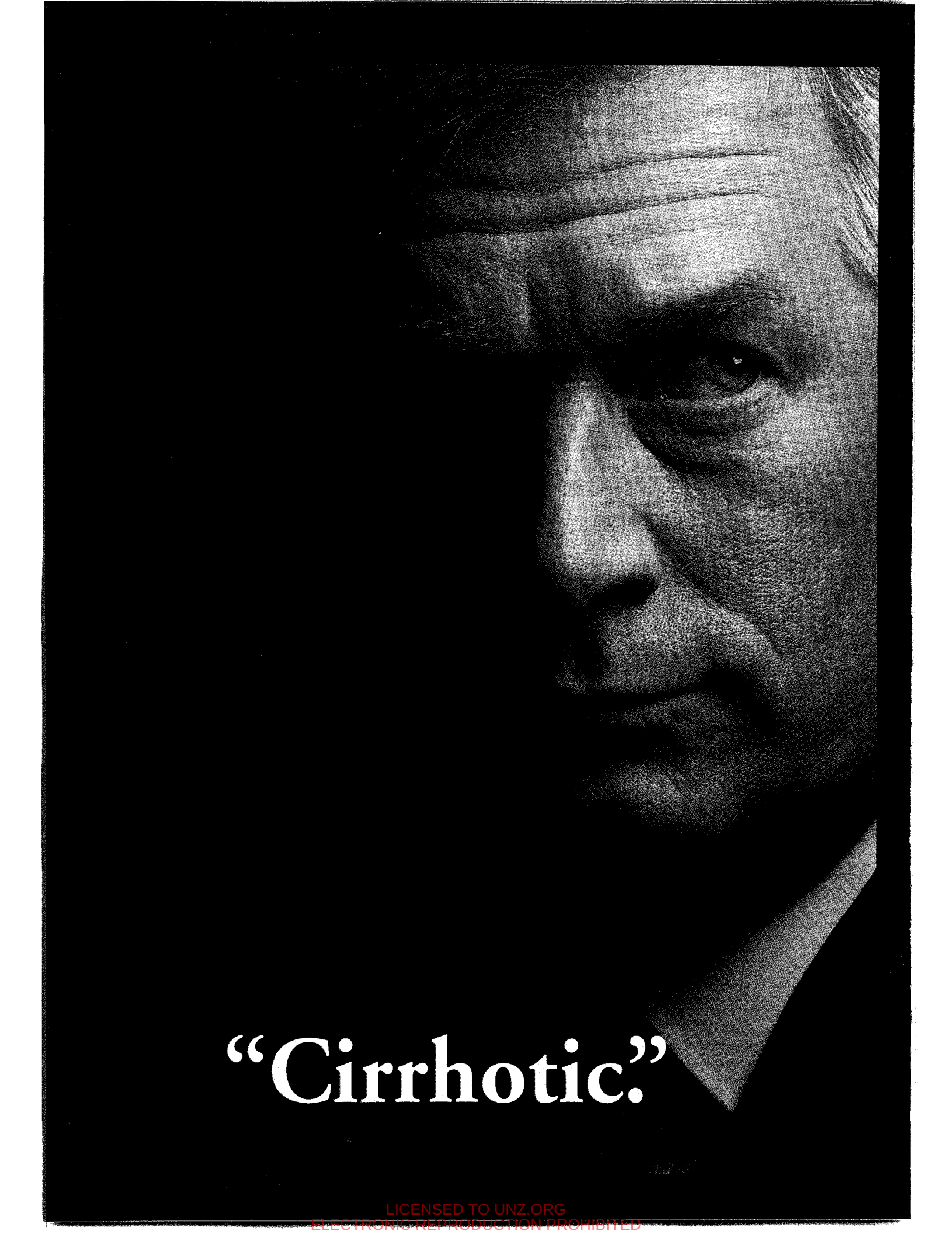
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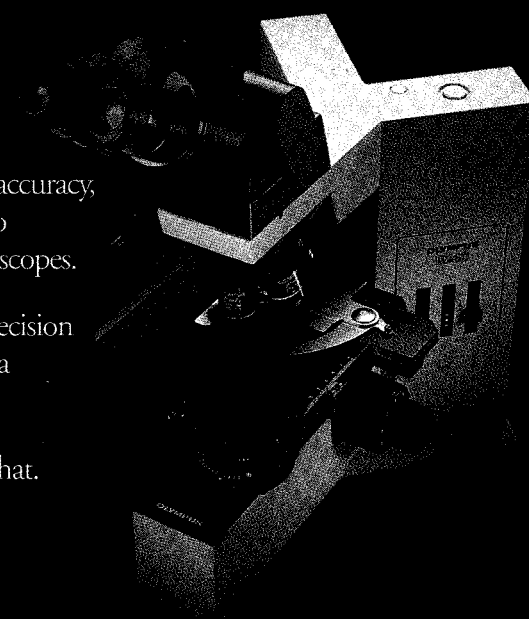
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THE AFTER-DINNER JOKE—A play by Caryl Churchill, which premiered on BBC television in 1978, about a woman who makes the leap from the private to the public sector. Previews begin Oct. 10. (Currican, 154 W. 29th St. 462-9279.)

BINLIDS—A drama about Northern Ireland's struggle with Great Britain, written and performed by a group of women and men from West Belfast. Pam Brighton is the director. Previews Oct. 8-10. Opens Oct. 11 at 8 and continues through Oct. 23. (Angel Orensanz Center Foundation for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St. 307-4100.)

CORPUS CHRISTI—Terrence McNally's new drama tells the story of a young gay wayfarer on a spiritual journey with his twelve followers. Joe Mantello is the director. In previews through Oct. 11. Opens Oct. 13 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

FOOTLOOSE—A musical adaptation of the 1984 film about a small town where dancing has been banned, co-written by Dean Pitchford (who also wrote the screenplay) and Walter Bobbie. With music by Tom Snow and lyrics by Mr. Pitchford. In previews. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

GETTING AND SPENDING—An idealistic investment banker charged with insider trading must convince a lawyer turned monk to defend her, in a play by Michael J. Chepiga. John Tillinger is the director. In previews. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

GIRL GONE—A new mind-bender from Mac Wellman, directed by Paul Lazar, and with choreography by Annie B. Parson. Oct. 8-9 at 8 and Oct. 10 at 7 and 9. Continues through Oct. 31. (Flea Theatre, 41 White St. 226-0051.)

IMPOSSIBLE MARRIAGE—Holly Hunter leads the cast of Beth Henley's new drama, set in Savannah, about a young woman's marriage to a philandering older man. Stephen Wadsworth is the director. In previews. (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

JUBILEE—Herbert Ross is the director of this benefit performance of the 1935 Moss Hart-Cole Porter musical about the Royal Family. Bea Arthur, Tyne Daly, Sandy Duncan, Stephen Spinella, and Damian Woetzel are in the cast. Oct. 10 at 7:30. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)

KILLER JOE—Tracy Letts's black comedy, which is set in a Texas trailer park, stars Scott Glenn and Amanda Plummer. In previews. (Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 239-6200.)

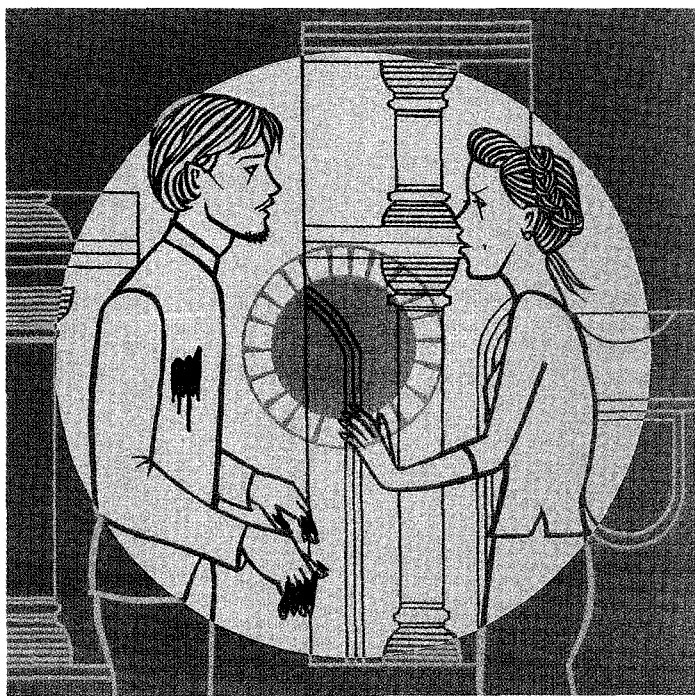
LITTLE ME—Martin Short returns to Broadway to star with Faith Prince in a revival of the 1962 musical comedy by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman (music), and Carolyn Leigh (lyrics). Direction and choreography are by Rob Marshall. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13				

MORE TO LOVE: A BIG FAT COMEDY—Jack O'Brien is the director of a new play by Rob Bartlett (a writer and performer on the radio show "Imus in the Morning"), who stars as an overweight comic rethinking his life. Joyce Van Patten and Dana Reeve co-star. In previews. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

A NIGHT IN NOVEMBER—A one-man drama starring Dan Gordon and written by Marie Jones, which is set on the night of the 1994 World Cup qualifying soccer match between Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland. Opens Oct. 7 at 8. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)



Billy Crudup and Frances McDormand, in "Oedipus."

OEDIPUS—Billy Crudup and Frances McDormand star in Dare Clubb's retelling of the Greek myth. A Blue Light Theatre Company production. In previews through Oct. 10. Opens Oct. 11 at 5 and continues through Oct. 25. (CSC Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. 279-4200.)

THE OLD SETTLER—Leslie Uggams leads the cast in a drama by John Henry Redwood, set in Harlem in the forties, in which the lives of two middle-aged sisters are disrupted when they take in a young boarder. In previews. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

PERICLES—The Public opens the season with Shakespeare's tragicomedy. Brian Kulick is the director. Previews begin Oct. 13. (425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

SWAN LAKE—The British choreographer Matthew Bourne's he-swan interpretation of the Tchaikovsky ballet comes to Broadway. Preview on Oct. 7. Opens Oct. 8 at 6:45. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

OPENED RECENTLY

CANDIDA—The Pearl Theatre Company begins the season with Shaw's 1903 play about marriage. Clare Davidson is the director. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes Oct. 11.)

CHICAGO CITY LIMITS—The improv company presents a new revue, "Subpoenas Envy." (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

COLLECTED STORIES—In a splendid performance, Uta Hagen plays an aging writer who tells her protégée (Lorca Simons) the one story about her own life which she hasn't written. Complications, naturally, ensue. Unfortunately, other than providing a showcase for Ms. Hagen, this revival of Donald Margulies's 1997 drama only points out how poorly constructed the relationship between the two women is. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

COMMUNICATING DOORS—A wonderful farce with a fairy-tale ending, by Alan Ayckbourn. As with all good farce, the central conceit is serious and quite ridiculous at the same time; in this case, it involves murder and time travel. An exuberant cast, led by the wittily unflappable Patricia Hodges and including Mary-Louise Parker and David McCallum, makes the most of David Gallo's lovely set (which has six doors, good for slamming, hiding behind, and hitting miscreants with). Christopher Ashley's direction makes the precise framework of the plot clear without ever dampening the high spirits. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 13th St. 239-6200.)

CULTURE OF DESIRE—Dante's "Inferno" and the life of Andy Warhol inspired the director Anne Bogart's play, her second installment in the Saratoga International Theatre Institute's two-part examination of American popular culture. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475. Closes Oct. 11.)

DINAH WAS—Oliver Goldstick's play about the late blues singer Dinah Washington, starring Lillias White. (Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. 307-4100.)

A DREAM OF WEALTH—Arthur Giron's drama about an American entrepreneur in Guatemala incorporates masks, music, and ritual movement. (46 Walker Street Theatre, 46 Walker St. 421-1380. Closes Oct. 11.)

DUET! A ROMANTIC FABLE—A return engagement of the Adobe Theatre Company's staging of Gregory Jackson and Erin Quinn Purcell's comedy. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200.)

THE DYING GAUL—A five-week, encore staging of Craig Lucas's latest drama, in which a married Hollywood producer seduces a native young writer whose screenplay he wants to buy. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes Oct. 25.)

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HESH—From *Naked Angels*, a drama by Matthew Weiss that traces twenty years in the life of a troubled Bronx family. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 479-7304. Closes Oct. 10.)

HOUSE/LIGHTS—A work in progress from the Wooster Group, adapted from the Gertrude Stein opera "Dr. Faustus Lights the Lights." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes Oct. 25.)

THE IRISH... AND HOW THEY GOT THAT WAY—This revue by Frank McCourt is a generally good-natured if somewhat choppy amalgam of historical tidbits, quotations from letters and speeches, and Irish songs from the past two centuries. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

MARCO POLO SINGS A SOLO—The Signature Theatre Company opens its John Guare season with the playwright's 1977 comedy, in which a filmmaker, working on an iceberg at the end of the millennium, takes on the life story of the Italian explorer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (555 W. 42nd St. 244-7529.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE—David Herskovits, the artistic director of Target Margin Theatre, has the impressive ability to strip away years of interpretive assumptions about a play, exposing it as newly vigorous and thought-provoking, like a just restored Old Master. Though his productions are sometimes peculiar (and the work of his designers literal-minded and silly), Herskovits's direction at its best—as in this instance, applied to Shakespeare—allows the audience to see a script from a modern viewpoint without ripping it out of context. The actors are, for the most part, up to the challenge; Will Badgett (the Duke), Yuri Skujins (Escalus), and Tony Jackson (Elbow) are particularly good. (Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. 358-3657. Closes Oct. 10.)

THE MYSTERY OF IRMA VEP—A revival of Charles Ludlam's 1984 camp thriller, directed by and starring Everett Quinton (who appeared

with Ludlam in the original *Ridiculous Theatrical Company* production). Stephen DeRosa is also in the cast. With sets by John Lee Beatty and costumes by William Ivey Long. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

NIJINSKY SPEAKS—A one-man memory play, written and performed by Leonard Crofoot, in which the celebrated dancer looks back on his life from the confines of an insane asylum. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. Closes Oct. 18.)

NUNSENSE A-MEN—An all-male version of Dan Goggin's 1985 musical comedy, "Nunsense." (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS—In Joe DiPietro's new comedy, a young man planning his future clashes with his four Italian-American grandparents, who have ideas of their own on the subject. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

POWER PLAYS—Three short plays, two written by Elaine May and one by Alan Arkin, who originally performed them with Jeannie Berlin and Anthony Arkin, their respective offspring. Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss have taken over for Alan Arkin and Ms. May. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

SAKINA'S RESTAURANT—Aasif Mandvi portrays six characters in his one-man exploration of the South Asian community in New York. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

SNAPSHOTS '98—An evening of one-acts from the Worth Street Theatre: "Imagining Brad," by Peter Hedges, and "The Cardinal Detoxes," by Tom Disch. (Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. 604-4195.)

STUPID KIDS—The WPA Theatre's production of John C. Russell's dark comedy of suburban-teen angst. Michael Mayer is the director. (Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE—Abstract puppets underwater, set to the music of Berlioz. This isn't rubber-duckie performance art; just as

dance can make space a palpable presence onstage, the show's creator, Basil Twist, uses feathers, streamers, mirrors, bubbles, and sophisticated lighting to do the same for water. And, as in dance, the movement illuminates the music. A peerless, delightful evening. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

'TIL THE RAPTURE COMES—A domestic drama set in a small West Virginia town, written by Edward Napier, a native of the state. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

THE UNEASY CHAIR—The owner of a boarding house (Dana Ivey) in Victorian London sues her ill-tempered boarder (Roger Rees), in a new comedy by Evan Smith. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

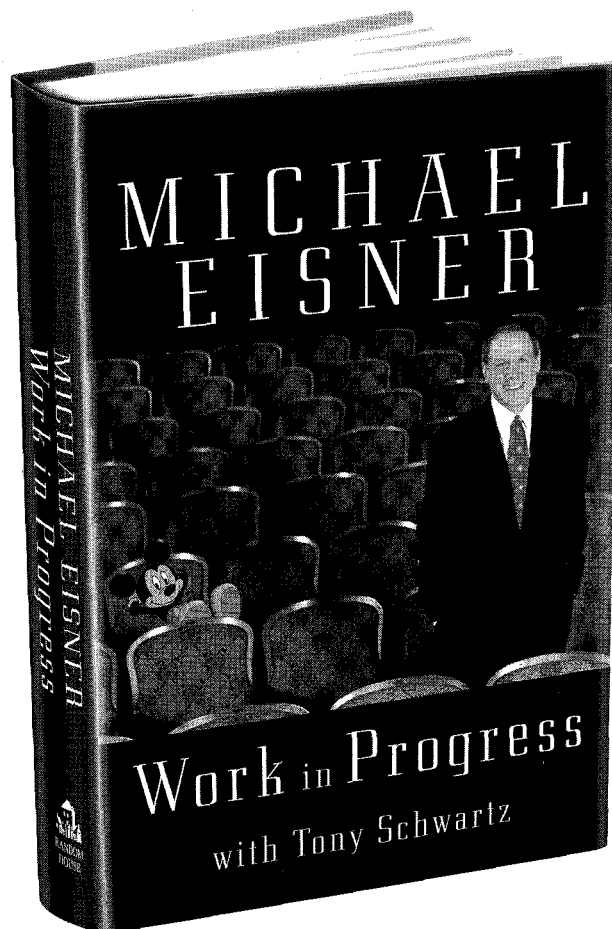
VEGETABLE LOVE—The 29th Street Rep presents a surrealistic drama about an Irish-American family in the aftermath of the father's death, written by Tammy Ryan. (212 W. 29th St. 465-0575. Closes Oct. 11.)

VILLA VILLA—Theatre as mosh pit. The Argentinean troupe De La Guarda herds you into a crowded space, performs undistinguished rock music, swings on ropes over your head, and splashes you until you're drenched. (Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.)

THE WEATHERBOX—Rattlestick Productions' season opener is a family drama by Travis Baker. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 675-5634. Closes Oct. 11.)

WIT—MCC Theatre presents the Long Wharf Theatre's staging of a dark comedy by Margaret Edson, in which a woman with cancer (Kathleen Chalfant) finds solace in the sonnets of John Donne. (120 W. 28th St. 727-7765. Closes Oct. 31.)

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD—A drama about an urban, middle-class black family shaken by sexual abuse, written by Anne L. Thompson-Scratching. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)



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ZINGARO—The French equestrian troupe returns to New York with "Eclipse," a new show featuring twenty-six horses, eighteen performers, and a Korean folk-music ensemble. (Big Top at Battery Park City. 718-636-4100.)

LONG RUNS

ART: Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200....
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100....**THE BEAUTY QUEEN OF LEE-NANE:** Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200....**BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370....
BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK: Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200....**CABARET:** Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. 719-1300....
CATS: Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200....**CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200....**THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838....**FORBIDDEN BROADWAY STRIKES BACK:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200....**HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH:** Jane Street Theatre, Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. 239-6200....**I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200....**JEKYLL & HYDE:** Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200....**LATE-NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200....**THE LION KING:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100....**LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200....**MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200....**PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401....**THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200....**RAGTIME:** Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100....**R & J:** John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 354-2220....**RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000....**THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100....**SECRETS EVERY SMART TRAVELER SHOULD KNOW:** Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599....**SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200....**THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200....**STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477....**TITANIC:** Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100....**TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200.

DANCE

"WE SET OUT EARLY... VISIBILITY WAS POOR"—The Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company, in a full-length work that abandons social issues for pure movement, with music by Stravinsky, John Cage, and Peteris Vasks. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Oct. 6-10 at 7:30 and Oct. 11 at 3.)

THE NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA—Three programs, each featuring at least two works choreographed by James Kudelka, the artistic director of the Toronto-based company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Oct. 6-9 at 8, Oct. 10 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 11 at 2.)

COMPAGNIE MAGUY MARIN—The witty choreographer Maguy Marin uses a light touch for social satire in "RAMDAM," a two-part full-length work parodying the conventions of officialdom. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 6-9 at 8, Oct. 10 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 11 at 2 and 7:30.)

RIVERDANCE—The fifty-one-member Irish step-dancing company stops by the home of the Rockettes for some high kicking of its own. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Oct. 6-9 at 8 and Oct. 10-11 at 2 and 8.)

"STAR WARS AND OTHER STORIES"—The three-member Headlong Dance Theatre (with four additional dancers) sets Spielberian fantasies (outer-space battles, quests for the Force) to music from such seventies-era rock changelings as David Bowie, Blondie, and the Bee Gees. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Oct. 8-10 at 8 and Oct. 11 at 3.)

KAREN GRAHAM—The choreographer presents two duets, "Crossing Fields," and "The Palace of Not Even Anything," and her trio "One Tangled Act." (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Oct. 8-11 at 8:30.)

"WATERBIRDS"—The choreographer Krieta Willberg and her company Dura Mater collaborate with the director Todd Alcott and the actors of Spunky Productions in still an-



Cake, at the Bowery Ballroom.

other version of "Swan Lake." (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Oct. 8-11 at 8:30.)

"FALL"—A split bill with works by choreographers Mollie O'Brien ("Relay," "Morning Petals," and "Unearthing Other Eyes") and Sigal Bergman ("The Body Snatchers V2" and "DoubleTripleOne"). (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. 924-0077. Oct. 9 at 9 and Oct. 10-11 at 8.)

KOREAN TRADITIONAL DANCE AND SONG—The In-Young Sohn Dance Company performs folk dances, Buddhist and shamanic rituals, and modern interpolations of Korean classical dances, with music provided by the National Center for Korean Traditional Performing Arts. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Oct. 11 at 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

BARENAKED LADIES—The Canadian band's first album, "Gordon" (1992), featured jaunty folk songs that were tender, funny, and free of irony, the bulk of which presaged a long career with little commercial success. Six years later, on "Stunt," the Ladies (five paunchy clothed guys, actually) have their first hit: "One Week," a nerdy, word-drenched rave-up. This show should provide a blast of wit and warmth from north of the border. (The Theatre at Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. Oct. 7 at 8.)

LIONEL HAMPTON TRIBUTE—Hampton, one of the grandest and oldest of jazz's grand old men, introduced the vibraphone to jazz at a 1931 Louis Armstrong session, then codified its use in Benny Goodman's small groups and his own hard-driving ensembles. Hampton may no longer be the never-say-die rabble-rouser of yore, but he's still a swinging improviser and an imperishable showman. A benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Oct. 8 at 7.)

LIZ PHAIR—America's favorite Lilith defector leaves the comforts of the mother ship. Her new album, "Whitechocolatespaceegg," lacks the teeth of the reputation-making "Guyville," but she's softened into a much more generous, entertaining performer.

(Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Oct. 8 at 8.)

ROYAL CROWN REVIEW—Neo-swing music in a dance hall that was once synonymous with the real thing. (Roseland. Oct. 9 at 7:30.)

ANDREAS VOLLENWEIDER—The hirsute New Age harpist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 9 at 8.)

RAIS KHAN AND RASHID KHAN—Indian classical music, with one of the subcontinent's leading sitarists and an upcoming young vocalist. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Oct. 9 at 8.)

JANET JACKSON—Her last record, "The Velvet Rope," was considered something of a commercial disappointment, but Ms. Jackson needn't worry. Unlike her unfortunate older brother, Janet has simply outgrown her public's expectations. Live, she's just a great entertainer—her concerts are the choreographic equivalent of a May Day parade. With the suave R. & B. singer Usher. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 10-11 at 8.)

THE KLEZMATICS AND CHAVA ALBERSTEIN—New York's favorite modernist klezmer band shows no signs of resting on its multicultural laurels. Joined by the Israeli vocal star Chava Alberstein and multi-instrumentalist Ben Mink, best known as a producer of K. D. Lang and Barenaked Ladies, the Klez will present music from "The Well," their collaboration with Alberstein and Mink. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Oct. 10 at 8:30.)

YOSI PIAMENTA—The man known as the Hasidic Hendrix, an incendiary guitarist and a hell of a mensch, burns a few bushes on the roof of the Sol Goldman Y. (344 E. 14th St. 683-9004. Oct. 10 at 9:15.)

GLADYS KNIGHT—The legendary R. & B. chanteuse, minus the Pips. (The Theatre at Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. Oct. 11 at 7.)

CABARET CONVENTION—A week of song, with Joyce Breach, Ann Hampton Callaway, David Campbell, Barbara Carroll, Judi Connelli, and many others. (Town Hall. Oct. 12 at 6. Through Oct. 18.)

ÖBERWALLISER SPILLIT—Traditional folk music (and one twenty-four-minute work by the contemporary composer Heinz Holliger) from the Swiss Alps. (Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway, at Spring St. 925-2035. Oct. 13 at 7.)

AEROSMITH—Back in the early nineties, when these good old boys from Boston signed a seven-figure record deal, everyone sniggered. Thanks to the endless fealty of MTV and first dibs on a series of high-profile soundtracks, the band has made its third act vastly more profitable than its first. We can expect swivel-hipped, balloon-lipped singer Steven Tyler to swagger on forever. (Jones Beach Theatre. 516-221-1000. Oct. 13 at 8.)

"MAMALOSHEN"—Mandy Patinkin takes his set of Yiddish songs to Broadway. (Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Oct. 13 at 8. Through Nov. 7.)

ELVIS COSTELLO AND BURT BACHARACH—The pop troubadour and the resurgent composer have just completed their first album together, "Painted from Memory." A lush reflection on lost loves and after-hours desires, it was recorded with a twenty-four-piece orchestra. Costello and Bacharach will enjoy similar support onstage, and in person their collaboration promises to be magical. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Oct. 13 at 8.)

ELTON JOHN—When you've sold more than forty million albums, you can do whatever the hell you want. Last year, Lord Elton hit a commercial peak by succumbing to his all-time low, retooling a decent ode to Marilyn Monroe into a garish slab of necromancy. At least he gave the profits to charity. A healthy fourteen months after his tribute to Diana, he's sure to feel comfortable playing the fool again. And with Elton, that means costume changes, boas, and other Liberace-style excesses. In other words, a great show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 13-14 at 8.)

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CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

ARLENE GROCERY, 95 Stanton St., between Ludlow and Orchard Sts. (358-1633)—A narrow, dimly lit renovated bodega that's the ideal environment for three to five unknown bands a night struggling their way out of obscurity.

BLARNEY STAR, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Oct. 7: Celtic pop with singer **SUSAN MC KEOWN** and loose American pop with **FIVE CHINESE BROTHERS**.

BOWERY BALLROOM, 6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—Oct. 9: **MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?** These space-age stowaways from Alabama play lo-fi surf punctuated with sci-fi samples from the fifties. Drag racing, double agents, and interplanetary travel are among the many issues addressed in their instrumentals. Oct. 10: A high-profile evening of indie-rock darlings, with **MARY LOU LORD**, **ALEJANDRO ESCOVEDO**, and **PETER CASE**. Oct. 12-13: **CAKE**. Sacramento, California's No. 1 rock band, hot off the success of last year's irresistible hit "The Distance," returns with "Prolonging the Magic," a fresh package of post-ironic, Beck-and-Soul-Coughing-inspired hip-hop.

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Oct. 9: A rare club gig by guitarist **ELVIN BISHOP**, who became famous as a member of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band.

CONEY ISLAND HIGH, 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959)—Oct. 8: Longtime New York novelty act **THE VOLUPTUOUS HORROR OF KAREN BLACK** trots out its old ghoulish shtick.

DOWNTIME, 251 W. 30th St. (695-2747)—A friendly split-level bar with a dazzling quasi-Cubist paint job and an above-average pool table.

THE GREATEST BAR ON EARTH, 1 World Trade Center (524-7000)—Hyperbole, perhaps, but it's certainly the highest. And Thursdays through Saturdays you'll find live music, dancing, and dining, a hundred and seven stories above the city.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Oct. 7: **EDWIN MC CAIN**. Oct. 8-10: **THE RADIATORS**. In a more perfect world, all putatively great bar bands would live up to their hype as gamely as the Radiators do. Shored up by Ed Volker's hearty singing and boogie-driven keyboard riffs, this New Orleans-based group delivers its bluesy rock with all the radiant gusto you could ask for. Oct. 13-14: Two evenings of spoken word with **HENRY ROLLINS**. ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

LIFE, 158 Bleecker St. (420-1999)—Oct. 8-10: Ageless goth ingénue **LYDIA LUNCH** entertains the troops.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Oct. 7-12: **DAVID BYRNE** and the **BALANESCU QUARTET**. For the past decade the Psycho Killer has made some of the best music of his career, careening willy-nilly from world-music buffets to jungle grooves to straightforward pop, all in the same unpredictable manner of his legendary alma mater, the Talking Heads. Here, he joins forces with the London-based string quartet. An anything-goes engagement.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—Oct. 8: Blues chanteuse **ANGELA STREHLI**.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-0406)—Oct. 9: **THE TOM TOM CLUB**. Originally conceived as a boredom-busting side project for former Talking Heads husband-and-wife rhythm section Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz (see also David Byrne, above), this ad-hoc band made some of the most infectious dance music of the early eighties. On hits like "Wordy Rappinghood"

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Oct. 7: **THE CORRS**. Oct. 8: The country, folk, and rock sounds of the **HEALTH & HAPPINESS SHOW**. With the great urban folk-singer **AMY RIGBY**.

LES POULETS, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and, now and then, a cha-cha. Dining.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Oct. 8: **KING'S X**. The nineties' answer to Rush, this intermittently successful power trio mixes earth-shattering instrumental skills with less than stellar songwriting. Oct. 9: **THE CHURCH**. Once a fairly important band—in the wispy, black-clad, post-R.E.M. school of jangly guitar rock—the Church have until recently been excommunicated from the contemporary-music scene. Oct. 10: **THE FUNKY METERS**. Founded in the mid-sixties by keyboardist Art Neville, this strutting gumbo band is to New Orleans R. & B. what the MGs are to Memphis soul—the real thing. Oct. 11: **RUN-D.M.C.** They are the kings of rap, and they are back.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MARY CLEERE HARAN**, a great performer who mixes barbed comic observation with genuine scholarly enthusiasm, is here through Oct. 10, paying tribute to George Gershwin. Dining.

BIRDLAND, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Through Oct. 8: The **KURT ELLING** trio. Oct. 9-10: The **JOHN PATITUCCI** quartet. Patitucci has done a fine job of reinventing himself. Once a fleet-fingered bassist with an unfortunate West Coast sheen that often obscured his uncommon musicianship, Patitucci has now become a smart mainstream bandleader whose playing, while still prolix, is more considered—and more ensemble-oriented—than ever. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**NANCY WILSON** burst onto the scene back in 1959 with a thrilling voice, a tremendous presence, a brilliant feel for the music, and a smoldering beauty that was impossible to resist. She just as quickly went the glossy supper-club route, playing the big casinos, making television appearances, and recording lush, uninspired albums. But live she's still got it. She appears here with her trio through Oct. 11. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Singer **BARBARA COOK**, who still sets the standard in combining musicality with intensity, is in through Oct. 10. **BOBBY SHORT** sets up shop starting Oct. 13. Monday nights belong to **WOODY ALLEN** and **THE EDDY DAVIS NEW ORLEANS JAZZ BAND**. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **PETER MINTUN** presides at the piano through Oct. 10. **BARBARA CARROLL** takes over on Oct. 13.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The neofree-jazz tenor saxophonist **DAVID S. WARE** (Oct. 11) recently caught hold of the brass ring on the jazz-market

merry-go-round. Lured to Columbia Records by Branford Marsalis, Ware, to everyone's amazement, now records for a major corporation. But his new disk, "Go See the World," shows no signs of corporate compromise. Ware and his tight-knit band—bassist **WILLIAM PARKER**, pianist **MATTHEW SHIPP**, and drummer **SUZIE IBARRA**—still draw from an avant-garde tradition that has never ruled out full-on expressionistic bluster. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

TABLES FOR TWO



MARICHU, 342 E. 46th St. (370-1866)—At Marichu, a Basque restaurant just a stone's throw from the U.N., the clientele is quiet, diplomatically dressed, and most likely talking in a language not your own. You rarely have to wait for a table here; the comfy anti-glamour of the place (decorative photos of the homeland depict landscapes resembling Trenton, New Jersey) and its separatist location on the Far East Side guarantee immunity from the usual New York table jockeying.

There are matters to negotiate, however. Skip the nods to the host country (sizzling shrimp, filet mignon, the vegetarian plate) and steer toward familiar items in foreign dress. At dinner, you might start with the monkfish (each piece rolled in its own leaf of wilted lettuce). At lunch, you might think about the rustic Serrano ham (chewier and saltier than prosciutto, and served in chunks that could have been sliced off by machete), followed by the deliciously tender white asparagus, dressed with piquillo peppers and an olive vinaigrette. The fact that the asparagus is out of a can is no reason to turn up your nose. According to co-owner Raynold von Samson, a German native who grew up in Bilbao, fresh asparagus is rarely served in Spain.

At the end of lunch, the patrons at other tables indulge in the ritual goodbye kisses of their native lands before returning to work. In the evenings, halfway through dinner, handsome international teen-agers use the same range of kisses to bid farewell to parents and head out for the night. A wonderfully adult mouthful for those left behind is a dish of baby squid in a silky black ink sauce—the ink to choose if you ever have to eat your words. Even more implausibly delicious is the *leche frita* (fried milk), tiny, airy squares that taste like pancakes and go surprisingly well with the one German item available—Mr. von Samson's apple schnapps. (Open weekdays for lunch and dinner, Saturdays for dinner only. Entrées \$12-\$22.)

and "Genius of Love," they mixed the syntactics of rap with girl-group whimsy. It's a sound that hasn't been heard since. **COMBUSTIBLE EDISON** is in on Oct. 10. The first band to feature a signature drink recipe on a CD cover (two ounces brandy, one ounce Campari, one ounce fresh lemon juice; ignite brandy, pour into a shaker full of cracked ice, etc.), this self-proclaimed "suave and sybaritic" group is the most convincing of the cocktail-lounge sophisticates. Oct. 11: **MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?** (see Bowery Ballroom).

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Dining.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Oct. 11: The **FRANK FOSTER** quintet. As one of the "two Franks" (along with Frank Wess) of the Count Basie band, tenor saxophonist Foster established a reputation as a challenging improviser and resourceful composer that stood him in good stead when he came to lead the band in the nineties. Here, a small unit will set off Foster's prodigious gifts as a soloist equally versed in the dialects of swing and modernism. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL**.

JAZZ STANDARD, 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—Through Oct. 11: The **HILTON RUIZ** quartet. Pianist Ruiz, whose idiomatic versatility laid the groundwork for such recent genre crossers as Danilo Perez and Ed Simon, has the pungent rhythmic sense of someone equally at home with Latin music or modern jazz. The secret hero of multifarious groups over the past three decades, Ruiz deserves serious appreciation for his own dexterous work.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. Oct. 7-10: Pianist **JON DAVIS** and bassist **ED HOWARD**.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Oct. 9-11: **BARRE PHILLIPS**. Although his name has popped up over the past forty years in some of the most heady ensembles and on recordings led by such model modernists as Archie Shepp, John Surman, and Ornette Coleman, bassist Phillips remains a rare visitor to our city. Making the most of his three-night stint, this formal virtuoso will play in a variety of musical settings.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, Art Deco shrine, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Television host and singer **KATHIE LEE GIFFORD** finishes a two-week run on Oct. 10. . . . Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Hilary Kole. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through Oct. 11: The **HAMMETT BLUIETT GROUP**. Shunning the conventional range of his cumbersome instrument, Bluiett can coax unnatural and beautiful sounds from the baritone saxophone. Whether he's growling like a bullfrog or improvising in ambulance-siren tones, all of Bluiett's explorations are grounded in the bedrock of blues and gospel music. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The extraordinary seventy-two-year-old drummer **ROY HAYNES** (here through Oct. 11) is following the advice of his late great colleague, drummer Art Blakey: if you want to stay young, keep your sidemen young. Haynes, who came up playing with such jazz legends as Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Sarah Vaughan, and John Coltrane, believes in imparting his knowledge to the younger generations. It's a win-win situation: the rough and ready energy of his bandmates keeps Haynes on his toes, and playing with this percussive dynamo gives saxophonist **RON BLAKE**, bassist **DWAYNE BURNO**, and pianist **DAVE KIKOSKI** firsthand wisdom that money can't buy. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ZINC BAR, 90 W. Houston St. (477-8337)—A young guitarist with flying fingers and a heart filled with bebop, **RON AFFIF** has a semi-regular Monday gig at an intimate space that caters to guitar freaks—just right for a six-string whiz with almost too much to say. Saturdays feature Brazilian jazz.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—It's hard not to sound a bit breathless about "From Van Eyck to Bruegel," surely the most gorgeous exhibition of the fall season. It's drawn entirely from the Met's own collection of early Netherlandish paintings, which is one of the world's finest, and the over-all impression of the show is overwhelming. Many works will be familiar to regular visitors. Campin's landmark Merode Triptych, one of the earliest depictions of the Annunciation in a domestic setting, and Bruegel's lurching "Harvesters" astonish each time you see them. Several works not ordinarily on permanent exhibition, such as the stunning Memling portraits and a charming Annunciation by Petrus Christus—conventionally set on a church porch beside a humble, crumbling brick wall—would be prizes for most museums. Through Jan. 3. . . . "The Ceaseless Century: Three Hundred Years of Eighteenth-Century Fashion" displays period outfits with their typical extravagance of effects (petticoats, stomachers, corseted waists, panniered skirts, flared peplums, etc.) alongside examples of their continuing influence, from nineteenth-century ball gowns and walking dresses to Dior cocktail dresses and Vivienne Westwood pirate ensembles. Through Nov. 29. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part II: Vegetal Patterns" identifies components of the arabesque—vine scrolls, blossoms, split leaves, and palmettes—in plant motifs from the ninth century to the eighteenth. Through Jan. 10. . . . "Ellsworth Kelly on the Roof." Through late fall. . . . "The Direct Eye," a small and unassuming show devoted to the interplay between self-taught and mainstream artists in this century, includes works by Horace Pippin, Max Weber, and Alison Saar. Through Oct. 18. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Through Feb. 28. . . . "Sacred Visions: Early Paintings from Central Tibet." Through Jan. 17. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—In the run-up to the Jackson Pollock retrospective, the drawings department has gathered some eighty works by the New York School, from early Abstract Expressionist stuff by the young Rothko and Gorky to mature work by Rauschenberg and Johns. Pollock's evolution is in evidence here, from an early Surrealist "landscape"—a brilliantly colored, faintly horrifying abstract version of a Bosch garden—to 1950 ink splatters, big gestures on a small scale. Knowledge of the artists' paintings affects how one sees the drawings: in a pair of skeletal brush drawings by Philip Guston, for example, one misses his heavenly colors. But a tiny black-on-black composition by Ad Reinhardt is a perfect miniature of his best large-scale work. Through Jan. 12. . . . "The Best Animals Are the Flat Animals," a video installation by Diana Thater, projects shifting images of zebra herds and performing zebras which play behind the shadows cast by museumgoers. Through Nov. 10. . . . The retrospective devoted to Pierre Bonnard closes Oct. 13. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Selections from the permanent collection are on display. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—Like many of his Abstract Expressionist peers, Mark Rothko began his career making pictures indebted to European biomorphic Surrealism, before evolving his signature style of luminous, slightly spooky rectangles piled one above the other. The horizontal axis of Rothko's paintings suggests affinities with nineteenth-century Romantic landscapes; on the other

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Dallas Morning News



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"Pinocchio was great! We took it on vacation, and the kids watched it 6 times in two days—it's so fantastic."

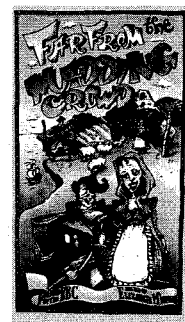
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hand, the broad expanses of color and severe geometric reduction look forward to the color-field and Minimalist art of the sixties. The temptation at this retrospective is to take a bath in his luxuriant palette—to treat Rothko as an AbEx Bonnard—but one should keep in mind that the artist allied his art with the timeless and the tragic. Through Nov. 29. . . ¶ The first full-scale retrospective of the work of Bob Thompson, a psychedelic African-American appropriation artist whose brief and incendiary career was spent stuck in the heyday of Abstract Expressionism. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"Kerry James Marshall: Mementos" includes intricate and allusive paintings and sculptures (as well as a new site-specific installation) by an artist whose work is informed by events he witnessed in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1963, and Watts, in 1965. Through Nov. 29. . . ¶ "Martin Lewis's World: Cityscapes on Paper" compares New York cityscapes by the print-maker (1881-1962) with photographs on the same subject by some of his contemporaries. Through Oct. 25. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (849-8300)—"The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks" opens the doors of the Disney Imagineering archives, which include architectural plans for the various lands (Fantasy-, Frontier-, Adventure-, Tomorrow-, etc.) and documents outlining the "hub-and-wienie" plan (the obelisks drawing pilgrims toward these lands are called wienies). Through Jan. 10. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

DIA CENTER FOR THE ARTS, 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566)—For "Excursus: Homage to the Square³," the installation artist Robert Irwin has divided Dia's third floor into eighteen rooms with fine mesh-scrim walls, varying the effect in each of the translucent chambers with a spectrum of gels and fluorescent light. . . ¶ "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Nearly a hundred drawings inspired by Leonardo's sketchbooks, as well as three sculptures, and performance regalia from "Aus Berlin." (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008)—Mr. Morgan's mansion is the ideal venue for road shows from major European cabinets, and "Master Drawings from the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums" is one of the best examples of this. Any exhibition that ranges from Holbein to Klee, from the Florentine Renaissance to Modigliani and de Chirico, necessarily lacks curatorial focus; what unifies it is the supremely high quality of the works. Apparently, the Russians weren't out-collected by anyone. Among the best are an ironic red-chalk sketch of a blustering actor, by Rembrandt, and a superb group of Matisse's in various mediums, including a vivid watercolor of bathers. Some works are interesting less for their technique than for the glimpse they offer into their time and place. Vittore Carpaccio's "Philosopher in His Study," from the fourteen-seventies, shows a sage surrounded by books, art work, and astrological instruments: the definitive portrait of a Renaissance man. Through Jan. 10. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5; Fridays, 10:30 to 8; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

PETAH COYNE—In a startling formal departure from her recent work in wax, Coyne ventures into darker territory. The sculptures in

"Fairy Tales" are constructed with spiraling ropes of horsehair, coiled in elaborate patterns. These swirling fantasias tumble from the wall and erupt from the floor, ensnaring animals and birds. (The sculptor bought the stuffed specimens from a natural-history museum that was going out of business.) In the most monumental work, with the yucky title "Doggy-Doo," a coyote with a pheasant emerging from its head is completely enmeshed by a cloud of hair—a tableau that seems to capture the animal at the moment of death and transcendence to another plane of existence. Through Oct. 16. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. 315-0470.)



Gallerygoers basking in the glow of the new Sol LeWitt, at Pace Wildenstein.

JASON MARTIN / CARLO MOLLINO (1905-73)—Gesture meets minimalism in the cool, bold paintings of this young British artist. To each of his panels (made of copper, Plexiglas, aluminum, plastic, or steel) Martin applies a single coat of vivid paint (usually oil) with a custom-made rake-like device in one uninterrupted motion. The results are pure and visually engrossing./Exuberant, curvilinear designs by the Turinese architect. Both shows through Oct. 10. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454.)

BETTYE SAAR / CHARMION VON WEIGAND (1896-1983)—Savage satires of racism, combining Depression-era washboards and so-called "black collectibles," racist toys and mammy figurines that Saar has equipped with guns and slogans. In "Lo'd A' Massy, Miss Ann, I Sho' Gots Som'thin' Fo' Yo'," Aunt Jemima totes an automatic rifle, above the stencilled message "Extreme times call for extreme heroines." Nothing subtle about them, but they possess a raw eloquence that won't be denied./Small, competently executed abstract collages by a minor American follower of Mondrian. Both shows through Oct. 31. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. 247-0082.)

"BREAKING GROUND"—A huge, handsomely mounted group show, with work from twenty-three venturesome artists. British sculptor Tony Cragg has erected a monumental pile of glass jugs, vases, and bottles, all sandblasted to an eerie, frosty patina. Giovanni Anselmo has levitated an Alp-shaped slab of granite with aluminum cables, a threatening and emblematic configuration. Spaniard Juan Muñoz has sculpted a jolly little Chinese man in gray polyester, laughing into a fun-house mirror. The exhibition's masterpiece is a suite of photographs by Gerhard Richter. In 1971, working from photographic sources, he painted forty-eight sombre portraits of famous musicians, writers, and scientists, all in suits, encyclopedia style. Here he's photographed those paintings, sending this ambiguous convocation back to the medium where it began. Through Nov. 7. (Goodman, 24 West 57th St. 977-7160.)

SHORT LIST—**FRANK AUERBACH** and **RACKSTRAW DOWNES**, Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. 541-4900. Through Oct. 30. . . . **DONALD BAECHELER**, Baron/Boisantié, 50 W. 57th St. 581-9191. Through Oct. 24. . . . **GEORG BASELITZ**, Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. 421-3292. Through Oct. 10. . . . **RALPH ALBERT BLAKELOCK**, Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Through Oct. 31. . . . **ALAN FELTUS**, Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 355-4545. Through Oct. 24. . . . **GIUSEPPE GALLO**, Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. 399-5510. Through Oct. 31. . . . **SHARON HORVATH** and **MERVYN PEAKE**, De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050. Both shows through Oct.

10. . . . **JOHN LAUB**, Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. 759-2345. Through Oct. 10. . . . **SIMON LEE**, Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. 879-3500. Through Oct. 17. . . . **HENRI MATISSE**, C & M, 45 E. 78th St. 861-0020. Through Dec. 12. . . . **KENNETH NOLAND**, Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. 752-0124. Through Oct. 17. . . . **CAROL ROSS**, Gat, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. 327-0441. Through Nov. 21. . . . **ALICE SCHILLE**, Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 535-5767. Through Oct. 24. . . . **FRANK STELLA**, Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. 489-3331. Through Oct. 10. . . . **PETER SULLIVAN**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810. Through Oct. 31. . . . **JOHN WESLEY**, Danese, 41 E. 57th St. 223-2227. Through Oct. 17.

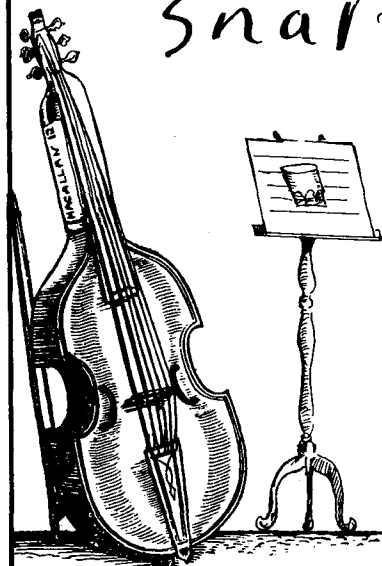
GALLERIES—CHELSEA

LYNDA BENGLIS—Recent sculpture and the 1973 video "Female Sensibility." Benglis is best known for the ad she took out in *ArtForum* in the early seventies depicting herself naked, straddling an enormous dildo. The video seems like a poeticized version of the ad, while the sculptures continue in the vein of postminimalist disintegration which the artist has advocated. Unfortunately, they are extremely ugly. Through Oct. 10. (Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727.)

ALAN CURRAL—Six short, deadpan, single-screen video works by a young Glasgow-based artist. The combination of humor and aggression may recall his fellow Glaswegian, the art star Douglas Gordon, recipient of this year's Hugo Boss Prize. In one video, the artist repeatedly barks "You're fired" into a disconnected telephone; in the next, he offers detailed word-processing tips to a computer chip. Curral's work plays into the current nostalgia for the art of the early seventies—his scenarios inescapably recall William Wegman's dumb-yet-clever videos—but such debts don't detract from Curral's aptitude for amusingly sardonic repetition. Through Oct. 10. (Goldsworthy, 453 W. 17th St. 414-4560.)

BLAKE RAYNE—"Autumn Drive," a suite of smart paintings and one rather out-of-place sculpture. The paintings depict views

Scotch Snap.



A manuscript from a Conservatoire of Music

Sirs, it may have come to your notice that in music we have a term 'Scotch Snap'. This usually takes the form of a semiquaver followed by a dotted quaver, a device favoured particularly by baroque composers such as Handel giving a distinctive 'jerky' character to a dance tune.

It has been suggested in the Professors' Common Room that this figure derived its name from the rough liquors of the time which imparted a sudden jolt to the Scottish tastebuds.

Today, of course, we have The Macallan Single Highland Malt Whisky, which provides such a delectable legato that the Scotch snap has become quite forgotten – except of course in those bars where only baser spirits are jiggered out (in which case, may we suggest a bar's rest?).

Yours etc., Ian Curror,

FRCO (CHM), GRSM, ARCM, LRAM and BAR.

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through the windows of a presumably moving car. Leached of color, they seem almost grisaille, and the over-all thin, grainy application of paint is at times interrupted by more viscous, opaque passages. Conventional wisdom in the art world today suggests that in the most recent rebirth of painting, issues of abstraction and representation no longer pertain. Rayne's pictures elegantly elide that dichotomy, although in a way that inescapably evokes the progenitor of this entire tendency, Gerhard Richter. Through Oct. 10. (Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. 463-7770.)

DAMIEN SMITH—Carefully rendered and consciously antiseptic drawings of modernist architecture, mostly interiors, all devoid of people. There is an undercurrent of creepiness and a frisson of the surreal, as in one room appointed with oddly self-sufficient-looking typewriters. The implied message: nothing is happening here; something bad is going to happen. Through Oct. 17. (Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. 727-2752.)

SHORT LIST—**JOHN AHEARN**, Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave., at 18th St. 367-7474. Through Oct. 24. . . . **MIGUEL CALDERÓN**, Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 627-6000. Through Oct. 17. . . . **MAT COLLISHAW**, Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. 414-4144. Through Oct. 17. . . . **ERIK A. FRANSEN**, DCA Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-5511. Through Oct. 17. . . . **BARBARA GALLUCCI**, Eller, 529 W. 20th St. 206-6411. Through Oct. 10. . . . **JONATHAN HAMMER**, Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 243-0200. Through Oct. 24. . . . **ROB HORNSBY**, Debs, 529 W. 20th St. 647-7080. Through Oct. 10. . . . **SARAH LUCAS**, Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. 206-9300. Through Oct. 17. . . . **MILTOS MANETAS**, Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. 727-3323. Through Nov. 7. . . . **ROBERT MELEE**, Kreps, 529 W. 20th St. 741-8849. Through Oct. 10. . . . **JOHN MORRIS**, D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. 352-9460. Through Oct. 3. . . . **LAURIE SIMMONS**, Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100. Through Oct. 24. . . . **LESLIE WAYNE**, Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. 645-1701. Through Oct. 10.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

MIKE BIDLO—"The Fountain Drawings." This appropriation artist has covered the walls of the gallery with hundreds of drawings in various sizes and styles, all of them homages to Marcel Duchamp's infamous urinal readymade. Some of them are delicately rendered, while others seem casually tossed off. The Duchampian icon has been presented in a range of signature art-historical styles: AbEx, Bourgeois (Louise), biomorphic. The collection looks impressive, but one does wonder what the point is. Through Oct. 24. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. 274-9300.)

CADENCE GIESSBACH—An installation of paintings, in yellow and black on white vinyl panels, that reproduce computer distortions of drawings the artist made of a formal English garden. A lot of skill and effort has been lavished on an idea (about familiarity and perceptual change, according to a gallery handout) that should probably have been slept off. Through Oct. 17. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

SOL LEWITT—Two large-scale numbered wall drawings ("Loopy Doopy, Orange and Green" and "Loopy Doopy, Black and White"). The works were executed by assistants following LeWitt's precise instructions, a quasi-mechanistic procedure that can nevertheless yield works of surprising visual aplomb and vivacity. The two here are especially eye-popping; their pulsing and undulating forms suggest that, in the currently popular game of opticality, this grand old man of Conceptual art holds a few trump cards. Through Oct. 10. (Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. 431-9224.)

LISA YUSKAYE—Busty, sad-eyed nudes, seen in a gauzy focus that borrows equally from *Penthouse* and *De La Tour*. The mixture of deformity and nubility achieves the desired effect of uncomfortable pleasure. Through Oct. 10. (Boesky, 51 Greene St. 941-9888.)

SHORT LIST—**LAURIE ANDERSON**, Artists Space, 38 Greene St. 226-3970. Through Nov. 7. . . . **SILVIA BÄCHLI**, A/D, 560 Broadway. 966-5154. Through Nov. 7. . . . **JAYASHREE CHAKRAVARTY**, The Drawing Room, 40 Wooster St. 219-2166. Through Oct. 22. . . . **PAUL DAVIS**, School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. 592-2144. Through Oct. 30. . . . **DONNA DENNIS** and **THOMAS LANIGAN-SCHMIDT**, Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. 941-5777. Both shows through Nov.



Piazzolla's opera "Maria de Buenos Aires," performed by Gidon Kremer and colleagues at BAM's Majestic Theatre.

7. . . . **MINNIE EVANS**, Ross, 568 Broadway. 343-2161. Through Nov. 14. . . . **CAIO FONSECA**, Senior, 375 West Broadway. 941-0960. Through Nov. 7. . . . **JANNIS KOUNELLIS**, Ace, 275 Hudson St. 255-5599. Through Nov. 28. . . . **JOSEPH MARIONI**, Blum, 99 Wooster St. 343-0441. Through Dec. 5. . . . **VIRGIL MARTI**, Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway. 966-9520. Through Oct. 24. . . . **KATY SCHIMERT**, Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-9074. Through Oct. 17. . . . **JEFFREY VALLANCE**, Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. 965-0753. Through Oct. 31.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

SOTHEBY'S—Oct. 7: A photography auction that includes about forty pieces from the corporate collection of the Gilman Paper Company, as well as a notable group of images by Edward Weston. . . . Oct. 9: International folk art from the Howard and Catherine Feldman collection. . . . Oct. 9-10: Sales of Americana, especially furniture. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

CHRISTIE'S—Oct. 8: American furniture and decorative pieces. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000.)

DOYLE—Oct. 7: An auction of nineteenth- and twentieth-century decorative art. . . . Oct. 13: Tribal art and antiquities. (175 E. 87th St. 427-2730.)

TRIBAL ANTIQUES SHOW—Sixty-seven dealers gather to offer tribal and ethnographic collectibles from the Americas, Africa, Asia, and Oceania. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Oct. 9-11. For information on the show, call 683-2434. For information on a benefit preview, which begins on Oct. 8 at 5:30, call 310-455-2886.)

ROBERT A. SIEGEL—An auction of a single-owner collection comprising every stamp issued in the first century of American postal history (1847-1947), including several extremely rare items. (65 E. 55th St. 753-6421. Oct. 8-10.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

SHELBY LEE ADAMS—"Appalachian Legacy," a powerful selection of portraits of families living in eastern Kentucky. Through Oct. 10. (Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255.)

JEFF BROUWS—Lucid color landscapes of the motels, coffee shops, gas stations, and tractor trailers that populate America's inter-

states and lesser highways. Through Oct. 17. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St. 570-1223.)

MILES COOLIDGE—Astoundingly panoramic prints—the average is ten inches by eleven feet—that capture, in hazy, muted greens and browns, the flat agricultural fields of California's Central Valley. Through Oct. 10. (Kaplan, 48 Greene St. 226-6131.)

"THE AMERICAN CENTURY: OBSERVATIONS AND METAPHORS"—Part two of this gallery's exploration of the power of the image covers the years 1936 to 1967 and includes work by many artists, among them André Kertész, Dorothea Lange, Edward Weston, and Robert Frank. Through Oct. 17. (Danziger, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. 734-5300.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY—"Walker Evans, Simple Secrets," a show of works from the collection of Marian and Benjamin A. Hill. . . . "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma." Both shows through Nov. 29. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 6.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN—"Seeing Is Believing," a survey of the work of Vik Muniz. Through Nov. 8. (Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. 860-1777. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 8; and Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

SHORT LIST—**ANSEL ADAMS**, Alan Klotz/Photocollect, 22 E. 72nd St. 327-2211. Closed Tuesdays. Through Oct. 24. . . . **SALLY APPELBAUM** and **NICHOLAS BARKER**, Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747. Both shows through Oct. 17. . . . **EUGÈNE ATGET**, Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223. Through Oct. 10. . . . **HARRY CALLAHAN** and **ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG**, Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Both shows through Oct. 24. . . . **ELLEN CAREY** and **AMANDA MEANS**, Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Both shows through Oct. 10. . . . **LARRY CLARK**, Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. 206-9100. Through Oct. 24. . . . **REGINA DE LUISE**, Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766. Through Oct. 10. . . . **THOMAS DEMAND**, 303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121. Through Oct. 14. . . . **DONALD LOKUTA**, Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Open Sundays, noon to 5; through Oct. 17. . . . **JAN LUKAS**, De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. 327-1482. Through Nov. 7. . . . **SUSAN MEISELAS**, Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon. Through Oct. 24. . . . **RAY K. METZKER** and **ALBERT RENGERTZSCH**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. 226-1220. Both shows through Oct. 31. . . . **GORDON PARKS**, Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010. Through Oct. 31. . . . **TOMIO SEIKE**, Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292. Through Oct. 31. . . . **JAMES WELLING**, Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. 255-8450. Through Oct. 31. . . . **BRETT WESTON**, Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070. Through Nov. 7.

(See the museum listings for a photography exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—*TOSCA*, with Aprile Millo, Richard Leech, and Alain Fondary; conducted by Nello Santi. (Oct. 7 at 7:30 and Oct. 10 at 8:30.) ... *SAMSON ET DALILA*, with Olga Borodina, Plácido Domingo, and Sergei Leiferkus; James Levine. (Oct. 8 and Oct. 13 at 8.) ... *AIDA*, with Maria Guleghina, Nina Terentieva, Vladimir Bogachov, and Gregg Baker; with Mr. Domingo conducting. (Oct. 9 at 8.) ... *LOHENGRIN*, with Karita Mattila, Deborah Polaski, Ben Heppner, Falk Struckman, and René Pape; Mr. Levine. (Oct. 10 at 12:30.) ... *CARMEN*, with Hei-Kyung Hong, Béatrice Uria-Monzon, Franco Farina, and Gino Quilico; David Robertson. (Oct. 12 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House, 362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Oct. 7 at 7:30 and Oct. 10 at 1:30: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." ... ♫ Oct. 9 at 8: "Tosca." ... ♫ Oct. 10 at 8 and Oct. 13 at 7:30: "Orfeo ed Euridice." ... ♫ Oct. 11 at 1:30: A double bill of Weill's "The Seven Deadly Sins" and Orff's "Carmina Burana." (New York State Theatre, 870-5570.)

"MARIA DE BUENOS AIRES"—A concert version of the small-scale, two-act tango opera by Asor Piazzolla (a "tango operita," he called it), sung by Julia Zenkjo and Raúl Lavié, and featuring the librettist, Horacio Ferrer, as narrator; with Gidon Kremer leading his ensemble, Kremerata Musica. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn, 718-636-4100. Oct. 7-9 at 7:30.)

"CHAOS"—That word might well describe the situation preceding the premiere of many an opera, but in this case it's the name of the opera itself, a comic science-fiction stage work with music by Michael Gordon, which here receives three preview performances before its official opening, on Oct. 10. (The

Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Oct. 7-10 at 8. Through Oct. 24.)

AMATO OPERA—Final performances of "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Oct. 10 at 7:30 and Oct. 11 at 2:30. ... **NOTE:** On Oct. 10 at 11:30 a.m., the company presents a ninety-minute family version of the opera.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, Claudio Abbado conducting. Oct. 7: Mahler's mammoth Symphony No. 3, with contralto Anna Larsson, the Women of the Westminster Symphonic Choir, and the American Boychoir. ... ♫ Oct. 8: Bruckner's Symphony No. 5. ... ♫ Oct. 9: Schumann's "Manfred" Overture, Strauss's "Four Last Songs" (featuring soprano Renée Fleming), Debussy's Three Nocturnes (with the Women of the Westminster Symphonic Choir), and Ravel's "La Valse." (247-7800. Evenings at 8.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard leads Mozart's "Gran Partita" for Thirteen Winds, Ginastera's "Impresiones de la Puna," and Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 (with Hai-Kyung Suh). (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. Oct. 12 at 2 and 7 and Oct. 13 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-1259.)

RECITALS

KALICHSTEIN-LAREDO-ROBINSON TRIO—The distinguished piano trio is dedicating this season to a survey of the complete piano trios of Beethoven and Shostakovich (plus the string sonatas of the latter). This opening program offers well-turned early works by both: the first two of Beethoven's Three Trios (Op. 1) and Shostakovich's C-Minor Piano Trio (composed in 1923, while he was a student at the St. Petersburg—then Petrograd—Conservatory). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Oct. 7 at 8.)

LYRIC CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—Presenting an all-Gershwin program, with mezzo-soprano Rinat Shaham, pianist Richard Bishop, trumpeter Mark Gould, guitarist Adam Rogers, and double-bassist Jay Anderson. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. Oct. 7 at 8. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

BARGEMUSIC—Violinist Mark Peskanov, violist Toby Hoffman, and cellist Fred Sherry play two masterpieces of the rather small repertoire for string trio: Beethoven's Trio in D Major (Op. 9, No. 2) and Mozart's Divertimento in E-Flat Major (K. 563). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. Oct. 8 at 7:30 and Oct. 11 at 4.)

SAMUEL SANDERS, FRONT AND CENTER—The Juilliard School's Daniel Saidenberg Faculty Recital Series is one of the best bargains in town: for the price of a phone call, music lovers gain entry to concerts by eminent performers who happen to teach at the conservatory (including, this season, the Juilliard String Quartet, the New York Woodwind Quintet, and pianist Abby Simon). The series opens with a recital structured around someone who normally takes a more self-effacing role, the pianist Samuel Sanders, one of the world's most sought-after collaborative pianists and a professor of that specialized art. He's joined by other Juilliard-related artists with whom he's worked over the years: tenor Robert White (performing three Purcell songs and Poulenc's song cycle "Tel Jour, Telle Nuit"), soprano Tonna Miller and violist Samuel Rhodes (in William Bolcom's song cycle "Let Evening Come"), cellist Joel Krosnick (in Prokofiev's Cello Sonata), and students and colleagues from the school's Accompanying Department (taking turns in the four-hands version of Barber's "Souvenirs"). (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406. Oct. 8 at 8.)

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NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA—The ensemble offers Mendelssohn's String Quintet in B-Flat Major (Op. 87) and Schubert's Octet. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Oct. 8 at 8.)

FREDERICA VON STADE—The mezzo-soprano, assisted by pianist Martin Katz, performs songs by Fauré, Schumann (his "Frauenliebe und -leben"), Debussy ("Chansons de Bilitis"), and Jake Heggie, among others. (Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Oct. 9 at 8.)

LARA ST. JOHN—The violinist is assisted by pianist Ilan Rechtman in pieces by Schubert and Prokofiev (his Violin Sonata No. 1), among other works. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 718-885-2478. Oct. 11 at noon. . . ♣ Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. Oct. 12 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

BRYN TERFEL—The bass-baritone performs songs by Wolf, Debussy, Fauré, Brahms (his "Vier Ernste Gesänge"), Schumann, and Butterworth, among others, with pianist Malcolm Martineau assisting. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 11 at 2.)

MET CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Players from the Met Orchestra join to perform Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio, Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony No. 1, Ligeti's "Kammerkonzert," and Poulenc's "Le Bal Masqué" (with baritone Mark Oswald). (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 11 at 5.)

EUGENIA ZUKERMAN AND ANTHONY NEWMAN—The flutist and the keyboard player open the fifteenth season of their annual series of concerts-with-readings with a program relating to the American Revolution. The musical selections include works from both sides of the fracas, including pieces from Georgian England by Handel and Thomas Augustine Arne (composer of "Rule, Britannia!") and, from the side of the upstarts, compositions by William Billings and Francis Hopkinson (who, as a representative from the colony of New Jersey, also signed the Declaration of Independence and helped design the stars-and-stripes flag of the new nation). (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0855. Oct. 13 at 6.)

DANIEL BARENBOIM—Performing Liszt's B-Minor Sonata, as well as the "First Year" (Switzerland) of his "Années de Pèlerinage." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 13 at 7:30.)

AHN TRIO—The Ahn sisters—violinist Angella and her older identical-twin sisters, pianist Lucia and cellist Maria—were born in Korea but now live in the East Village, when not travelling a heavily booked concert circuit. Their interests extend well beyond the standard piano-trio literature, and they've recently embarked on a multi-year commissioning project to add full-scale pieces to the genre's repertoire. In this recital, the ensemble plays the premières of four fruits of this enterprise—piano trios written for them by John Musto, Eric Ewazen, Kenji Bunch, and Michael Nyman—in addition to Andrzej Panufnik's Piano Trio (Op. 1) and selections from Mr. Nyman's score for the film "The Piano." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Oct. 13 at 8.)

ALARIA ENSEMBLE—The ensemble's pianist, Nancy Garniez, is joined by Andrea Padova to perform Schubert's F-Minor Fantasia (for piano four-hands) and the première of Mr. Padova's "Commentarium" (for the apparently unprecedented combination of piano four-hands, violin, and cello). Martinů's "Madrigal" Sonata and Fauré's Piano Trio complete the program. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 13 at 8.)

ALSO OF INTEREST

NEW YORK SCANDIA SYMPHONY: Dorritt Matson leads Nielsen's concertos for flute (with Lisa Hansen) and violin (with Adele Anthony). (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. Oct. 8 at 1. Admission by contribution.) . . . **UN MUNDO AND AMERIGO ENSEMBLE**: Latin-American concert music based on popular or folkloric models. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346

W. 20th St. Oct. 8 at 7. Tickets at the door.) . . . **LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE CHAMBER PLAYERS**: Haydn's B-Major String Quartet (Op. 50, No. 6), Rachmaninoff's "Trio Elégiaque," and Schumann's Piano Quintet. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. 353-4195. Oct. 8 at 7:30.) . . . **GREENWICH VILLAGE ORCHESTRA**: Bach's Concerto for Two Violins, Haydn's Symphony No. 102, and Schumann's Symphony No. 1. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Oct. 11 at 3. No tickets necessary.) . . . **JUILLIARD SYMPHONY**: Jahja Ling conducts dances from Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," Eduard Tubin's Double Bass Concerto (with David Grossman), and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Oct. 12 at 8.) . . .

MANNES ORCHESTRA: Mussorgsky's "Khovantchina" Overture, Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1 (with Zhan Shu), and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5, with Kimbo Ishii-Eto conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Oct. 12 at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . **MANCHESTER MUSIC FESTIVAL STRING ORCHESTRA**: Manchester, Vermont, that is, performing works by Mozart, Vittorio Giannini, Victor Herbert, and (with saxophonist Lynn Klock) Grigoras Dinicu, Eugène Bozza, and Telemann. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Oct. 12 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

DOWNTOWN DESIGNER—The architect Cass Gilbert was not known for restraint. His 1913 Woolworth Building is a Gothic, gargoyle-encrusted, terra-cotta-wrapped eight-hundred-foot skyscraper, and his Beaux Arts U.S. Custom House (1907) is decorated with dolphins and tridents and forty-four Corinthian columns. But he also designed the Brooklyn Army Terminal (1918), a set of poured-concrete buildings so austere and efficient that a photograph of them pops up in "Towards a New Architecture," a book by the twentieth-century master Le Corbusier which is none too kind to American architects. ("Let us listen to the counsels of American engineers," he wrote. "But let us beware of American architects.") On Oct. 11, from noon to 5, seven of Gilbert's works, including the Custom House, the Woolworth Building, and the Army Terminal, will be open for self-guided tours. For information on where to obtain brochures outlining the location of the buildings and explaining their significant features, call 835-2789.

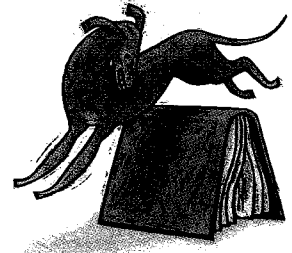
READINGS—Oct. 7 at 6: By Deborah Garrison, from her poetry. (Writing Center, Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. For reservations, which are required, call 734-4419.) . . . ♣ Oct. 7 at 8: By writers Dale Peck, Francine Prose, Vijay Seshadri, and Susan Sontag, from their past contributions to *The Threepenny Review*. Wendy Lesser, editor of the quarterly, will introduce the writers. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Tickets at the door.) . . . ♣ Oct. 7 at 8: By Jim Carroll, from his most recent poetry, and Darius James, from his poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ♣ Oct. 8 at 7: By poets Frank Bidart and Thom Gunn. (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ♣ Oct. 8 at 8: By Richard Ford, Ann Beattie, William Maxwell, Joyce Carol Oates, and other writers, from the work of Eudora Welty. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

TALKS—Oct. 8 at 6: Wildlife biologist John McNeely offers a slide presentation on condors. Assisting in the program will be Veedor, a live Andean condor. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ♣ Oct. 8 at 7: Charles Stainback, curator of the International Center of Photography's current exhibit on Vik Muniz, moderates a discussion of the photographer's work, with Museum of Jurassic Technology founder David Wilson, poet Lewis Hyde, and Mr. Muniz. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. 860-1776, ext. 156.)

BOOK CURRENTS

A Dog's Life

"**W**HAT strained and anxious lives dogs must lead, so emotionally involved in the world of men," J. R. Ackerley mused in his 1965 memoir, "My Dog Tulip." Ackerley's love letter to his Alsatian is one of the bona-fide dog-lit classics, undeservedly out of print. But a recent spate of books about the symbiosis of humans



and canines—creatures so familiar and yet so inscrutable—provide evidence that the genre is as robust as ever.

Ackerley's observation is noted by Caroline Knapp in *PACK OF TWO* (Dial), a meditation on the rewards and frustrations of dog ownership in which Knapp—even as she's experiencing her own strains and anxieties—drives home from the shelter with a Shepherd-mix puppy she names Lucille. Newly single and recovering from alcoholism, Knapp finds in Lucille stability, companionship, and the opportunity to nurture (or, at least, to stuff bones with peanut butter). She also discovers that dogs in the nineties attend kindergarten and have catered birthday parties. Their minds are even probed by dog psychics: "Who are Lucille's favorite dog friends?" (Answer: "I'm seeing an apricot-colored spaniel.") "Is her diet okay?" (Answer: "She would like more vegetables.")

Although dachshunds once hunted badgers, David Hockney's dachshunds, Stanley and Boogie, seem more suited to loafing. In *DAVID HOCKNEY'S DOG DAYS* (Bulfinch), the artist offers portraits of the twosome in attitudes of sleep and watchful stillness, and writes, "I make no apologies for the apparent subject matter. These two dear little creatures are my friends." To Donald McCaig, a Virginia sheep farmer, the fact that dogs were originally bred for work is serious business. *EMINENT DOGS, DANGEROUS MEN* (Lyons) is his 1991 account (now out in paperback) of his three-month journey through Scotland in search of the perfect Border collie. After visiting Scotland's best trainers and breeders (and a town whose only statue is of a sheep), McCaig returns home with a "bonnie wee bitch" named Gael and some friendly advice for dog lovers: "If this has persuaded you to buy a Border Collie for a pet, I have done you and your dog a disservice."

Books.

[AT BARNES & NOBLE]

"...some of us get the habit of melancholy....
You get the habit by being betrayed."



—Excerpt from *I Married A Communist*

I MARRIED A COMMUNIST

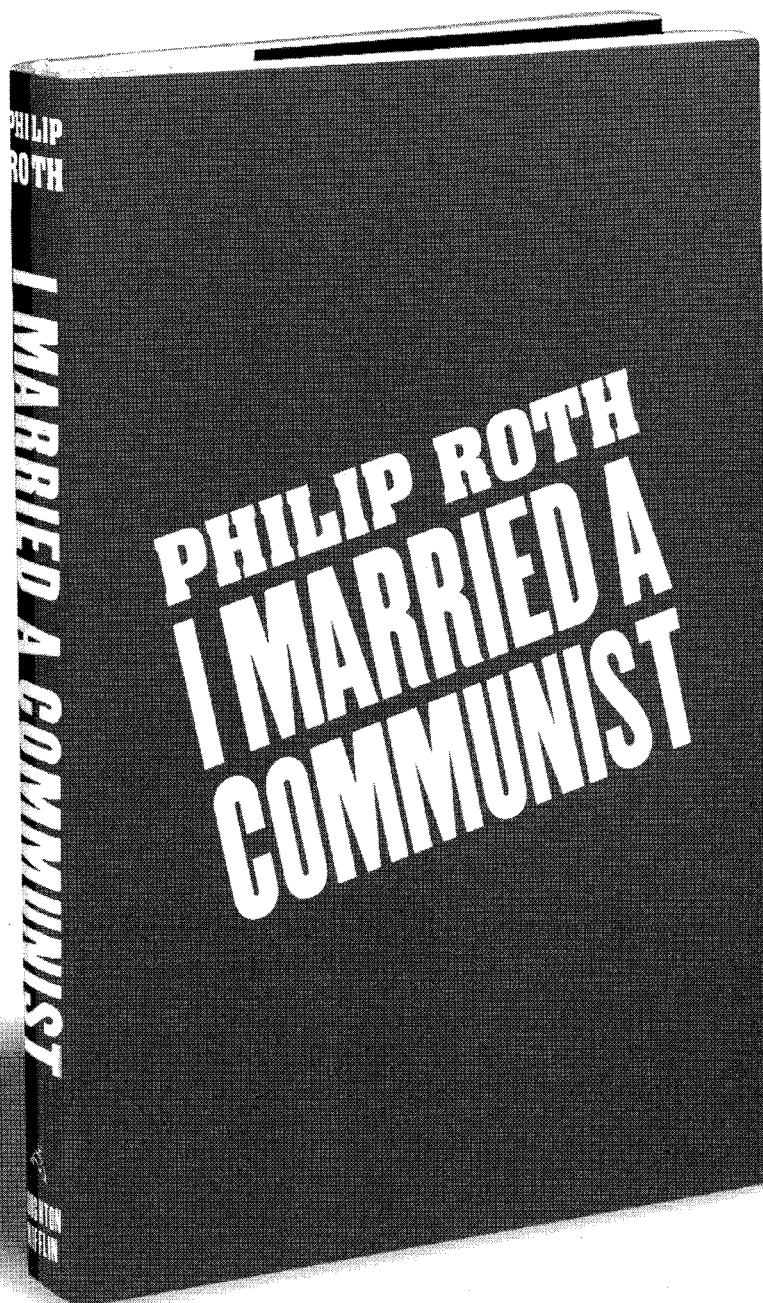
by Philip Roth

In 1991, Philip Roth won the National Book Critics Circle award for *Patrimony*; in 1993, the Pen/Faulkner award for *Operation Shylock*; in 1995, the National Book Award for *Sabbath's Theater*; and in 1998, the Pulitzer Prize for *American Pastoral*. Now, in the major book event of the fall, Roth returns with *I Married a Communist*. Readers will revel in Roth's scabrous take on McCarthyism and how it changed the life of one Iron Rinn, né Ira Ringold, devout communist and husband of actress Eve Frame, né Chava Fromkin. When Eve betrays her husband in the gossip pages, their personal problems go global. Roth has never been funnier, more heart-wrenching, or more American. (Houghton Mifflin)

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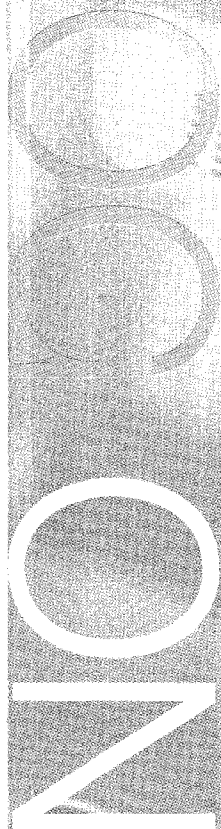


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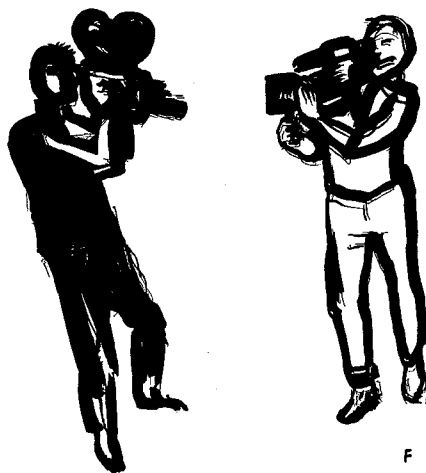
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THE MOVIES

OPENING

BAD MANNERS—Two couples (David Strathairn and Bonnie Bedelia, and Saul Rubinek and Caroleen Feeney) get together for a weekend in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in this dark comedy directed by Jonathan Kaufer. Opening Oct. 9. (Quad Cinema.)

THE CELEBRATION—A family's secrets are revealed when it celebrates the sixtieth birthday of the patriarch. Directed by Thomas Vinterberg. In Danish. Showing at the New York Film Festival Oct. 7 at 6 and Oct. 8 at 9. Opening Oct. 9. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

HAPPINESS—Todd Solondz's ultra-black comedy about three sisters (Jane Adams, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Cynthia Stevenson) in New Jersey. Showing at the New York Film Festival Oct. 9 at 6 and Oct. 10 at 9. Opening Oct. 11. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

HOLY MAN—A comedy about home shopping and a televangelist (Eddie Murphy). Directed by Stephen Herek; also with Jeff Goldblum and Kelly Preston. Opening Oct. 9. (84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE INHERITORS—The heirs of a murdered Austrian landowner fight to keep their inheritance. Written and directed by Stefan Ruzowitzky. In German. Showing at the New York Film Festival Oct. 7 at 9 and Oct. 8 at 6. Opening Oct. 9. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

LOVE IS THE DEVIL—Reviewed this week in *The Current Cinema*. Opening Oct. 7. (Film Forum.)

THE MIGHTY—Two young boys with handicaps (Kieran Culkin and Elden Henson) become friends, in this drama based on Rodman Philbrick's novel. Directed by Peter Chelsom; also with Sharon Stone, Gena Rowlands, and Harry Dean Stanton. Opening Oct. 9. (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, and Village East Cinemas.)

ONE TOUGH COP—Two cops (Stephen Baldwin and Chris Penn) embark on an unauthorized investigation of the rape and beating of a New York City nun. Directed by Bruno Barreto. Opening Oct. 9. (Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, and State.)

SLAM—A young man (Saul Williams) finds his way out of a housing project in Washington, D.C., when he becomes involved in the poetry-rap scene known as slamming. Directed by Marc Levin. Opening Oct. 9. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in *The Current Cinema*, the date of its review is given.)

CLAY PIGEONS—In this dark Western, small-town life starts to pick up when a hayseed named Clay (Joaquin Phoenix) scores with his best friend's wife and finds a new fish-

ing buddy in a serial killer (Vince Vaughn) who dresses like Howdy Doody. Clay figures out that his colorful acquaintance is responsible for stocking the lake with corpses, but by then it's too late. What follows is a Hitchcockian frame-up that makes Clay's head swim as he sits in jail trying to figure out how the kid with the ten-gallon hat put this over on him. Sorting out the sanguinary details is an F.B.I. agent (Janeane Garofalo) whose deadpan charm gives the movie's tortured plot a lift. The supporting cast of yokels commit plenty of redneck faux pas, but the witty script is weighed down by the director David Dobkin's heavy hand.—*Jay Fielden* (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE DIARY OF A LOST GIRL (1929)—This second of G. W. Pabst's fabled collaborations with the bob-haired beauty Louise Brooks is a high-octane sexual soap opera that veers into campy black comedy whenever it gets serious. The sins of a lusty pharmacist are visited upon his daughter (Brooks) when, in a daze of disillusionment, she succumbs to the pharmacist's assistant. She then escapes from a home for straying females that's half Dickens and half Sacher-Masoch; as she becomes a prostitute and, later, a countess, all Pabst can do is jazz up the whore-with-a-heart-of-gold material. But his peerless erotic and kinetic instincts keep the film entertaining, despite (or because of) such ludicrous scenes as the girls in a brothel getting giddy fiddling with sausages. Silent.—*Michael Sragow* (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 9 and Oct. 13.)

LOLITA—The irony in Adrian Lyne's version of the Nabokov novel is that the picture is tender and even rather tame—so respectful toward the pathos of the original, and so wary of Nabokov's more brazen comic endeavors, that many viewers, far from being outraged, will be surprised by the air of art-house politesse. If you like Jeremy Irons, you will enjoy his panicky yet mournful embodiment of Humbert Humbert; if you don't like him, you'll probably enjoy it even more, and get a kick from his sneaky, self-deluding misdeeds. All movie adaptations of Nabokov fall short, by definition, but this one is the most graceful failure so far.—*Anthony Lane* (2/23-3/2/98) (Angelika Film Center, Cinema 1, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

MONUMENT AVE.—Director Ted Demme and screenwriter Mike Armstrong have come up with a skillful, hard-hitting gangster tale involving Irish hoodlums in Boston's blue-collar neighborhood of Charlestown. Denis Leary plays a heavy-drinking small-time thief, and the crew of actors he's surrounded by (Colm Meaney, Ian Hart, Billy Crudup, and Famke Janssen, among others) never strike a false note—their working-class desperation is entirely believable. But it's Leary who's the real surprise here; his sincere, tough-guy performance is mesmerizing. He lifts the film above its familiar, claustrophobic environment into the gritty realism of very good urban drama.—*Bruce Diones* (Angelika Film Center.)

PECKER—In this John Waters parable, Baltimore is a city where everyone is straightforward and true, and where all eccentricities are embraced, creating a funny, freakish utopia. Observing it all from the inside is amateur photographer Pecker (Edward Furlong), whose pictures get noticed by a New York art dealer (Lili Taylor), but the merest whiff of big-city commercialism and irony is enough to threaten the well-being of Pecker's community. Waters gets uniformly bright performances from the large cast—especially Christina Ricci as Pecker's girlfriend and Mary Kay Place as his mother—and he succeeds in composing yet another twisted love letter to his home town.—*Ken Marks* (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Regency.)

PRIZZI'S HONOR (1985)—Adapted from Richard Condon's prankish satire of American corruption, this John Huston picture has a ripe

and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. It's like "The Godfather" acted out by the Munsters. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances, and it has the juice of everyday family craziness in it. With the late William Hickey as the shrunken old Don Corrado, ghoully and wormy, with tiny, shocking bright eyes; Anjelica Huston as the don's scheming granddaughter, a high-fashion Vampiria who moves like a swooping bird and talks in a honking Brooklynese that

ROUNDERS—Screenwriters Brian Koppelman and David Levien have given some crackjack card-shark dialogue to two hot young actors—Matt Damon and Edward Norton—and together with John Dahl's atmospheric direction they've all made a dream of a poker movie. While the plot is creaky (both "The Cincinnati Kid" and "The Hustler" weigh in) and women take a back seat to poker-playing buddies (Famke Janssen and Gretchen Mol seem cast purely to establish the heterosexuality of the lead characters), there is a sleekness to the gambler-in-debt-to-the-mob storytelling that's quite pleasing. Norton has the flashier role, and at times he pulls it together like a young De Niro—he can be amazingly, destructively attrac-

a visual style that perfectly reflects her script's endearing juxtaposition of wackiness, sweetness, and sorrow.—*K.M.* (Angelika Film Center and 62nd & Broadway.)

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER NEVER CRIES—Merchant and Ivory once again visit a period laden with nostalgia. In this adaptation of Kaylie Jones's autobiographical novel of growing up as the daughter of the novelist James Jones in Paris and Long Island in the nineteen-seventies, a much maligned era has some of its dignity restored. The story is told through the eyes of our narrator as a child, and later, after she's become a transatlantic teen-ager (precociously acted by the fourteen-year-old Leelee Sobieski). By then, her childhood relationships—the nanny who won't leave the family to start her own, the gay school friend who falls in love with her—have been abandoned by the film, just as they were by the family. What makes the movie memorable is the over-all excellence of the performers; the adults—Barbara Hershey, who plays a loving alcoholic mother, and Kris Kristofferson, whose wizened machismo hits the war novelist square in the eye—don't outshine the kids.—*J.F.* (Paris.)

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY—The Farrelly Brothers, who have tipped the outrageousness scale before ("Dumb and Dumber," "Kingpin"), come up with some great new gross-out gags in this romantic comedy. The star, Cameron Diaz, in her Olivia Newton-John haircut, is the perfect naïve foil—she looks like she never knows what hit her. As the two loopy guys who are in love with her, Matt Dillon and Ben Stiller are garish-



Opening October 9, Thomas Vinterberg's "The Celebration."

comes out of the corner of her twisted mouth; and Kathleen Turner as Charley's ravishingly pretty bride.—*Pauline Kael* (American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 11.)

RONIN—A tense return to form, and to France, by director John Frankenheimer. Decades after "The Train" and "French Connection II," he takes us to Paris and the Riviera, and to the murky mission that's been assigned to a bunch of freelance spies; these are played by Robert De Niro, Jean Reno, Stellan Skarsgård, Sean Bean, and Skipp Sudduth, while the object of the assignment is played with grace and wit by a large suitcase. All they have to do, under the guidance of a young Irishwoman (Natascha McElhone), is steal the case; the movie derives its peculiar flavor from the combination of that simple task and the furtive, fateful complications that cluster around it. In the manner of director Jean-Pierre Melville, whom he knew and admired, Frankenheimer likes to launch his action sequences from patches of sombre suspense; the men sit around in hotel rooms, then go out for a car chase. After a while, you stop counting the chases—they just get longer and louder, and it's like watching the revival of a forgotten art form; the fact that it's done with a minimum of special effects makes it all the more stirring. With Jonathan Pryce as an Irish danger man and Michael Lonsdale as a hairy sage.—*A.L.* (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

ive. But Damon is the real star here, and his performance (including an emotionally nuanced voice-over) is as solid and understated as his work in "The Rainmaker."—*B.D.* (Coronet Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, Orpheum VII, State, and Village East Cinemas... ¶ Embassy 1; through Oct. 8.)

RUSH HOUR—Jackie Chan returns to American films in this mediocre action comedy, which co-stars helium-voiced comedian Chris Tucker. They play detectives on the trail of Asian kidnappers, and Chan, thankfully, has been given some room to orchestrate a few fine physical gags; otherwise the direction, by Brett Ratner, is clueless. Tucker vogues his performance—he's all large gestures and posturing—and his fast-talking character delivers tired dialogue full of bad jokes on Asian stereotypes. It's not much fun to watch.—*B.D.* (Astor Plaza, Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas.)

SLEMS OF BEVERLY HILLS—Natasha Lyonne, who played Woody Allen's daughter in "Everyone Says I Love You," is busting out all over as Vivian Abramowitz; her teen-age body is putting her through more changes than she can keep up with. She's also a member of a nomadic Jewish family desperately clinging to the fringes of the middle class in mid-seventies Southern California. Alan Arkin plays the proud, hapless father of a brood that's not dysfunctional, really, just deeply odd. Writer-director Tamara Jenkins hits on

THEATRE ADDRESSES

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St.
ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at Broadway.
BEEKMAN, Second Ave. at 66th St.
CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd St.
CHELSEA WEST, 333 W. 23rd St.
CINEMA I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CINEMA II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CORONET CINEMAS, Third Ave. at 59th St.
CRITERION CENTER, Broadway at 44th St.
EAST 85TH STREET, First Ave. at 85th St.
EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84TH STREET SIXPLEX, Broadway at 84th St.
86TH STREET EAST TWIN, Third Ave. at 86th St.
EMBASSY I, 2, AND 3, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th St.
FILM FORUM, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd St.
GOTHAM CINEMA, Third Ave. at 58th St.
GUILD, 33 W. 50th St.
LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS, Broadway at 63rd St.
LINCOLN SQUARE, Broadway at 68th St.
METRO CINEMA I AND 2, Broadway at 99th St.
MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th St.
NEW YORK TWIN, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19TH STREET EAST 6, Broadway at 19th St.
OLYMPIA I AND II, Broadway at 107th St.
ORPHEUM VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
PARIS, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th St.
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th St.
REGENCY, Broadway at 67th St.
THE SCREENING ROOM, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd St.
64TH AND 2ND, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72ND STREET EAST, Third Ave. at 71st St.
STATE, Broadway at 45th St.
SUTTON I AND 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th St.
VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, Second Ave. at 12th St.
VILLAGE THEATRE VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
WAYERLY I AND 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th St.

ly charming and full of desperate and irreverent plays to get the girl. The film is packed with tasteless jokes (the best of them are crudely sexual), and it has a refreshing mean-spiritedness.—**B.D.** (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, East 85th Street, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

TOUCH OF EVIL—At first glance, little has changed in this restored version of Orson Welles's ornate thriller; the titles (and Henry Mancini's brassy theme) have disappeared from the celebrated opening shot, but from then on the basic thrust of this Mexican border tale (filmed in Venice, California) remains intact. We still have the manly Vargas (Charlton Heston) struggling to solve the case of the car bomb while his wife (Janet Leigh) feels the heat from a gang of local hoods; we are still thrown by the freakish cameos by Zsa Zsa Gabor and Mercedes McCambridge, and the horrific slaying—a kind of jazz strangulation—of the fleshly Grandi (Akim Tamiroff); and, of course, we still see Welles himself as police chief Hank Quinlan, looming over the action like a Falstaff gone to seed. If anything, the cuts and repairs make the work more fluid and less flamboyant; it was sometimes the studio, rather than Welles himself, which liked to go over the top. His scenes with brothel-keeper Marlene Dietrich have nothing to do with the plot and everything to do with the rotting heart of this amazing fable: the apotheosis of pulp.—**A.L.** (9/21/98) (Film Forum.)

WESTFRONT 1918 (1930)—G. W. Pabst's pioneering antiwar movie has so much fierce visual power that by the end the patchwork narrative and emblematic characters hardly matter. What stays with you are the images: two veteran soldiers literally use their heads to hold up the cracking timbers of a caved-in bunker; the long, pale hand of a dead student recruit reaches out from the muck that is his grave; French tanks rumble with such antique menace that they look like the creations of Jules Verne. In their chaotic unpredictability and emotion, these scenes of trench warfare rank with the battle imagery of Welles, Peckinpah, and Kubrick.—**M.S.** (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 11.)

YOUR FRIENDS & NEIGHBORS—Another dirty comedy of bad manners from director Neil LaBute. The contemptuous heroes of his last picture, "In the Company of Men," were venal enough, but, compared to the inhabitants of the new movie, they seem about as noxious as the Hardy Boys. This time we are introduced to two couples: Mary (Amy Brenneman) lives with Barry (Aaron Eckhart), while Terri (Catherine Keener) lives with Jerry (Ben Stiller). Jerry starts an affair with Mary (what does she see in him?), Terri falls for a gallery assistant called Cheri (Nastassja Kinski), and Barry, the only sensible one, continues to have sex with himself. It's hard to care about the damage these people do to each other, since most of it will strike the audience as richly deserved. Jason Patric plays Cary, a good-looking monster who has the nerve to suggest that, in a glum world, he's actually having fun.—**A.L.** (8/24-31/98) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6.)

ALSO PLAYING

ANTZ: Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, State, and Village Theatre VII. ... **THE EEL**: Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema. ... **THE IMPOSTORS**: Angelika Film Center, Cinema II, Lincoln Square, and 19th Street East 6. ... **MARK TWAIN'S AMERICA**: Lincoln Square. ... **MERRY WAR**: Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. ... **NEXT STOP WONDERLAND**: Cinema 3rd Avenue, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas. ... **ONE TRUE THING** (9/28/98): Beekman, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Showplace, and Waverly. ... **PERMANENT MIDNIGHT** (9/28/98): Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Square. ... **SAVING PRIVATE RYAN** (8/3/98): Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, Lincoln

Square, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII. ... **SIMON BIRCH**: Gotham Cinema, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas. ... **UNMADE BEDS**: The Screening Room. ... **URBAN LEGEND**: Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII. ... **WHAT DREAMS MAY COME**: Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Village Theatre VII, and Ziegfeld. ... **WITHOUT LIMITS** (9/14/98): Lincoln Square, 72nd Street East, and Waverly.



BUSTER KEATON races on, unsmiling and unstoppable, in his retrospective at the Film Forum. What continues to amaze his legion of admirers is the way in which his frantic and panic-stricken activities tend to linger in the mind's eye as not only beautiful but improbably serene. Every Keaton fan knows the rock-dodging scene from "Seven Chances," which is showing this week, but it is presaged by the even more delectable shot of a lonely Buster sitting in church and slowly being surrounded by a horde of eager brides. Also screening: "The Three Ages," his inventive parody of "Intolerance," and "Hard Luck"—a marvellous early short, in which fate conspires to thwart all attempts at suicide. Who but Keaton would have dared to turn hopelessness into elegant farce, while steering wide of self-pity? No wonder Samuel Beckett was such a fan. (Mondays through Nov. 23.)

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The annual festival of recent international films. **ALICE TULLY HALL**: Oct. 7 at 6 and Oct. 8 at 9: "Celebration" (Thomas Vinterberg, Denmark). ... Oct. 7 at 9 and Oct. 8 at 6: "The Inheritors" (Stefan Ruzowitzky, Austria). ... Oct. 9 at 6 and Oct. 10 at 9: "Happiness" (Todd Solondz,

United States). ... Oct. 9 at 9:15 and Oct. 10 at noon: "Rushmore" (Wes Anderson, United States). ... Oct. 10 at 3: "River of Gold" (Paulo Rocha, Portugal). ... Oct. 10 at 6: "Book of Life" (Hal Hartley, France and United States) and "Life on Earth" (Abderrahmane Sissako, France and Mali). ... **AVERY FISHER HALL**: Oct. 11 at 8:30: "The Dreamlife of Angels" (Erick Zonca, France). (For tickets, call 875-5050.)

FILM FORUM 2 AND 3, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—**THEATRE 2**: Through Oct. 15 (except Oct. 12): "The Bicycle Thief" (1949, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian). ... Oct. 12: "Seven Chances" (1925, Buster Keaton) and two short films by Keaton, "The Three Ages" (1923) and "Hard Luck" (1921). ... **THEATRE 3**: "Touch of Evil" (†).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films by G. W. Pabst. Oct. 8 at 2:30: "The Joyless Street" (1925, a German silent film). ... Oct. 8 at 6 and Oct. 12 at 2:30: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927, a German silent film). ... Oct. 9 at 2:30 and Oct. 10 at 2: "Crisis" (1928, a German silent film). ... Oct. 9 and Oct. 13 at 6: "Pandora's Box" (1928, a German silent film). ... Oct. 9 at 8 and Oct. 13 at 2:30: "The Diary of a Lost Girl" (†). ... Oct. 10 at 5: "The White Hell of Pitz-Palù" (1929, a German silent film). ... Oct. 11 at 2: "Westfront 1918" (†). ... Oct. 11 at 5: "Kameradschaft" (1931, in French). ... Oct. 12 at 6: "Don Quixote" (1933). ... † Oct. 8 at 6:30, Oct. 9 at 3 and 8, Oct. 10 at 2:30 and 5, and Oct. 11 at 1 and 3: Seven programs of films celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of Third World Newsreel.

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A program of films by the Egyptian director Youssef Chahine; in Arabic, with English subtitles. Oct. 7 at 4 and 8:30: "The Sparrow" (1973). ... Oct. 7 at 6:15: "The Choice" (1970). ... Oct. 8 at 4 and 8:30 and Oct. 9 at 6:15: "The Return of the Prodigal Son" (1978). ... Oct. 8 at 6:15 and Oct. 9 at 4 and 8:30: "Alexandria, Why?" (1978). ... Oct. 12 at 2 and 6:15: "An Egyptian Story" (1982). ... Oct. 12 at 4 and 8:30: "Alexandria Again and Again" (1989). ... † Oct. 10-11 at 2, 6, and 9: Four different programs of short avant-garde films.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—A program of films directed by John Huston. Oct. 10 at 2: "Wise Blood" (1979). ... Oct. 10 at 4:30: "Under the Volcano" (1984). ... Oct. 11 at 2: "Prizzi's Honor" (†). ... Oct. 11 at 4:30: "The Dead" (1987).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—A retrospective (through Dec. 22) of films featuring Catherine Deneuve. Oct. 13 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Male Hunt" (1964, Edouard Molinaro; in French).

SYMPHONY SPACE, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—A program of films made by United Artists. Oct. 13 at 7: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955, Robert Aldrich). ... Oct. 13 at 9: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962, John Frankenheimer).

A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Oct. 11 at 7, the feature will be "The Bride of Frankenstein" (1935, James Whale).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—Oct. 7 at 7, Oct. 8 at 8:30, Oct. 9 at 9, Oct. 10 at 6 and 9, Oct. 11 at 8:30, and Oct. 12-13 at 7: "Inside/Out" (1997, Rob Tregenza). ... † Oct. 7 at 8: "Faith of Our Fathers" (1996, Hamilton Sterling). ... † Films by Robert Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles. Oct. 7 at 9:30: "Pickpocket" (1959). ... Oct. 8 at 7: "Mouchette" (1966). ... Oct. 9 at 7: "Au Hazard Balthazar" (1966). ... Oct. 10 at 4: "Une Femme Douce" (1969). ... † Oct. 11 at 5: Short films by Joseph Cornell. ... † Oct. 11 at 7: Short films by René Clair, Francis Picabia, and Luis Buñuel. ... † Oct. 13 at 9:45: "Le Testament d'Orphée" (1960, Jean Cocteau; in French, with no subtitles).

Alcohol 17% by volume (34 proof brandy and cream liqueur). ©1998 E&J Distillers, Modesto, California



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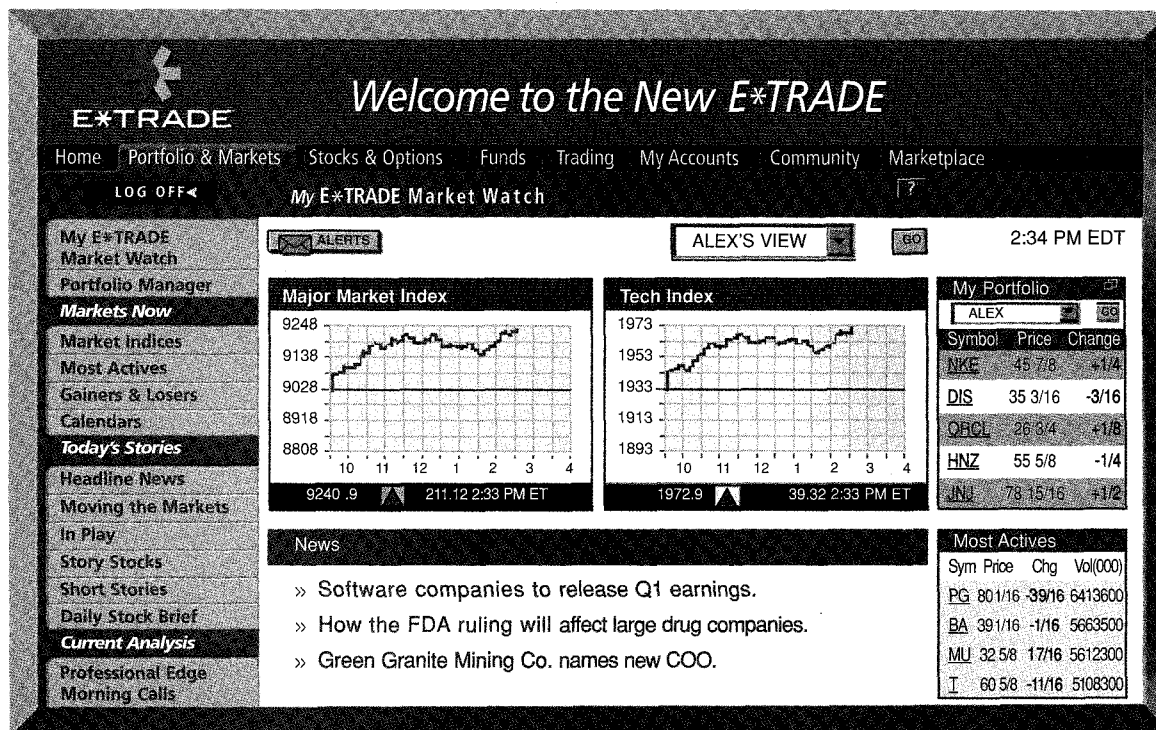
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT

Has Starr humiliated us all?



WE are undergoing a constitutional crisis because a President is said to have lied to the American people.

I try to think of a President in my lifetime who has not lied to the American people.

Cross off Lyndon Johnson, who fabricated a North Vietnamese gunboat attack in the Gulf of Tonkin to justify his escalation of the Vietnam War. Ronald Reagan's Iran-Contra schemes—carried on behind his back, he claimed, with characteristic modesty—probably amounted to the most serious subversion of constitutional government in the twentieth century. George Bush, too, avowed ignorance of the arms-for-hostages trade with Iran, and continued as President to lie magnificently even after he was expressly implicated by Mr. Reagan's Secretaries of State and Defense.

And, but for his inept lies about Watergate, Richard Nixon might have completed his second term by not telling the American people about his bombing of Cambodia.

Perhaps the problem with President Clinton's lie is that it lacks grandeur. It is true that he is alleged to have uttered it in a legal proceeding. Whereas Richard Nixon committed crimes for which he then had to answer, the alleged crime of Bill Clinton, perjury, did not occur until he was questioned under oath. Adulterous behavior may be a sin, but it is not a crime. On the other hand, if you can bring someone into a courtroom to equivocate about it, it is convertible to a crime.

All you need is a sinner and a suit. If

you happen to be a prosecutor with a righteous bent, you can transform what morally offends you into a criminal offense.

The use of legal procedure to elicit an illegal act was common practice in the nineteen-fifties. People who had committed no crimes were brought before congressional committees to testify about their political beliefs and the beliefs of their friends, and when they refused they were cited for contempt and sent off to jail.

What is different here is the target: the President of the United States. That is horrific.

The sexual act can be barbaric, bru-

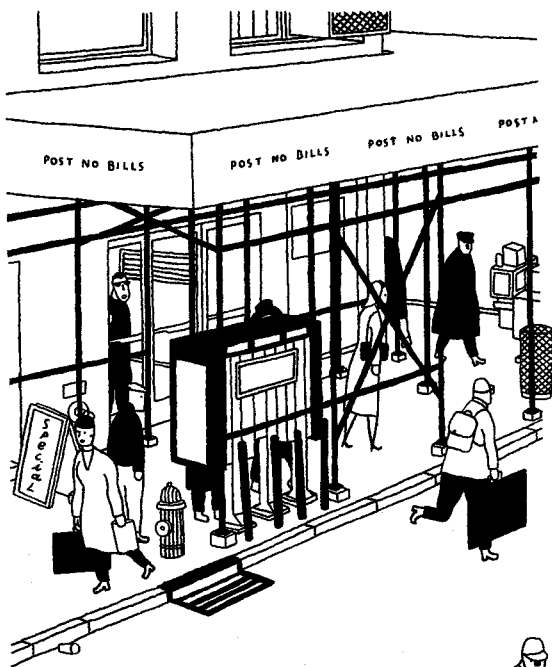
of two minds. When it is exposed to an audience, it deconstructs as something inevitably prurient, automatically scandalous. This is especially true in America, where one of the abiding shames of the Calvinist mind is that only a Son of God can be conceived without animal intercourse.

We don't have to condone Clinton's conduct to understand that the published narrative of his sexual behavior and the gratuitous televising of his grand-jury testimony would have had the same result had they concerned his sexual unions with his wife. We are all humiliated by this treatment of a President. It isn't just his person who is demeaned by this conflation of church and state. In a free

society, the private struggles we have with our own appetites are supposed to be our own business, as we strive over a lifetime to become rational and self-respecting human beings.

Speak of perjury if you will, but to me the whole thing smells of entrapment. In my head I keep hearing the voice of the late Joseph Welch, the attorney who said to Joe McCarthy, "Have you no sense of decency, sir, at long last? Have you left no sense of decency?" I would ask Kenneth Starr this question. The word "independent," as attached to his office, assumes an ideal of objective, impartial investigation with no axe to grind. But his grand-jury hearings and the breaches of their secrecy, his extralegal wiretaps, the legal bullying of a mother to coerce the testimony

of her daughter, the Hooverish examination of bookstore receipts, the tearing down of attorney-client privilege of confidentiality and the accusations of obstruction of justice when these privileges are asserted, and, finally, the triumphalist prurience of his report are more of a scandal than Mr. Clinton's sexual behavior—and more dangerous to the republic. Starr



tally selfish, and self-aggrandizing, or loving and revelatory. It can be infantile and ludicrous, or spiritually exalted and profound. It can be narcissistic, heedless, and exploitative, or devotional. In the course of one person's life, it can, at one time or another, be all these things. But the particular character of a consensual act is manifest only in the intimate connection

has shown us how a conscienceless, ideologically vindictive use of the investigative privilege can undercut the legitimacy of any duly elected American government.

What must have been the rage of Mr. Starr and his accomplices as they read the polls month after month telling them that the majority of Americans were able to separate Mr. Clinton's private failings from his public performance as President? The message was clear: people understood that an errant sort of private speech had gravitated into the public discourse and that it didn't belong there. Still Starr pressed on, a man in whom two powerfully combined illiberal traditions, the fundamentalist religious and the political far right, had driven past willfulness to obsession.

Those Republicans now so happy to capitalize on this Democratic misfortune should understand that more than partisan politics is going on here, that this is the unseating of a democratically elected President with all the legitimacy of a coup d'état. Something this momentous, if it succeeds, will bring consequential changes in the social compact. My own view is that if Mr. Clinton is impeached or forced to resign, American Puritanism, with its punitive lusts and its theocratic visions, will be reborn for the twenty-first century.

After the Salem witch trials and all the death and misery they caused, the authorities who were responsible reviewed what had happened. It is wishful thinking that Mr. Starr may come to do that and to admit, with rue, that he made a tragic mistake in turning a sexual indiscretion into a constitutional crisis . . . just as those responsible for the hangings of the supposed witches of Salem confessed, too late, that they had been grievously wrong.

—E. L. DOCTOROW

THE COUCH

*The love doctor who counselled
Monica Lewinsky.*



DR. IRENE KASSORLA, a diminutive Los Angeles sex therapist with big hair, whose promotional materials note that Merv Griffin once called her the "Shrink to the Stars," has a num-

ber of favorite sayings. One is: "Behind every successful person . . . there's a smiling and approving mother."

Monica Lewinsky's mother, Marcia Lewis, first took her daughter to Dr. Kassorla after a difficult episode of a distinctively Southern California type. In 1992, Monica, who was then a student at Santa Monica City College, began crying inconsolably when someone darted into a parking space she had just spent fifteen minutes waiting for. Over the next five years, according to Ms. Lewinsky's statements in the appendices of the Starr report, she was in the regular care of Dr. Kassorla.

"Irene was the first media psychologist," a colleague, Liliane Quon McCain, asserts. "You know Dr. Ruth? Well, she *way* preceded her." Dr. Kassorla—who holds a Ph.D. from the University of London—pioneered the field of freeway psychotherapy, dispensing advice about romantic relationships in such TV specials as "Ninety-nine Ways to Attract a Man." She has written several bestselling pop-psychology books, including "Nice Girls Do: And Now You Can Too!" and "Go For It! How to Win at Love, Work and Play." Living with her husband, a computer magnate named Norman Friedmann, in a thirty-five-million-dollar house with sixteen baths, eleven fireplaces, and five kitchens on the site of the former Jack Benny estate, in Holmby Hills, and driving a black Bentley, Dr. Kassorla was a natural choice for a troubled mother and daughter who shared with her an interest in celebrity.

When Ms. Lewinsky transferred from Santa Monica to Lewis and Clark College, in Portland, Oregon, and, later, once she'd moved to Washington, Dr. Kassorla continued to consult with her by telephone. Ms. Lewinsky told Starr's investigators that, with Dr. Kassorla's help, she "improved her school grades and lost weight."

The Starr report suggests that when Dr. Kassorla counselled her patient against her affair with the President, whom the two referred to by the code name "Henrietta," her objections were based on practical considerations. In the statement that Dr. Kassorla gave the prosecutors—after Ms. Lewinsky agreed to grant her a limited waiver to do so—she explains that she warned Ms. Lewinsky that office romances

often end with someone losing a job. And, as Lewinsky recalled to Starr's people, Kassorla cautioned that Clinton was "using" her.

Neither doctor nor patient has spoken publicly about their therapeutic sessions, and the doctor will not confirm that she treated Lewinsky. However, Dr. Kassorla has made it clear through her lawyer, Jay Lavelly, that she "does not condone or advocate extramarital affairs. She thinks they are wrong." This summary of Dr. Kassorla's view seems, though, to be at odds with a remark attributed to her by the *Weekly Standard* last March, in which she said that she empathized with Ms. Lewinsky's attraction to Clinton, because she herself found Clinton "cute," but added that, "if he and I did it, we'd have to have penetration. I'd insist." Dr. Kassorla's lawyer maintains that his client was "grossly misquoted"; the *Weekly Standard* stands by the story.

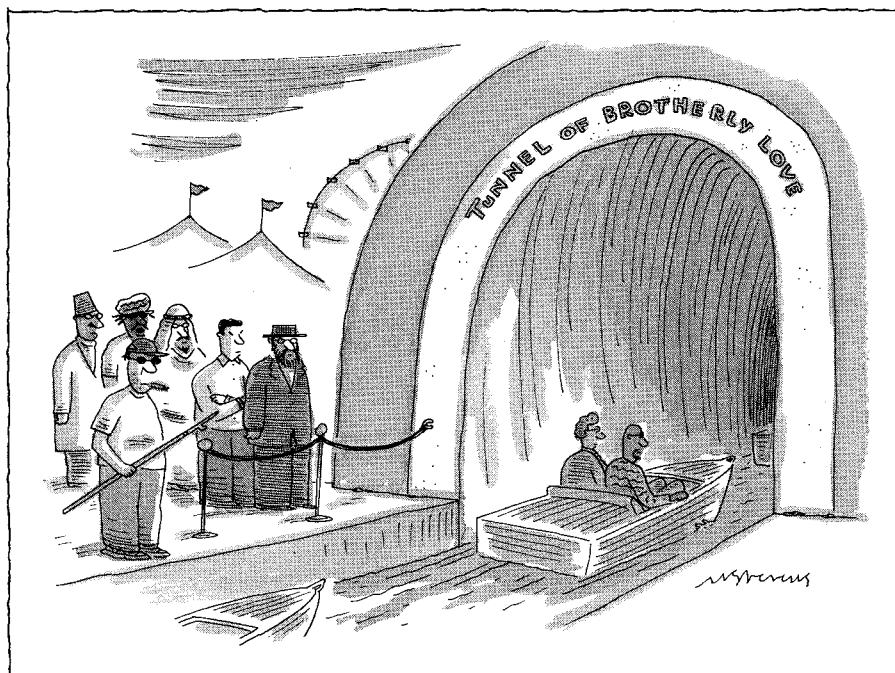
"Nice Girls Do: And Now You Can Too!" is a handbook that offers detailed tips on how to enhance physical pleasure. The book condemns seeking other people's approval and letting the "bads" and "taboos" of parents and society interfere with becoming a sexually "self-

Dr. Irene
Kassorla



actualized" woman. It promotes self-acceptance (lie in a bubble bath and repeat, "I am . . . the beautiful and original *Me*"), getting in touch with one's inner "Erotic Child," and maximizing pleasure by doing a regimen of muscle-tightening Kagel exercises ("while telephoning, driving your car, talking, eating . . ."). The ultimate goal is for a woman to experience a "maxi-orgasm." A reader who follows Dr. Kassorla's "Pleasure Process," the author promises, can achieve a hundred and one orgasms in an evening. Dr. Kassorla also says that the careful reader should be able to reach orgasm simply by touching a partner's fingers or

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTEL



toes, a spontaneous-combustion theory that may prove useful to Clinton's defense. But Kassorla's lawyer warns, "Implications that can be drawn from 'Nice Girls Do' are not correct."

In another of Dr. Kassorla's books, "Go For It!," she divides people into two categories: "winners," who get what they want through aggressive self-promotion, and "losers," whose modesty, shyness, and aversion to confrontation keep them from succeeding. To win, one must learn to give extravagant praise and "full attention," to smile constantly, to declare one's love openly, and to "brag, boast and broadcast" in order to make a "dynamic" first impression.

Notably, it was Lewinsky's social forwardness, more than any other trait, that impressed many of her White House colleagues. She caught the attention of several co-workers when, at her intern orientation, she handed out printed calling cards bearing the inscription "Monica Lewinsky, The Watergate." As one co-worker put it, "She was extremely up front about her desire to put herself where the action was." In "Go For It!" Kassorla counsels her readers to "Make Your Own Luck." Ms. Lewinsky seems to have acted upon this philosophy, whether it meant showing up uninvited at George Stephanopoulos's office with a cup of coffee after having memorized his order when she was behind him in line at Starbucks, or displaying her thong underwear to the President (a technique she told investi-

gators she had used on another married man, her high-school drama teacher).

"Someone," says a fellow White House worker, "taught her to think of the world as a set of opportunities, as a playground." If so, it seems to have been a playground where adult supervision sometimes took unusual forms.

—JANE MAYER

POSTSCRIPT

Recalling a "Sesame Street" neighbor.



THE quietest room in Manhattan last week may have been the long narrow one on the second floor of the Princeton Club where the friends and family of Jeffrey A. Moss, the composer, lyricist, and writer for "Sesame Street," gathered to pay him their last regards. Moss had died the week before, at fifty-six, of cancer he had resisted for five and a half years.

"Sesame Street" is so eccentric and durable and widely viewed—it has been seen by more than a hundred and twenty million children in some hundred and thirty countries—that Moss's songs and creations, which might otherwise have been known only around his household as amusements, have become cultural currency. For one of Jim Henson's Muppets named Boggle Eyes, Moss created the persona of the Cookie Monster. He

wrote the song "Rubber Duckie," the signature tune for the character Ernie, and invented many of the idiosyncratic relationships that began among the characters thirty years ago and have lasted.

In 1969, Moss was recruited from "Captain Kangaroo" to work on "Sesame Street" and became the show's first head writer. He wrote so quickly and with such apparent ease that he felt obliged to keep his scripts around the house for several days after finishing them, out of consideration for the feelings of the show's other writers, who believed that writing involved labor and anxiety. His humor was gentle and not broad, and sly without being arch. It tended to be embracing and to express a vulnerability that Moss was less likely to admit into his friendships. He believed that children laugh at the same things grown-ups do, as long as the language is not too complicated for them. His writing seemed often to reflect the sensibility of an exceptionally engaging ten-year-old. One of his songs includes the lines "Well, I'd like to visit the moon / On a rocketship high in the air. / Yes, I'd like to visit the moon, / But I don't think I'd like to live there. . . . / There's so many strange places I'd like to be, / But none of them permanently."

At the Princeton Club the other day, a series of Moss's friends stood behind a lectern and recalled him. A man from the Middle West who had met Moss at Princeton said that Moss was exactly the sort of person he had been warned that he would encounter at college—erudite, speaking French, and several years ahead of him in polish. Moss made people laugh, his friends said. He would never lie. He loved to win at tennis and squash. They described his courage—he had had nearly a dozen operations—his reluctance to disclose that he was seriously ill, and the capacity of his wife and young son to summon kindness and humor. That he had been loved and widely admired was apparent in the expressions on the faces of the men and women listening, who looked stunned, like children who've been shouted at. Moss was heard several times on tape, once singing a song that began, "Nobody's got it easy." His voice was warbly to the point of being quavery, and thin in the upper register. When, for a moment, he slipped into falsetto, the note was so sweet and unadorned that it was piercing. —ALEC WILKINSON

FROM fragile newsprint, symptomatic of topical ephemera and subject to rapid material decay, the Starr report metamorphosed into a real book. You can buy it, like any contemporary best-seller, in a bookstore. And already it is being parsed—partly to tease, provoke, or exculpate, but chiefly because of its "plot"—as if it were a genuine novel, supplied with all the characteristics of a classic work of romantic fiction: the hidden assignments of the lovers, the glamour of high rank, the unequal relation between eminence and obscurity, the disparity of middle age and youth, the drive for concealment, the betrayal of confidants, the shame of disclosure, the societal shock. James Wood in *The New Republic* was reminded of "Effi Briest," "Madame Bovary," "Anna Karenina," "Thérèse Raquin," and "Sister Carrie." In a *Times* Op-Ed, Stephen Greenblatt cited Defoe, Balzac, George Eliot, Henry James, Ovid, and Petrarch. And in this magazine Adam Gopnik turned to "Pamela" and "Tom Jones," and also to the short stories "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Cask of Amontillado."

All this makes for a first-rate reading list, and if the tale of Clinton, Lewinsky, and Starr inspires novel-shunning news addicts to fall into the many-layered, humanizing, fathoming raptures of literature nothing could be more salubrious. Still, if these same news addicts expect to find in the great novels something like the Starr report, they will have been, to use a Clintonism, misled. Literature commands diverse motives in a complex braid. Undeniably, the report is rich in story, and the story is as old as that of the prince and the milkmaid, or the king afflicted with a fatal flaw, or the notion of character as destiny. In that sense, the report may reflect the passionate symbolism of myth or the cautionary wisdom of fable. But a novel? No. All the characters are flat.

The term "flat character" is E. M. Forster's coinage in "Aspects of the

Novel," his famous little book on the structure of fiction. Although written as long ago as 1927, and deaf to the revolutionary significance of James Joyce, this manual of literary insight remains an indispensable guide to novelistic engineering, not excluding the architecture of the imagination. Flat characters, Forster here explains, "are constructed around a single idea or quality." They are "recognized whenever they come in," "easily remembered," "not changed by circumstances." Televised replays have plainly had a part in our one-dimensional perception of the Starr report's gallery of wrongdoers and their pursuers. Again and again, the President leans into the crowd beyond the rope to embrace Monica in her beret; again and again, he wags his finger and sternly assures us of his sexual purity; again and again, Kenneth Starr, surrounded by deputies, enters his waiting automobile, deepening his dimple and smiling blandly.

But the report is even more emphatic than the camera in its portrayal of repetitive simplicity. There is no complex sense of human motives; there is only one motive, and one motif, for each character. The vision is not of Thackeray's mercurial Becky Sharp (who, says Forster, "waxes and wanes

and has facets like a human being") but, rather, of the captive stasis of Keats' Grecian Urn: the painted figures "forever panting." So we see Lewinsky forever seeking Clinton, Clinton forever fondling Lewinsky, Mrs. Currie forever escorting Lewinsky to Clinton, Mrs. Clinton forever offstage, eclipsed by faraway

cities. And Starr, the presumed voice of the narrative, is perhaps the flattest character of all. "The really flat character," Forster notes, "can be expressed in one sentence such as 'I never will desert Mr. Micawber.'" Starr's one distinguishing sentence is "The President lied under oath." There is no mixture in these single-strand motives, no nuance, no metaphor, no self-interpretation, no doubt, no inner drama, not the faintest

hint of introspection. No one casts a shadow. As narrative, it is a march of paper dolls.

A scandal for sure. But a novel, or even, for the purpose of satiric play, a "novel"? Never. —CYNTHIA OZICK

THE talking heads keep talking about a disconnect. They must mean me. I'm disconnected. My experience throughout the tawdry Oral Oval Office Sex scandal has been that certain events I have watched with my own eyes on television have borne almost no relationship to the same events as parsed for me by the analysts. I watched Clinton's semi-culpa speech after he testified to the grand jury, and I thought he did O.K., considering the mood he must have been in after being grilled all day. But as soon as the speech ended, the talking heads jumped up on the screen to tell me I was wrong: Clinton had done atrociously.

The subsequent contrition speeches: ditto.

Then came the tape of Clinton's grand-jury Q. & A. Everything I'd heard beforehand led me to expect a miserable, mealy-mouthed, mean-spirited performance by a self-evident perjurer. The promos before the show had all but promised it.

But in fact what I saw was a suffering individual placed in an almost inconceivably difficult situation. I felt sorry for him. He dodged and weaved—but in a human, wounded way. He's often told us that he can feel our pain. This time, I thought I could feel his.

Apparently I was wrong again. Sam and Cokie et al. wasted no time lashing into Clinton's performance. (Actually, after viewing the first portion of the tape, Cokie admitted she felt a bit sorry for him, but she quickly got over that.)

So the disconnected beat goes on. A growing number of Americans now say they oppose impeachment, but Henry Hyde and his cohorts keep on drumming the judicial table.

I don't mean to apologize for the President or to dismiss his crimes or sins. But I'm bothered that the reaction



Cynthia Ozick

among the pundits and the Pooh-Bahs seems both cold and gleeful, without regard to the feelings or privacy of the persons who are involved in this seamy drama.

The individual human reality of the principals—Bill, Monica, Hillary—is curiously missing from the professional jabber. And it



Bobbie Ann Mason

seems more than passing strange to me that the fussbudgety brigade charging into their privacy is being led by the folks who normally campaign against government intrusion into American lives.

So I have been feeling a growing sympathy for a man who is being exco-riated—however tomfoolish, adolescent, or just plain wrong his behavior was. Shouldn't the punishment fit the crime? Nobody but a mass murderer deserves to be humiliated the way Clinton has been. In his worst nightmares, Bill Clinton—the hopeful kid from Arkansas who shook J.F.K.'s hand—could never have imagined his life would come to this. Now he probably wouldn't be surprised if he was forced to stand trial in the Senate in his birthday suit.

It hardly seems credible that we have truly turned into a tabloid nation. Future historians will be at a nonplus. They will have to conclude that America was suffering from some sort of fin-de-siècle insanity. They will speak of our premillenarian madness, when—faced with the implosion of Russia, the financial collapse of Asia, international terrorism, and other grave matters—we eviscerated the American government because a middle-aged man dallied with a young, willing woman and then tried to hush it up.

—BOBBIE ANN MASON

IN France, the Clinton tragedy—no longer too strong a word, in English or French—has prompted commentators to try out every possible variation on the theme of American puritanism. For years, I've been at-

tempting to convince my friends in France that Americans are collectively quite as broadminded as the French. What the French don't possess is the equivalent of the American South, where a strain of Protestant fundamentalism is so maniacal that one of its archetypal zealots, Kenneth Starr, has been able to nearly dismantle the Presidency because of a gawky and fumbling sexual dalliance. Absent, too, from the French scene are media with fangs bared to go to work on the Presidential throat.

In May of 1981, on the day of François Mitterrand's inaugural, I stood amid a small circle of people gathered near the new President in the lush garden of the Élysée Palace. Mitterrand had a fondness for writers, and I, along with Arthur Miller and Carlos Fuentes, had been invited to the occasion. The sunny weather was almost perfect; the historic nature of the moment caused people to speak in excited, mildly alcoholic murmurs, and Mitterrand himself rocked back and forth on his heels, wearing his new grandeur with a look of numb surprise. But mainly I recall a subtle and hovering eroticism. Sex drifted on the air like perfume. Several of the admirers surrounding Mitterrand were lovely young women in their spring dresses; as they left his side, one by one, each twittered "*À bientôt, François!*" A French journalist I knew, standing next to me, whispered amiably, "And you can bet they *will* be back soon."

Mitterrand had a wife and he had a mistress, who bore him a daughter—this is old news by now—and he also had a slew of girlfriends. Everybody knew about it and nobody gave a damn, least of all the members of the press, who had been aware for years of Mitterrand's robust appetites. In "Dying Without God," a touching memoir about Mitterrand's last months of life, the journalist Franz-Olivier Giesbert recalls mornings many years ago when he would meet the future President. On these occasions, he wrote, Mitterrand resembled "not so much a night

owl as a wolf that had been out on the prowl till dawn."

Mitterrand liked and admired Bill Clinton (as opposed to Reagan, whom he called a "dullard" and a "complete nonentity") and was especially fascinated by what he described as his "animality," which doubtless meant something steamier. It's easy to perceive a kinship between these two chiefs of state. Clinton's tumultuous sexual past—the Arkansas bimbo eruptions, the "hundreds of affairs" he spoke about to Monica Lewinsky—might find a correspondence in the wonderfully candid remark uttered by the dying Mitterrand: "I don't know a single head of state who hasn't yielded to some kind of carnal temptation, small or large. That in itself is reason enough to govern."

Mitterrand had a character that was deeply flawed—many Frenchmen still hate him—but his Presidency was creative and illustrious. Clinton's admitted wrongdoing helped produce Starr's inquisition—an ordeal that

has left his career and his ambitions badly crippled. But if Clinton is the victim of a sexual "addiction," whatever that means, so, clearly, was Mitterrand; the difference is that in France a compact between the press and the public allowed the President to deal



William Styron

with his obsession, and even perhaps revel in it, as long as he governed well.

And in America the difference has been our undoing. It is not our puritanism but our absence of decency. A complicity between the public and the media has generated an ignoble voyeurism so pervasive that we have never permitted a candidate like Bill Clinton to proclaim with fury that his sex life, past and present, is nobody's business but his own. Long before Kenneth Starr set up his cruel and indefensible pillory, there had begun to evolve a climate where privacy—*la vie privée*, to be cherished above every other right—was all but gone, leaving the way clear for the Starr report itself and its invincible repulsiveness.

—WILLIAM STYRON

THE MISSILES OF AUGUST

The White House claimed it had "convincing evidence" to support the strikes against Osama bin Laden. But the experts aren't convinced.

BY SEYMOUR M. HERSH

BOBBY MAY, of Marianna, Arkansas, is a quintessential good old boy who served eighteen years as sheriff of Lee County, in the eastern corner of the state, and began a friendship with Bill Clinton twenty-five years ago, when Clinton ran an unsuccessful campaign for Congress. The friendship remained constant even in the worst of times; May attended a fund-raiser with the President in Little Rock in late July, at the height of the Monica Lewinsky scandal, and contributed ten thousand dollars to help Democratic Party candidates in Arkansas.

Now, as a businessman seeking oil and natural-gas investments in Africa, May happened to be in Khartoum the week that American Tomahawk cruise missiles destroyed the Al Shifa pharmaceutical plant, on August 20th. He was travelling with another Clinton acquaintance, H. H. Brookins, a bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, in Nashville, who had become interested in the question of religious freedom in Sudan.

The Sudanese plant, depicted by the President in a televised statement as a chemical-warfare facility, was one of two targets. Tomahawks were also fired at sites in Afghanistan suspected to be terrorist training camps under the control of Osama bin Laden, a Saudi extremist who had earlier issued a fatwa calling for attacks on American military and civilian targets. Bin Laden had summoned his associates to a meeting at the camps.

The Clinton Administration justified the missile attacks as retaliation for truck bombings thirteen days earlier that had destroyed the American Embassies in Nairobi, Kenya, and Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, killing twelve Americans and more than two hundred and fifty Africans. There was "convincing evidence," Clinton said, that bin

Laden and his Islamic-fundamentalist associates had been involved in the embassy bombings and had plans to strike other American targets. The camps in Afghanistan and the plant in Sudan, which was associated with the bin Laden network, had to be destroyed, the President told the nation, because of the "threat they presented to our national security."

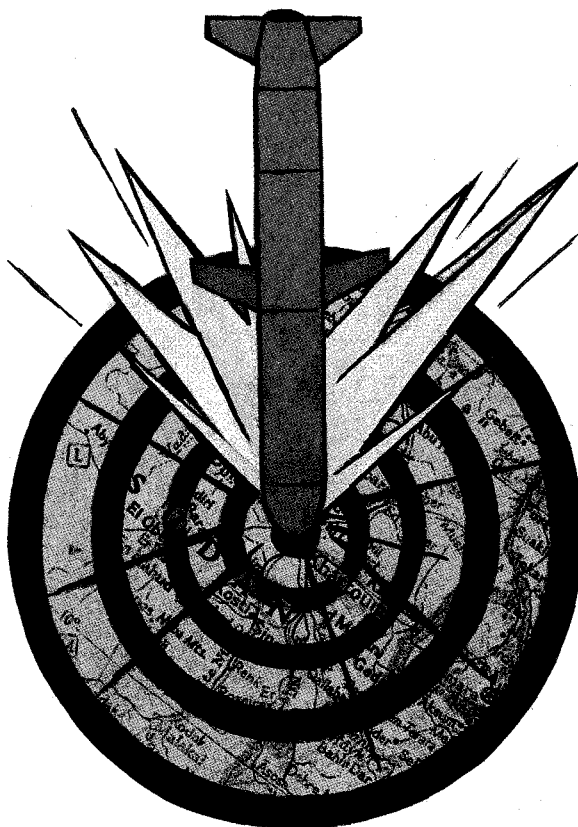
The announcement was all the more startling because, just three days earlier, Clinton had completed his grand-jury appearance in the Lewinsky matter. The missile raids reminded Americans of the power and importance of the American Presidency. Clinton concluded his televised announcement, delivered from Martha's Vineyard, where he was vacationing, by telling the nation that he was returning to Washington "to be briefed by my national-security team on the latest in-

formation." He spoke again that evening from the Oval Office, adding little new information, and once again depicting the training camps in Afghanistan and the Sudanese plant as an "imminent threat . . . to our national security." Sometime that afternoon, Samuel R. (Sandy) Berger, the President's national-security adviser, assured the White House press corps that the Administration had impeccable intelligence "with respect to the so-called pharmaceutical factory in Khartoum, which we know with great certainty produces essentially the penultimate chemical to manufacture VX nerve gas."

In those first hours after Clinton's announcement, Berger and other senior national-security officials who were involved in the decision to bomb—Secretary of State Madeleine K. Albright, Secretary of Defense William S. Cohen, and General Henry Hugh Shelton, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—were obviously aware that the President's personal problems would raise questions about his motives for the Tomahawk strikes. During televised press briefings, all four officials emphasized the imminent danger of more terrorist attacks and the need for America to show resolve—arguments that decided the issue for most Americans, and most members of Congress.

Nevertheless, some reporters questioned whether the President had used military force to distract the nation's attention from the Lewinsky scandal. But Clinton's top advisers insisted that personal politics had nothing to do with the Tomahawk attacks. "The only motivation driving this action today was our absolute obligation to protect the American people from terrorist activities," Secretary Cohen declared at a Pentagon briefing. "That is the sole motivation. No other consideration has been involved."

"This is, unfortunately, the war of the future," Albright said. When Berger was asked about the nature of the chemical plant in Sudan, he responded with assurance, "Let me be very clear about this. . . . This was a plant that was producing chemical-warfare-related weapons, and we have physical evidence of that fact." The press was later told that a C.I.A. operative had obtained a soil sample outside the Al Shifa plant which con-



Can missiles really counter terrorism? "When the strong attack the weak, the weak win," one general argues.

EDIEL RODRIGUEZ

tained Empta, a key ingredient in the production of the nerve gas.

Bobby May, watching much of this on CNN from his room in the Khartoum Hilton, felt sure that the President and his national-security adviser had somehow got it terribly wrong. He and Brookins had toured the Al Shifa plant a few days before it was bombed, and walked around, with no evident restrictions on their movement, as the plant's employees packaged and bottled medicines. May, of course, was no expert on chemical weapons, and he certainly could not prove a negative—that the facility had not produced them. Nevertheless, he was astonished as he watched the coverage of the national-security adviser's press conference. "I'm lying in bed and watching the White House talking about this place being a heavily guarded chemical factory," May told me recently. "I couldn't believe my ears. Until then, I had a lot of faith in our intelligence services. I couldn't figure it out.

"I spent a total of two months in Khartoum," on different trips, May went on. "One of the places where the Sudanese like to take you is the pharmaceutical plant. It was a showplace for them." Schoolchildren routinely toured the facility, he added.

Bishop Brookins, who has been the spiritual leader of the A.M.E. Church since the mid-seventies, had returned to Nashville the day before the bombing. Although Brookins, like May, had no technical expertise in chemical-warfare manufacturing processes, he felt that he had seen enough to be convinced, after learning of the bombing, that "somebody had made a mistake." Several weeks later, he and May separately got in touch with the White House in an effort to tell the President of their concerns about the bombing. May even brought it up with a Clinton official while attending a fund-raiser at the White House. No one in the Administration seemed to care.

ALMOST every aspect of the Administration's planning for the Tomahawk raids has been challenged, in more than a hundred interviews conducted over the past six weeks with past and present officials in the Defense Department, the Justice Department, the State Department, and the C.I.A. The men and women who make American foreign policy believe Osama bin Laden to be an extreme threat to American well-being. No one disputes

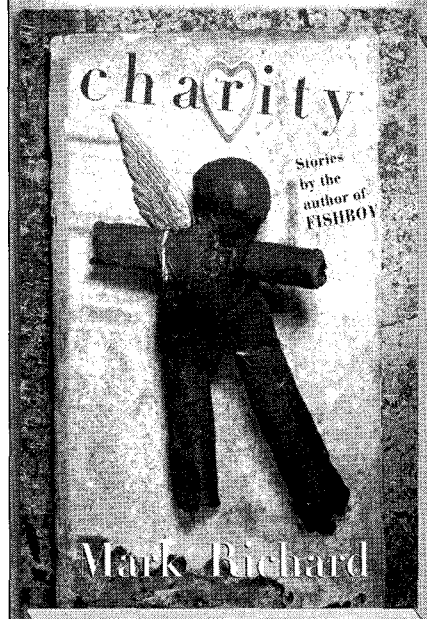
that Sudan has systematically violated human rights, and permitted bin Laden and other terrorists to operate with impunity inside its borders, at least until 1996, when he and some hundred of his followers were expelled at the request of the United States and Saudi Arabia. Many certainly would have applauded his death if he had been slain, as was hoped. Nevertheless, there is a great degree of disquiet and dissatisfaction over the raids—and widespread concern over the President's possible motives for ordering them. There is also widespread belief that senior officials of the White House misrepresented and overdramatized evidence suggesting that the Tomahawk raids had prevented further terrorist attacks.

No American official would be quoted by name about the extent of disarray inside the government. But the lack of trust shown toward the Clinton White House by the military and intelligence communities goes well beyond the usual bureaucratic backbiting over a failed military action, and is far more corrosive. The Tomahawk missions are seen as very expensive failures: the nearly eighty missiles deployed, which cost roughly seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece, did not kill bin Laden and his associates in Afghanistan, and the target in Sudan may not have been what the C.I.A. said it was. Those failures were a by-product of the secrecy that marked all of the White House's planning for the Tomahawk raids—a secrecy that prevented decision-makers from knowing everything they needed to know.

Most significantly, the four men who know more about the use of force than anyone in the White House—the three generals and one admiral on the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who run the nation's armed forces—were not briefed about the use of Tomahawk missiles until the day before the raids. The only member of the Joint Chiefs to participate fully in the planning was the chairman, General Shelton, who was instructed not to brief the other chiefs or to involve senior officers of the Defense Intelligence Agency.

Another official kept out of the planning was Louis J. Freeh, the F.B.I. director, although his agency had played an active role in investigating the bombings in Kenya and Tanzania. No office inside the F.B.I. was asked to review the intelligence, assembled primarily by the C.I.A., which concluded that the Al Shifa plant was involved in the manu-

"Mark Richard soars to new literary heights."



"There are few writers today whose use of language is as sure, whose characters are as vivid, and whose dialogue is as quirky, funny, and true as Mark Richard's."

—*The Wall Street Journal*

"*Charity* carries you along by dint of its absurdist humor and fleeting narratives, which read like brushfires of the imagination."

—*Entertainment Weekly*

"This book should do nothing except cement his reputation as a talent to watch."

—*The New York Daily News**

"There's no returning to the safety of your world after reading his books."

—*The Los Angeles Times*



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"I'd like to help you out, but I've misplaced my wand."

facture of chemical-warfare materials.

The White House was urged by Janet Reno, the Attorney General, to delay the raids, in order to give the F.B.I. time to assemble more evidence linking bin Laden to the embassy bombings. Justice Department officials say they understood that Reno warned the White House that it was not clear, based on the information then available, that the United States had enough evidence against bin Laden to meet the standards of international law. The Attorney General is said to have had a second reservation: the Administration had not accumulated clear evidence of a link between bin Laden and the targets to be attacked.

Finally, there is known to be dismay within the Directorate of Intelligence and the Directorate of Science and Technology of the C.I.A. over what is seen as an unseemly rush to judgment on the involvement of the Al Shifa plant in chemical warfare—and the refusal of the agency publicly to acknowledge serious omissions in its analysis. Many C.I.A. analysts believe that there is evidence tying Al Shifa to chemical weapons at some point in the past—but not the evidence that was cited by the Administration. Some agency officials conveyed

their discontent to George Tenet, the C.I.A. director, and his senior deputies.

UNDER current law, the President is not obligated to include the military-service chiefs in his decision-making—they are not officially in the chain of command. But their exclusion last August enraged many senior officers, because, as one former member of the Joint Chiefs told me, the military leadership was generally called upon to review plans and comment. "The President and his men never talked to the pros," another senior general, with firsthand information, told me. "If you have a selection process and your best and brightest get on top, use them." This general, who has run one of America's intelligence services, described Shelton as being "not happy" with the order not to discuss the Tomahawk raids with his fellow-members of the Joint Chiefs. "He was presented with a fait accompli," the general told me, and "obeyed his orders. And now he's catching it from both sides." The strictures on Shelton were so tight that he was unable to consult with terrorism experts in the Defense Intelligence Agency. One insider said that Shelton apologized later to the agency's distraught director, Lieutenant General

Patrick M. Hughes, assuring him that he would "never let this happen again." (A spokesman for Shelton did not respond to a request for comment.) A four-star general depicted Shelton, a special-forces expert who was confirmed as chairman of the Joint Chiefs in September of 1997, as having far less influence on military issues with the President than his civilian advisers did.

One senior Pentagon officer told me that when the four service chiefs were finally "plugged into the operation," the day before the missile attacks, they managed to force one significant change: The initial target list, as presented to the President and Berger, called for Tomahawks to hit the Al Shifa plant and a storage facility, also in Khartoum, which the C.I.A. believed was linked to Osama bin Laden. At the storage facility, "unlike the pharmaceutical company," the Pentagon officer said, "there were no ground samples" pointing to the manufacture of chemical weapons. "We didn't know what the hell was in there. It could have been dangerous" for nearby residents—or, if the facility was full of nonmilitary materials, acutely embarrassing to the United States. "We told them, 'Take it off the list.'" The target was removed.

Ken Bacon, a spokesman for the Pentagon, did not dispute the assertion that none of the service chiefs had been involved in the initial planning for the retaliatory missile attack. Bacon instead provided the following statement: "The Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff advises both the Secretary [of Defense] and the President. General Shelton played an active role throughout the planning and execution of this operation. As is appropriate for any sensitive military operation, planning was limited to those who needed to be involved."

Many men who served in the Pentagon believe that the service chiefs were excluded from the planning because the White House did not want to hear what they had to say. Since the early days of the Clinton Presidency, the White House and the Pentagon have disagreed on the use of expensive Tomahawks, which are capable of carrying nuclear warheads, to send a political message. The missiles appeal to civilian leaders because of their high accuracy and because no military troops are put at risk: the President can bomb a target with no fear that a shot-down American pilot will be put on public display in a foreign capital.

But there was more to the Pentagon's frustration than that. "The targeting data was weak," one intelligence adviser told me. "The coupling between the targets we were trying to hit and bin Laden's activities was very remote." Furthermore, said the adviser, who was informally briefed on the missions after they took place, Tomahawk missiles, which are armed with a small payload of high explosives, were unlikely to succeed in killing bin Laden and his cohorts in their well-fortified caves and bunkers in Afghanistan. "It's a schlock target," the adviser said.

The four-star general agreed, in a subsequent interview. "When you elect to use force in the Third World, you're judged not by a legal system but by a very sophisticated enemy that doesn't believe you anyway," the general said. "When the strong attack the weak, the weak win." He and his colleagues, the general added, would have argued against the use of Tomahawk missiles, because there's no evidence that such bombings have any significant impact on terrorists. "In today's world, we have very sophisticated adversaries, and to deal with them we have to understand their decision sequence. We have to understand how they make decisions, who influences them." International terrorists, the general told me, "are more sophisticated than our intelligence is capable of dealing with."

"If you do elect to attack them," the general added, it should be done, after careful analysis, at a point of leverage—"a collapse point. What means to an end do I use? Clearly, in some cases, something nonpublic and non-kinetic. Banking, for example. It's not something to do on a weekend in Martha's Vineyard."

In the aftermath of the truck bombings in Kenya and Tanzania, the general said, "and with a wounded President, there are large pressures on the system. So who's in the room? Clearly not the uniformed military." The general concluded, "This is classic Sandy Berger." The general's point was that he and other senior officers believe that Berger and Madeleine Albright are too quick to advocate force as a solution to diplomatic problems. "Madeleine is willing to fire a missile at anybody," the general added, with a laugh.

Some officials in the White House and the State Department, in conversations with me, dismissed the complaints as the usual griping of bureaucrats who were not included in the planning for the

strikes. And one military officer who worked under Berger on the National Security Council defended him. "The demand for results in the Office of the Presidency are impossible," the officer said. "There is an expectation that the executive is on top of everything and has answers to all foreign-policy crises. There is no other accountable agency—certainly not Congress." The National Security Council must rely on "secrecy and dispatch," the officer said, to get things done.

"For the first time, the White House is treating terrorism as a national-security problem, and not as a law-enforcement problem," the officer added. "America has joined the battle. If there is group think among the President's advisers, in terms of wanting the missile strike, 'there also is group think on the opposition'—people in the Pentagon and State Department, who invariably find reasons to say no. 'The answer is you have to trust our judgment,'" the officer said.

It is, however, precisely that issue—the White House's judgment—that has been so troublesome for the intelligence community and the armed forces.

One former top Pentagon official told me of a recent White House meeting with Berger and his aides to discuss a soon-to-be-released government report on a significant national-security issue. "All they wanted to know was how it was going to affect a [congressional] vote in three days," the former official said. "Nobody in that White House wants to hear bad news." The President, he added, doesn't have a national-security policy. "It's all ad hoc. All off the shelf. Decisions are random. Suddenly, this one time he has to move fast."

Many current and former officials noted that the President had refrained from a military response in 1996, when nineteen American airmen were slain in the bombing of the Khobar Towers barracks in Saudi Arabia. A review of the President's numerous public statements and speeches on terrorism and its implications reveals that Clinton has consistently stressed the need for improved law enforcement, urging in a radio address shortly after the Saudi bombing that more international effort be made to share information and prosecute suspected terrorists. One intelligence analyst told me, articulating a commonly held

view, "Sometimes the hardest thing to say is that there's no way to respond which will not make things worse." But, the analyst added, "this President is in trouble with public opinion. He has to do something Presidential. To do nothing or to wait requires political strength—and a weakened President thinks he can't get away with it."

For this analyst and others, the bureaucratic anger focussed on Sandy Berger is misplaced. Berger is known throughout the government for his loyalty to the President and, until the Monica Lewinsky crisis erupted, in January, was widely expected to replace Erskine Bowles as White House chief of staff. If Berger was, as many in the government believe, rushing to judgment in order to hurl Tomahawk missiles, he was doing precisely what Bill Clinton wanted.

PRESIDENT CLINTON has had a troubled relationship with the F.B.I. and Louis Freeh, whom Clinton nominated as director in 1993. Relations between the White House and the bureau worsened over the summer, when a Republican senator made public sections of a letter from Freeh accusing Attorney General Reno of misreading the law by not seeking an independent counsel to investigate the Clinton reelection campaign's fundraising practices in 1996. Freeh and many of his top aides believe that the F.B.I. was excluded from White House deliberations on military retaliation because Clinton questions his political loyalty.

With the recent concern over terrorism, the F.B.I. has established new outposts and augmented old ones around the world. After the embassy bombings, Freeh flew to Africa to oversee the F.B.I.'s manhunt for the terrorists. By August 20th, more than four hundred



F.B.I. agents were scattered throughout eastern Africa, beginning a process that would lead to several arrests. Senior F.B.I. officials have told me that Freeh and his top leadership were not consulted or given what they considered to be adequate advance notification of the missile attack, which could have brought reprisals—especially if bin Laden had been killed. One senior official also noted a suspicion, widely prevalent inside the bureau, that there was "no concern" in the White House for the director's personal

safety or that of his agents. Justified or not, and petty or not, such resentments have inflamed the working relation between the F.B.I. and the White House. To make matters worse, officials noted, in late September the President asked Congress to allocate only twenty-two million dollars to the F.B.I.—far less than the hundred and sixty-four million dollars that was sought—in emergency funding to help finance the embassy-bombings investigation. “Not very subtle,” one F.B.I. official said, with a shrug.

A national-security official who was deeply involved in the White House planning for the missile attacks acknowledged that the exclusion of Freeh and his aides was no accident. “The F.B.I. has left a bad taste in other departments, because it leaks like a sieve,” the official told me. If there are some senior F.B.I. officials who think the President and his deputies have turned against them because of perceived slights, the official added, so be it. “In a snake pit like Washington, even people in the F.B.I. can have paranoia,” he said.

Nevertheless, barring the F.B.I. was counterproductive to President Clinton’s oft-stated goal of stopping terrorism, for it added to the difficulties of the men in the field who were working—round the clock—to build a case against bin Laden. White House politics, if it was that, was interfering with a widely applauded national goal. “People here understand that there are decisions made above us,” a senior F.B.I. official told me dryly. He also said that agent-to-agent cooperation in the field among the F.B.I., C.I.A., and military-intelligence services has never been better.

THE Administration’s failure to give the F.B.I. enough time to protect its agents in the field contrasts sharply, some officials noted, with the White House decision before the bombing to evacuate diplomatic officers and their dependents serving at the American Embassy in Islamabad, Pakistan. The evacuation, which was protested by some American diplomats—the school year was just getting under way—was reported by several newspapers; and this publicity, national-security officials acknowledge, no doubt tipped off bin Laden to the coming attack. On Tuesday, August 18th, the *Times* reported that Thomas W. Simons, Jr., the American Ambassador to Pakistan, had been asked at a meeting with Americans about “rumors” that the United

States was about to launch an attack on bin Laden. He refused to comment.

“When bin Laden saw that happening, he flew the coop,” one senior military officer told me. Some sixty Tomahawk missiles were fired at suspected bin Laden camps inside Afghanistan; they either were poorly targeted or did not all go where they were aimed. An informed official, who has directed one of America’s intelligence services, confirmed previously published reports that two training camps controlled by the Pakistani intelligence service were inadvertently destroyed, with loss of life. “If you’re going to do anything in Afghanistan, don’t do it against the camps that belong to the Paks,” the official added. His point was that the government of Pakistan, which is constantly under pressure from fundamentalist groups, has been far more cooperative than is publicly known in our effort against terrorists.

The elimination of bin Laden and his top leadership would have been a dramatic victory for the Administration in its newly proactive war on terrorism, but Administration officials, speaking on background, insist that that was not the goal. “We, of course, knew about a meeting” involving bin Laden, one State Department official told me. “We thought it would be delightful if we could hit a meeting”—and eliminate him. “We lowballed that possibility,” the official added. “Our objective was to break up some structures and set the guy back.” Political assassination is barred by a 1976 Executive order.

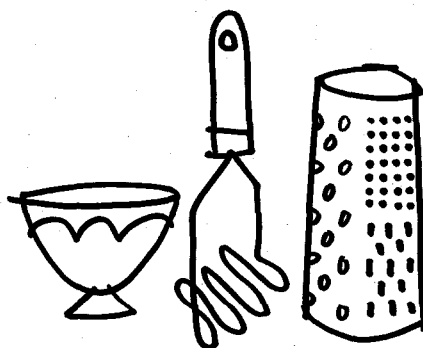
Both Clinton and Berger, in their public statements on August 20th, repeatedly cited what they said was hard evidence that bin Laden had been planning further terrorist attacks against America. “We knew before our attack that these groups already had planned further actions against us and others,” Clinton said in his televised speech that evening. Berger, in a press briefing that evening, went

further, declaring that the American intelligence community had “very specific information about very specific threats with respect to very specific targets. You will note that over the past week we have closed certain embassies, we have drawn other embassies down.” Later in the briefing, he added, “Most of the intelligence people I have talked to in the last week have indicated that they have never seen anything quite like this, in the sense of the amount of information that mutually corroborated itself and pointed in this direction.”

In interviews for this account, some American intelligence operatives, who have spent much of their careers reading and evaluating intercepted telephone calls and other communications, were taken aback that Berger had been so categorical. The specific warnings of future terrorism, one experienced intelligence operative told me, “came from garbled intercepts and a series of walk-ins”—defectors—“that, while not without merit, are no different from any number of walk-ins that come in all the time.”

The operative added, “There are a lot of very wild things that get said”—especially in the Middle East. “They talk all the time, and there’s a willful impulse to take the most extreme interpretation.” One Middle East exile, who for years has worked closely with the C.I.A. in attempts to overthrow Saddam Hussein, the Iraqi leader, told me that he and other opposition groups constantly practiced *Funkspiele* (German for “radio games”) in their satellite-telephone conversations—a practice most assuredly carried out by bin Laden, who worked with the C.I.A. in the nineteen-eighties during the insurrection against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. “You confuse the other side by sending false signals,” the dissident said.

One factor in the President’s and Berger’s statements may have been Janet Reno. The White House and the Justice Department refused to comment on Reno’s legal advice, as presented to the President on the eve of the bombings, but a White House spokesman reiterated that the President had legal authority to act. However, one Justice Department official, who had access to intelligence data, said that the Attorney General was understood to believe that the evidence tying bin Laden to the embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania did not meet what is known in the intelligence community as the Tripoli standard. In 1986, American warplanes bombed



Libya's capital at night, including the residence of Muammar Qaddafi, after the National Security Agency intercepted communications that connected Libya to an explosion killing American soldiers at a discothèque in West Berlin.

The Clinton Administration had no such clear-cut intelligence, according to one senior member of Congress who attended a highly classified briefing by George Tenet, the C.I.A. director. "What he does is give you an awful lot of detail, largely about intercepts," the congressman said of Tenet. "No charts, no slides. It's a technique that people in the intelligence community often use—they try to inundate you with detail. And they'll draw conclusions that all of this is compelling and conclusive. A lot of it is in code. These people have code words they could use. I'm not sure how compelling all this is, although there's a lot of it. They came up with a lot of suspicious activity, but nothing conclusive."

Many Middle East experts with government experience also acknowledged that reports of bin Laden's wealth—he was said to have inherited three hundred million dollars or more—may have been vastly overstated. "Bin Laden probably inherited between ten million and twenty-five million dollars, not three hundred million," said James E. Akins, a retired diplomat who served as Ambassador to Saudi Arabia in the nineteen-seventies. "Maybe he's the Warren Buffett of the Arab world, but there's no evidence of that. Maybe God is his investment counsellor, but there's no evidence of that. Maybe somebody else is involved, but they"—people in the Clinton Administration—"don't want to think of that."

In the days after the missile attacks, the Sudanese government made headlines by producing evidence that the Al Shifa plant was involved in the processing and marketing of antibiotics and other beneficial drugs. The Sudanese maintained the initiative by subsequently demanding an independent United Nations investigation of the plant and its surroundings. The proposal, opposed by the White House, is endorsed by many Third World nations, and even former President Jimmy Carter called for an investigation, in a statement released on September 17th, which said, "If the evidence shows the Sudanese are guilty, they should be condemned both for lying and for contributing to terrorist activities. Otherwise, we should admit our error

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and make amends to those who have suffered loss or injury."

Berger responded the next day by firmly endorsing the C.I.A.'s analysis. "I have no less certainty about this," he told a press briefing. "For us not to have struck that plant, I think, would have been irresponsible. In fact, I have even more certainty about this than I did at the time that we struck it, based upon subsequent information." Berger and his colleagues on the National Security Council, facing skepticism about the validity of American intelligence, continued to insist that their assessment of the Al Shifa facility as a chemical-warfare plant was superb. "So I'm sure," Berger added sarcastically, of the Sudanese regime, "that they're deeply concerned about the penicillin that they may have lost in this plant."

ON September 21st, the *Times* reported, in a dispatch written by Tim Weiner and James Risen, that the C.I.A. had been forced in early 1996 to withdraw more than a hundred intelligence reports on Sudan after concluding that its source was a fabricator. The *Times* also revealed that a few Administration officials had conceded, in interviews, that they "had no evidence directly linking" bin Laden to the Al Shifa plant at the time of the missile strike. "Nor are they certain whether their soil sample proves that Empta, the suspected precursor chemical for VX, was made at [Al Shifa] or just stored or shipped through there."

The soil-sample evidence was made public only after questions had been raised about the attack. The Administration, having backed down on its other contentions—that the plant was heavily guarded, that it had no apparent commercial products, and that it was directly financed by bin Laden—placed its entire burden of proof on what it said were laboratory results that could be explained only by the presence of Empta at Al Shifa.

The C.I.A.'s case, however, was weaker than even press reports indicated. Before talking to officials in the intelligence community, I had a series of conversations with a senior inspector in the Organization for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons (O.P.C.W.), the agency in The Hague that is responsible for monitoring international compliance with the chemical-weapons treaty. The United

States is one of more than a hundred nations that have ratified the treaty, which calls for the destruction of existing chemical weapons and a ban on the stockpiling and production of such weapons and their transfer to other nations.

The inspector, who had done laboratory work with Empta years earlier, pointed out that the chemical was unlikely to have been found, unaltered, in the ground, as the C.I.A. has told journalists, for the simple reason that it is highly reactive and, once in the earth, would react with other chemicals and begin to break down. "Is it possible?" the expert asked rhetorically. "Yes. Is it likely? No.

"If I'm going to drop a bomb on somebody," he added, "I'd like to be a little surer than they were."

The inspector, who under O.P.C.W. rules could not be identified by name, said that the organization's procedures for working with suspected chemical-weapons materials required that samples of the suspect material be divided, under carefully controlled conditions, and sent for analysis to at least three different laboratories. The C.I.A. was fortunate, the inspector added, because there are two highly reliable government laboratories in the United States with extensive experience in examining possible chemical-warfare materials: the Army's Edgewood Arsenal, in Maryland, and the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, in California.

Given Empta's reactive nature, the inspector said, the possibility of isolating it from a sample taken from the soil outside Al Shifa didn't seem credible. "No way it came out of a smokestack or in the effluent," he said. "The only way this material could be in the ground is if somebody had emptied a flask... and then taken a sample. That's credible."

The most stringent requirement in the chemical-weapons treaty, the inspector added, deals with the chain of custody of a suspected chemical-weapon sample: "We have to go to extraordinary lengths to make sure that the samples taken from the field are the same ones that arrive in our laboratories."

The C.I.A.'s standards for its analysis of the soil sample found in Sudan, as described to me in a series of background interviews with two senior American intelligence officials, fall far short of the standards espoused by the O.P.C.W. Al

Shifa, the officials told me, had been identified in early 1997 by C.I.A. operatives inside Sudan as a plant engaged "in suspicious activities."

The agency began watching, and accumulating evidence that suggested that the plant was involved in chemical warfare. The most definitive piece of evidence was a sample of Empta dug up during the summer by one of the C.I.A.'s assets in Sudan, most likely a member of one of the opposition parties. "This wasn't the only soil sample we took," one of the officials said. "We sampled other places in Sudan, but it was the only place we hit"—where they found evidence of a chemical-warfare agent. The American, in attempting to explain why more soil samples were not taken, depicted the process of soil retrieval as highly risky, and added, "We had to deploy a human asset clandestinely. He had to be trained how to do it." (In an earlier interview, a high C.I.A. officer told me, "This is not like going in your back yard and digging around.")

The intelligence official had no first-hand knowledge of the sample's chain of custody between Sudan and the United States but said he was satisfied that appropriate care had been taken. "It was not done sloppily," he added. The soil sample was divided into three parts, and each was tested in the same private laboratory, the official said. The laboratory "found what we considered to be Empta in the soil.

"We think we have a good case," the American told me. "It's puzzle-solving: ultimately building a chain of evidence with links of inference in between." The C.I.A.'s job, he added, "is to put what you have on the table, and then someone else makes the decision."

The American officials appeared to be unfazed by the C.I.A.'s failure to learn before the missile raid that Al Shifa was actively packaging pharmaceuticals when it was destroyed. "We hadn't done a lot of research into what they produced, because we suspected in advance that there would be a cover story," one said. "We looked at open source material on Al Shifa—nothing there. You don't find Al Shifa listed in Dun & Bradstreet. People here really don't care whether they were making VX and aspirin, or just VX." (Senior officials acknowledged to reporters after the raid that intelligence officers had searched the Internet and found no advertisements or promotional materials for medicine on Al Shifa's Web



site, and thus concluded that the plant was not in the pharmaceutical business.)

In his separate conversation with me, the high C.I.A. officer acknowledged that there were legitimate reasons to debate the merits of the agency's technical findings about the significance of the dirt outside the Al Shifa plant. But, the official added, "there's no second-guessing among anyone who is knowledgeable. Reasonable people can agree and disagree, but I can say with conviction that our part of it was well done and professionally done. You know, there's no such thing as one-hundred-per-cent certainty. There's a lot of shades—it's not black and white. At the end of the day, we don't make the decision. We say, 'Here's what we know.' Someone else—not us—makes the decision. I hope we were right," the official added. "But who knows?"

SANDY BERGER refused my requests to interview him, but David Leavy, the spokesman for the National Security Council, insisted that the Administration "had evidence showing that the plant was associated with the Sudanese military-industrial corporation. It's really frustrating for all of us," Leavy told me, referring to the widespread skepticism about the C.I.A.'s intelligence, "because the Sudanese government are bad people."

The United States still maintains diplomatic relations with the government in Khartoum, although the Embassy was closed in February of 1996, and its key personnel shifted to neighboring Kenya, after the intelligence community received a series of death threats. "That turned out to be a lot of hooey," one fully informed diplomat told me. The diplomat, who is currently involved with policy in Africa, said, "You mention the Sudan in the Department of State and people get very emotional—faces get red, teeth clench. You run into a departure of rationality, where the personal likes and dislikes seem to make foreign policy. Most of the professionals in the State Department and elsewhere in the government, the diplomat added, "are appalled by what they see."

Berger, in a press briefing on September 18th, three days before the President's annual speech to the opening assembly of the United Nations, appeared to put the entire onus for Sudan's endemic wars and chronic famine on the regime in Khartoum. "This is a government that is one of the principal state sponsors of terrorism in the world, num-

ber one," Berger said. "Number two, there are somewhere between one point five million people starving in southern and western Sudan and we have plenty of food to get to those people, but... we can't get that food to those people, because the government will not let us have access to those people."

Berger's view is considered simplistic, even by many officials inside the government, and by other observers who also view the Sudan government with disdain. In a 1998 report, Human Rights Watch, an internationally funded group that monitors arms transfers and human-rights abuses around the world, described both the government in Khartoum and its opposition in the south as systematic violators of individual rights. The rebel forces, which receive substantial support from the Clinton Administration, have "also committed gross abuses... including indiscriminate attacks on civilians" and "the forced recruitment of underage boys."

The President's decision to attack Khartoum also has found little favor among the Sudanese opposition groups. Francis M. Deng, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution who once served as Sudan's foreign minister, has bitterly suggested that the bombing of the pharmaceutical plant could be "a blessing in disguise" for the Sudanese government. The attack "is likely to arouse nationalist sentiments and bolster a regime that des-

perately needs national legitimization," Deng wrote in an essay for the *Los Angeles Times*.

The furor inside the United States government over the Tomahawk attacks has obscured a far more important issue: what, ultimately, should be done about international terrorism.

"I don't know anybody who believes we are in a position to take effective action against the terrorist threat," a former high-level State Department official explained. "What would I do? The first thing is go to our principal allies around the world and say, 'This is a growing threat against all of us, and we must do something collective.' Then you've got to move the Israeli-Palestine negotiations along. Get the Israelis more flexible," and deny the terrorist world "a rallying point." Finally, the former official told me, "You must spend a lot more on counterterrorism—helping city governments with crisis response." The Federal Emergency Management Agency "has got to become a major organization." The State Department veteran said he is sympathetic to the problems confronting Sandy Berger and Madeleine Albright. "Their President is preoccupied, and they don't know if he'll back them in any initiatives if there's political heat," he said. "Survival is his most important issue. It's always on his mind. If Clinton was not in all this trouble, he wouldn't have done it"—authorized the Tomahawk raids. "He's too smart." ♦

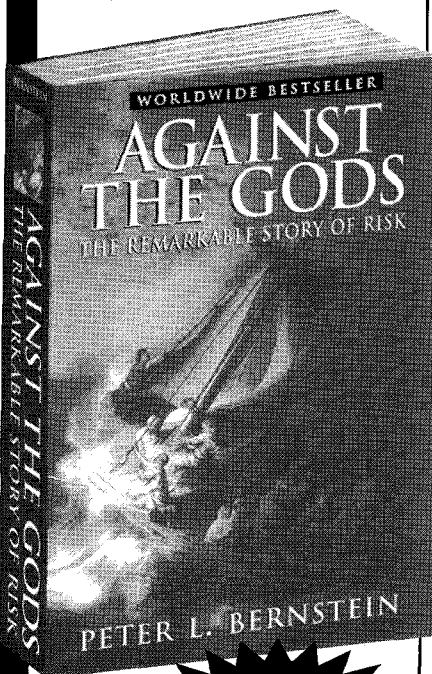


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THE CIRCUIT RIDER

A veteran lecturer reveals the dangers of the trade.

BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

A GENERATION ago, Bernard DeVoto, a Harvard historian, novelist, and wit, resolved to give up public lecturing. After so many years of it, he had had enough. Besides, there were those books he wanted to get written, those books still left to read. But he had a valedictory in mind on the subject, and he devoted his column in *Harper's*, "The Easy Chair," to it. He gave the reader an instructive and amusing account of pitfalls in the lecture trade. Much of what he wrote on the subject lingers in the memory of the contemporary lecturer, including me, and that is not surprising, because the basic arrangements are unchanged.

For instance, you have agreed to give six lectures during the month of May. Your agent discloses a few months ahead of time where exactly the lectures will take place. A week or two before the first one, you receive detailed marching orders. Until then, though, you will find yourself putting off specific attention to upcoming dates—those that don't require attention to special concerns. The reason for this, I suppose, is that there is a general tendency to put off thinking about any sort of heavy duty: you tend to avoid looking down the calendar when you know that it is heavily stocked with looming obligations, professional or social. If you project that inertia a step or two, you will understand why, as often as not, I do not actually examine, until the plane has set down, the page in the folder that describes my exact destination and the name of the body sponsoring my lectures. Upon landing, I rise from my seat, pull out the folder in my briefcase, and fall, at the end of the gang-way, into the arms of my host or his representative.

Now, vagueness of that order can get you into trouble when successive economies of social preparation accumulate. A few years ago, I left my hotel in St. Louis, where I had spoken the night before, to go to a designated hangar at the airport where a little chartered plane

waited to take me to a college a few hundred miles away. I had been counselled to travel light on the four-seater Cessna, and, accordingly, I took along only a book and the clipboard with my speech, leaving my briefcase in the hotel, to which I'd return late that night.

When I arrived, two charming students, a young man and a young woman, whisked me off to a restaurant for a quick pre-speech dinner. I was suddenly confronted with the fact, as we chatted merrily along, that I had no memory of the name of the college whose guest I was. I remember attempting to maneuver the conversation in one way or another that might reveal the identity of the institution. "What year was the college founded?" I tried. I got from my hosts the year of its founding, some of the college's history, some of its problems, the year coeducation was introduced, but no mention of the college's name. And so it went, right through the crowded evening. To this day, I don't know where I lectured that night, other than that it was a couple of airplane hours north (I must have looked at the compass) of St. Louis, Missouri.

I assume that my experiences, over the forty years I have been on the circuit, are fairly typical, though there is, of course, this difference: because I am a conservative controversialist, I could not reasonably be expected to be greeted onstage as, say, Jacques Cousteau would have been. In that sense, the context of my appearances is slightly altered, whatever the tempo of the circuit. In pursuit of my apostleship and the attendant revenue flow to the *National Review*, I used to do seventy engagements a year. There are several motives for lecturing. One of them, of course, is the redemptive impulse: you feel that you have to get your message out. Another is the histrionic bent: there are those who forever wish to teach. Then there is the economic factor. Most successful lecturers will concede to you in low tones that there is no journalistic or pedagogical activity more remun-

nerative—a point that was also made by Mark Twain and by Winston Churchill.

The working professor or journalist will spend two or three days reading a book and reviewing it for the *Times* for four hundred and fifty dollars; or, at the most lucrative level, three or four days writing an essay for *Playboy*, for ten times that sum. A night's lecture will bring in better than commensurate revenue. And sometimes the host at this

was held open for him. We do not know whether he paused to say good night to his host. To behave that way and somehow survive, and get invited to deliver more lectures, you need to develop a reputation as a grouch so entrenched that it becomes mythogenic.

The lecture public is titillated before such a character's appearance by tales of his eccentricities and would be disappointed if the speaker behaved other

there won't really be a proper opportunity for the twenty brightest students at the college to interrogate you, so surely you wouldn't mind an hour's seminar at five, well before the lecture? It would mean so much to the students to have this opportunity. You give in, up to a point, and what finally makes it difficult to protest is the quality of the attentiveness of most of your hosts and hostesses, who for every hour of your



A lecturer must learn to avoid many different pitfalls, from cocktail-hour abuse to marathon Q. & A.s. The worst of all is the salad course.

college or convention—for whatever reason—wants you and no one else, and the offer proves irresistible.

A FEW performers on the circuit whose identity we get to know about are, or were, abrupt in their dealings with their hosts. There is the crank or eccentric; Evelyn Waugh was the Great Figure in this scene. It is said that his agent would shrug his shoulders and warn the prospective host that there was simply no shaking Mr. Waugh from his ways. No, he would give no press conference. No, no, no—no dinner before the lecture. No! No! Absolutely no signing of books. No receiving line. No questions after his speech. If that sounds austere, it is absolutely convivial compared with what Mr. Waugh would proceed to do, which was to remain in his limousine outside the hall until he had been introduced. Only then would he lumber onstage, deliver his speech, and return to his limousine, whose door, one supposes,

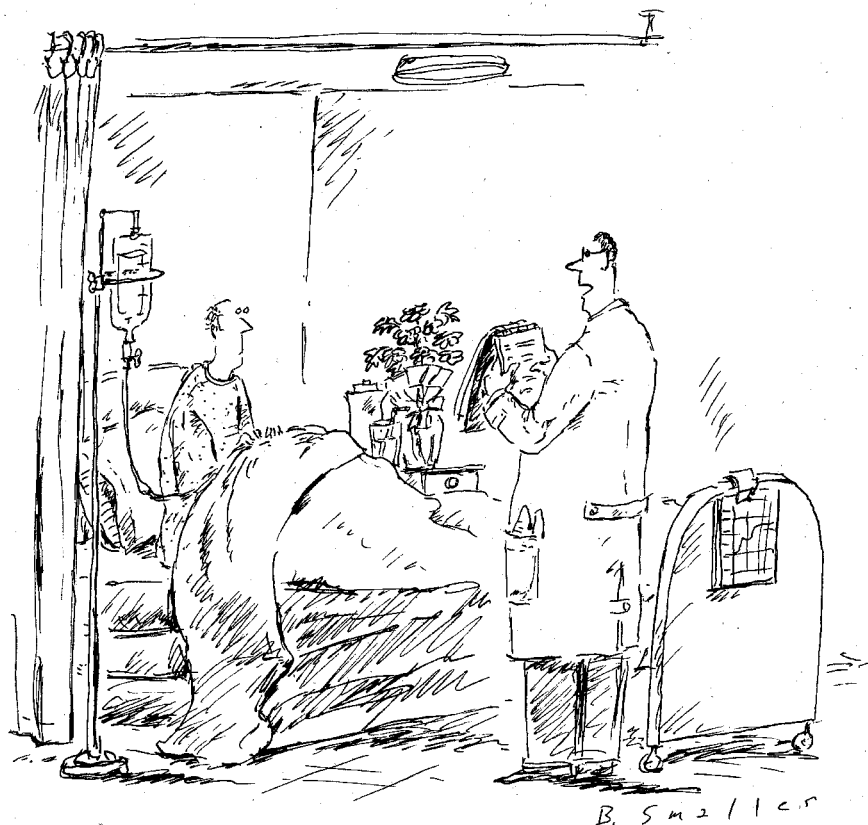
than as advertised. But those who aren't given to misanthropy or self-indulgence, natural or cultivated, simply can't get away with it, and wouldn't want to if they could. They oblige, both because good nature impels them and because, in the long run, it is easier to comply than to resist. They're told that the sponsors are having a private dinner, at which their presence is, of course, expected. A letter arrives from the student who has led the threadbare conservative movement in the college, and it tells you that life and death—the future of the republic!—hang on your agreeing to meet with his group for a mere half hour sometime before or after the engagement. After the lecture, there is to be a public reception: it is a fixed part of a hundred-year-long tradition at the Xville Forum, and any failure by you to attend it would quite shatter the evening and demoralize the dozens of people who had a hand in making it a success.

The lecture will be so widely attended, the letter goes on to say, that

work as the visiting speaker have spent fifteen hours of hard work in order to make the event successful—and, indeed, to accommodate, up to a point, the speaker himself.

Notwithstanding such good intentions, the speaker's priorities aren't always intuited, let alone observed, and so one may expect the absolutely distinctive fatigue that goes with the experience. This doesn't, I think, have anything to do with stagefright (which, luckily, I don't get). And not just with anfractuous travel schedules (flight to Louisville, feeder flight to Canton, hour-and-a-half drive to lecture site; reverse procedure the following morning, which means that you will need to leave your motel at six-fifteen in order to catch the only flight that will get you securely to where you are headed).

What sets in is a situation-specific exhaustion. You are back at the hotel at ten-thirty. You are not a television watcher, so that form of decompression isn't available for you. You have a briefcase bulging with



"It's a medical miracle that you made it through that last medical miracle."

undone work, but reading manuscripts at that hour induces only a conviction that no living writer can hold your attention when you're in the current mood. If it had been fifty years ago and you were reading Hemingway's "The Killers," you'd probably wonder after page 2 why in the hell he hadn't got on with the story.

You pour yourself a glass of wine from a bottle left by your thoughtful host, nibble at a cracker, and read the back-of-the-book of *Time* or *Newsweek*. You then get around to calling the hotel operator. You tell her that the world itself depends on her waking you at five-fifteen. That is too early for coffee, so you will use your wife's hot-wired hair-curler-type thing, which brings a cup of water to a boil in a minute. You may pop a sleeping pill, read two or three pages from your current book, and go to sleep. What can happen then is a lecturer's nightmare: after your escort, often an undergraduate, tells you he/she will be there at seven-thirty in the morning, no one is there at seven-thirty-five.

"Dear Josie," I began a letter to my student host at the University of Colorado a few years ago. She had been incensed, upon driving to my hotel, to find

me in a taxi, about to drive off. "Let me explain the events of yesterday morning so that you will not think me rude to have acted as I did," I wrote. "You had said the night before that you would pick me up at 7:30 to drive me to the Denver airport. At 7:35 you still were not there. What passes through the mind in such situations is this: If Josie is not there at 7:30, when she contracted to be there, when in fact will she be there? It is possible that she overslept. Or that she has had a flat tire? In which case, she might not be there for a half hour—which would mean missing my plane. Precious time, dear Josie, is slipping through your fingers, so you go to the porter and say, 'Can you get me a taxi to drive me to the airport at Denver?' He calls, the lady driver comes in, and the two of you have just completed loading your luggage when you drive in, at 7:41. Now, the point you made—that there was still plenty of time to get to the airport at Denver—isn't what goes through the mind of the lecturer. If I had absolutely known that you would materialize at 7:41, I'd have waited. But if you weren't there when you said you'd be there—at 7:30—how could I absolutely

know that you would be there in time for me to make my plane? Having brought in the lady driver, negotiated the fare to the airport, having put all my luggage in her cab, I thought it would be unseemly to pull out the bags, dismiss her, and go with you. I do hope you understand."

Josie never acknowledged my letter. I guess she's still mad. Make a point of saying two things, ever so gently, to the people who are going to pick you up. First, make it clear that punctuality the next morning is very important to you. Second, stipulate an offbeat time for your rendezvous. Nobody is ever late who has been told to be there at seven-thirty-three. Josie would have been on time at seven-thirty-three, but dear Josie would have thought that positively weird.

THE whole operation is, as I say, strangely fatiguing. The compensation, however, consists not only of the fee and the satisfaction of passing along the Word but of the relative ease of preparation. If your lectures come in orderly sequences, the major effort is made at the beginning of a season—either a calendar season or a political season. (The Inauguration of Bill Clinton, for example, constituted the beginning of a political season.) I have a half dozen offbeat speeches in my portfolio: "The Origin of Blackford Oakes," "The Case for National Service," "The Politics of Beauty"—that kind of thing.

If a scheduled engagement calls for a debate (and about five or six engagements per year do), preparing for it requires hard hours of ad-hoc study, but there is no need to write out anything. But, except for debates, I give out as my lecture title (it is always the same) "Reflections on Current Contentions." The advantages are manifest. There are always current contentions, and pundits always reflect on them—indeed, as in the troubles of President Clinton, revel in them. Every weekend during the two lecture seasons (fall and spring), I pull out last week's speech and reword it: go over it line by line, searching out anachronisms; insert fresh material, add or subtract a proposition, decide which contentions to analyze at colleges, which at business meetings or civic associations.

This makes for a busy few hours on a Saturday or Sunday, but then I have in hand a speech that, as far as the audience is concerned, might have sprung full-

blown from my imagination that very morning. Some professionals frown on reading a speech. Yet my speeches are now mostly read. It requires experience to do this without appearing to be glued to the text. I have that experience. But I also know that there is going to be a Q. & A., and that during that period I will establish to the satisfaction of the audience that I can handle myself (and my interrogators) extemporaneously. The statement "Mr. Buckley has graciously agreed to answer a few questions," which inevitably precedes this part of the program, could be more correctly put as "Mr. Buckley demands that there should be time for questions." Sometimes programs are designed to exclude a Q. & A.—the hall is too large, the occasion too ceremonial—in which case you simply need to make do. But when this happens you are left feeling both under-exploited and underappreciated; a singer of great flexibility of range whose upper and lower registers were never tested.

And, then, whether there is to be a Q. & A. can depend on the hour, and here I have a big grievance. I speak of the dinner that begins at eight. You are the speaker, and you don't get introduced until nine-forty-five. Beginning at about nine o'clock, you start looking down at your carefully drafted forty-five-minute speech. As the clock moves relentlessly on, you start fidgeting with your talk. Got to *cut* something! Maybe cut that section? Contract the beginning? Maybe eliminate it? Got to do *something*, because it's getting very late. The enemy of the after-dinner speaker is identified with remarkable success. Yes, sometimes there are too many cards to be played: awards given out, histories of activity during the preceding year. But most often the enemy is—the salad course.

I can think of fifty salad courses that came close to ruining an evening, and that is because serving a salad, waiting for it to get nibbled away, removing it, and coming in with the main course is going to consume half an hour. During that period, (a) everybody is eating up finite reserves of energy, and some people are getting a little sleepy; (b) many are consoling their anxiety/ennui/irritation by drinking more copiously than they otherwise would; and (c) the speaker is sitting there knowing that ev-

ery minute that goes by is a minute that increases the natural torpor of active Americans at the end of a working day, inevitably affecting the keenness of their disposition to listen to the speaker's subtleties. And it is a law of nature that, when something goes on too long, management tends to chop off what can be chopped off. If a Q. & A. was not scheduled, forget it. If a Q. & A. was scheduled, the master of ceremonies is likely to eliminate it: "Owing to the lateness of the hour, we will need to do without the question-and-answer period Mr. Buckley had so graciously agreed to."

Speaking of booze, I am reminded of one of Professor DeVoto's major complaints; namely, the dry host. In 1980, many years after reading his jeremiad, I had Harold Macmillan on my "Firing Line" program. He insisted on a half hour's preparatory interview the day before, designed to explore the ground I intended to cover. After touching on Winston Churchill's disappointments, on the perils of the Normandy landing, on the winds of change in Africa, Mr. Macmillan got down to business: he would expect some champagne in the room to which he would be conducted before he went into the studio. Harold Macmillan was a pro.

Now that I am entering senior citizenship, I have become blunter than I was as an apple-cheeked circuit rider. So, riding from the airport to the motel, I will say to my escort, "I see dinner is at six. Will they be serving wine?" The chances are about six out of nine these days that the answer will be yes. But it might well be no, especially if you are eating in a dining hall on the premises of a state college, or if you are in a dry county, or, of course, if you are in Mormon country. Some hosts or hostesses instantly understand, and those who do will vary their responses all the way from inviting you to the president's house for "a little wine" before the dinner, through inviting you to their own homes, to delivering a bottle of wine to your room.

The trouble with those expedients is that some of us are indisposed to have a drink at five-thirty when dinner is scheduled for six and the lecture for eight. The sort of stimulation one is looking for won't keep for two and a half hours; and then, too, however happy one

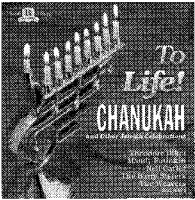




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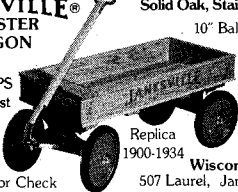
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may be to find oneself with extra moments of unscheduled privacy, one desires privacy least during the cocktail hour, which is inherently convivial.

Might a lecturer abuse the cocktail hour? Rarely, I believe, and I am aware only of the lurid exception of Truman Capote. Arriving in New Orleans one day twenty years ago, I was picked up by the chairman of Tulane's annual Academic Week, during which the college sponsors five different lectures or debates on consecutive nights. Driving me to the hotel from the airport, my young host proved to be in high dudgeon. He and other members of the undergraduate committee had put hundreds of hours of work into the planning of the Academic Week, and what was the fruit of it all last night? he asked dramatically, as we threaded our way through New Orleans traffic.

"We knew Mr. Capote had this problem," the student explained, shaking his head slightly. "So during the cocktail hour I handed him a drink that was about one-half jigger Bourbon and one gallon of soda water. It didn't work. Mr. Capote said, 'Heh-heh, lit'l man, you cayn't get away with that—no, sir, not with Truman Capote!' He handed me back his glass, and I had to give him a regular drink. Then another. Then another. And he was already bombed when he arrived. By the time he got to the seminar at the main event, he couldn't even talk! We had to rely on the other lecturer, Edward Albee, who carried the whole ball. And then . . . and then"—my driver was throbbing with indignation—"after the main talk (you know from the last time you were here that we all go over across the street for the students' informal talk), well, Mr. Capote's aide came to me and said, 'Mr. Capote is too tahn-red out to engage in the second pahht of the proceedings.' So I said to him, 'Well, you tell Mr. Capote if he doesn't come to the second part of the engagement he's not going to be paid for the first part.'"

"What happened?" I asked.

"He made it. But there wasn't much for him to say. I mean, nothing much he could say."

I consoled him. "Ten years from now," I promised him, "the Tulane audience will remember only one thing about your

Academic Week. It was the week in which Truman Capote got tanked and couldn't speak."

THEN there is the matter of the introduction. A few months back, I listened with mounting horror to an introduction that Demosthenes would not have merited. I wish I had it in my power to restrain an enthusiastic introducer—particularly if he elects to justify the special pains that the committee has gone to in getting you there by dwelling on the discursive dreamland that lies ahead for the audience. He might have felt that to do less than advise the audience to expect the wit of Oscar Wilde, the eloquence of Abraham Lincoln, and the profundity of Aristotle would suggest that he held you in less than the esteem owed ex officio to any guest selected by the Lackawanna Annual Forum Series.

The thing to do is to write out a suggested introduction to yourself, making the usual high points sufficiently to justify your presence there and the audience's, and hope that the introducer will be guided by it and will carefully refrain from hyperbole. Having said this, I must add that some hosts take extraordinary pains in composing their words and indite truly elegant introductions.



If the beginning of your talk is unchanged, and you have tested it out on a dozen audiences in the past ten weeks, you will know very quickly the speed of this assembly, and something of its disposition. Audiences are generally a little nervous, starting out: they don't quite know what they will make of you, and often fear that their reaction may be ploddish. If you are talking to undergraduates, they will wish to be wooed, but they are nicely disposed, except for those whose fidelity to antithetical politics is a matter of deep principle. I remember lecturing at noon at California State University, Long Beach, during the Vietnam frenzies of the late sixties. Four thousand students lay stretched out on the lawn. (That was the convention at the weekly lectures.) Some months before, Senator Vance Hartke, of Indiana, had had a hard time completing his speech, with heckling and other interruptions, notwithstanding the fact that he was against the war.

I had no problem, none at all, getting through my talk, some of it stoutly de-

fending the policies of Lyndon Johnson. After it was over, I said rather complacently to my host, a professor from the Department of Psychology, that it was reassuring that I had the power to compel a college audience to listen to me on so excitable a subject. "Don't you understand, Mr. Buckley," he replied, "that when you speak they treat you as they would a man from the moon? They don't care what you say. They are just biologically curious."

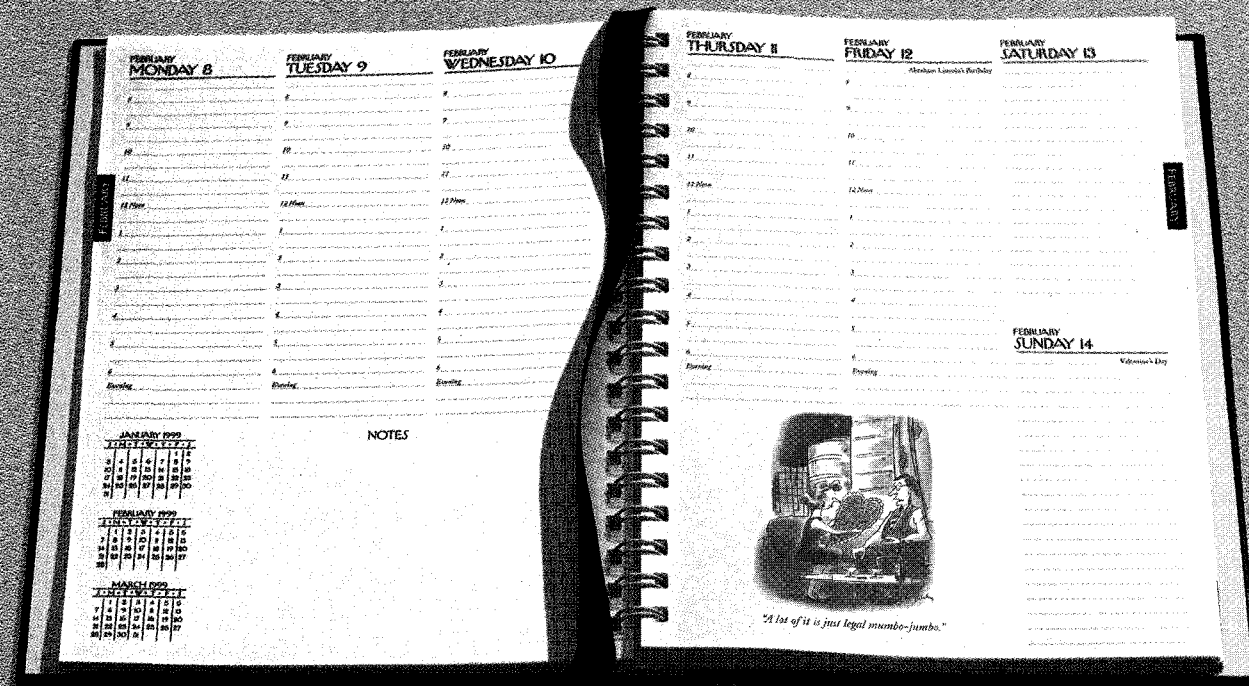
Almost always the demands of courtesy prevail. But sometimes someone just can't take it. Your eye catches that of the listener who gets up and leaves, almost always without disruption. Sometimes a public point is intended. Last May, in Wilmington, Delaware's Democratic governor sat on the dais, and I devoted all my time to the problems that had arisen from the Lewinsky-Clinton business. My analysis was sharply to the disadvantage of the President. When I finished speaking, the governor rose and walked swiftly from the dais, manifestly in order to avoid social contact with the speaker after the evening's formal closing. If the ambient mood is suspicious, doggedly skeptical, then waste no time in giving out your conclusions unless you have extraordinary diplomatic balance wheels.

I have seen Hubert Humphrey, and, indeed, Bill Clinton, draw blood from a stone in public speeches, attacking the skeptics in the manner of Jimmy Durante, who to entertain his audience would if necessary take an axe to the piano. Such as these have special skills. Another way is to strive to communicate to your listeners that, if they exhibit curiosity and attentiveness to hear you out, their favors in attending will match yours in appearing; and both parties will leave the hall with a sense that neither wasted its time. Lecturing is a gruelling business, and is no doubt easier on those who are happiest when operating from a podium. The late Max Lerner, a learned evangelist, who was truly contented when he was instructing others on how to think and what to believe in, told me that the perfect life for him would be lecturing every day of the week: the rabbinical itch. Others cherish their afflatus but are more happily engaged when they are sweating over blank sheets of paper. The ideal situation for us would be an audience of people who sat there while you wrote, and told you, after every paragraph or so, whether you were succeeding in reaching them. ♦

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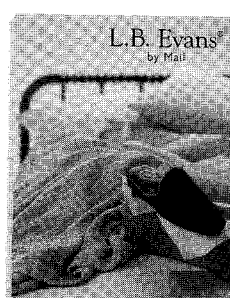
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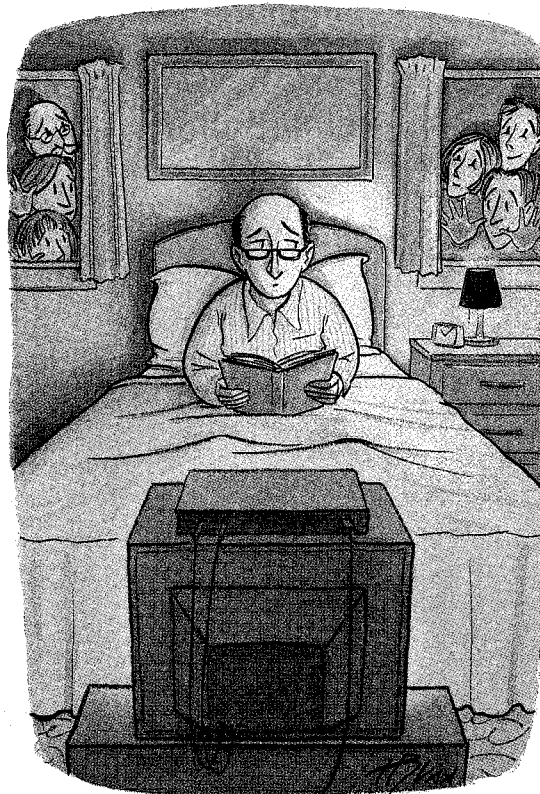
The real problem with privacy? We have too much of it.

BY JONATHAN FRANZEN

PRIVACY, privacy, the new American obsession: espoused as the most fundamental of rights, marketed as the most desirable of commodities, and pronounced dead twice a week. Even before Linda Tripp pressed the "Record" button on her tape recorder, commentators were warning that "privacy is under siege," that "privacy is in a dreadful state," that "privacy as we now know it may not exist in the year 2000." Not just Big Brother but little brother, John Q. Public, too, is shadowing me through networks of computers. Security cameras no bigger than spiders watch from every shaded corner, dour feminists monitor bedroom behavior and water-cooler conversations, genetic sleuths decoct my entire being from a drop-let of saliva, and voyeurs can retrofit ordinary camcorders with a filter that lets them *see through people's clothing*. Then comes the flood of dirty suds from the Office of the Independent Counsel, oozing forth through official and commercial channels to saturate the national consciousness. Lewinskygate marks, in the words of the philosopher Thomas Nagel, "the culmination of a disastrous erosion" of privacy; it represents, in the words of the author Wendy Kaminer, "the utter disregard for privacy and individual autonomy that exists in totalitarian regimes." In the person of Kenneth Starr, "the public sphere" has finally overwhelmed—shredded, gored, trampled, invaded, run roughshod over—"the private."

The panic about privacy has all the finger-pointing and paranoia of a good old American scare, but it's missing one vital ingredient: a genuinely alarmed public. Americans care about privacy

mainly in the abstract. Sometimes a well-informed community unites to defend itself, as when Net users bombarded the White House with E-mails against the "clipper chip," and sometimes an especially outrageous piece of



We have been warned that our privacy is being trampled. What if privacy is trampling us?

news provokes a national outcry, as when the Lotus Development Corporation tried to market a CD-ROM containing financial profiles of nearly half the people in the country. By and large, though, even in the face of wholesale infringements like the war on drugs, Americans remain curiously passive. I'm no exception. I read the editorials and try to get excited, but I can't. More often than not, I find myself feeling the opposite of what the commentators want me to. It's happened twice in the last month alone.

On the Saturday morning when the *Times* came carrying the complete text of the Starr report, what I felt as I sat

HARRY BLISS

alone in my apartment and tried to eat my breakfast was that my own privacy—not Clinton's, not Lewinsky's—was being violated. I love the distant pageant of public life, both the pageantry and the distance. Now a President was facing impeachment, and, as a good citizen, I had a duty to stay informed about the evidence; but the evidence here consisted of two people's groping, sucking, and mutual self-deception. What I felt, when this evidence landed beside my toast and coffee, wasn't a pretend revulsion to camouflage a secret interest in the dirt; I wasn't offended by the sex qua sex; I wasn't worrying about a potential future erosion of my own rights; I didn't feel the President's pain in the empathic way he'd once claimed to feel mine; I wasn't repelled by the revelation that public officials do bad things; and although I'm a registered Democrat, my disgust was of a different order from my partisan disgust at the news that the Giants have blown a fourth-quarter lead. What I felt I felt personally. I was being intruded on.

A couple of days later, I got a call from one of my credit-card providers, asking me to confirm two recent charges at a gas station and one at a hardware store. Such queries are common nowadays, but this one was my first, and for a moment I felt eerily exposed. At the same time, I was perversely flattered that someone, somewhere, had taken an interest in me and had bothered to phone. Not that the young male operator seemed to care about me personally. He sounded as if he were reading his lines from a laminated booklet. The strain of working hard at a job he almost certainly didn't enjoy seemed to thicken his tongue. He tried to rush his words out, to speed through them as if in embarrassment or vexation at how nearly worthless they were, but they kept bunching up in his teeth, and he had to stop and extract them with his lips, one by one. It was the computer, he said, the computer that routinely, ah, scans the, you know, the pattern of charges... and was there something else he could help me with tonight? I decided that if this young person wanted to scroll through my charges and ponder the significance of my two fill-ups and my gallon of latex paint I was fine with it.

So here's the problem. On the Saturday morning the Starr report came out, my privacy was, in the classic liberal view, absolute. I was alone in my home and unobserved, unbothered by neighbors, unmentioned in the news, and perfectly free, if I chose, to ignore the report and do the pleasantly *al dente* Saturday crossword; yet the report's mere existence so offended my sense of privacy that I could hardly bring myself to touch the thing. Two days later, I was disturbed in my home by a ringing phone, asked to cough up my mother's maiden name, and made aware that the digitized minutiae of my daily life were being scrutinized by strangers; and within five minutes I'd put the entire episode out of my mind. I felt encroached on when I was ostensibly safe, and I felt safe when I was ostensibly encroached on. And I didn't know why.

THE right to privacy—defined by Louis Brandeis and Samuel Warren, in 1890, as “the right to be let alone”—seems at first glance to be an elemental principle in American life. It's the rallying cry of activists fighting for reproductive rights, against stalkers, for the right to die, against a national health-care database, for stronger data-encryption standards, against paparazzi, for the sanctity of employee E-mail, and against employee drug testing. On closer examination, though, privacy proves to be the Cheshire cat of values: not much substance, but a very winning smile.

Legally, the concept is a mess. Privacy violation is the emotional core of many crimes, from stalking and rape to Peeping Tommerly and trespass, but no criminal statute forbids it in the abstract. Civil law varies from state to state but generally follows a forty-year-old analysis by the legal scholar Dean William Prosser, who dissected the invasion of privacy into four torts: *intrusion* on my solitude; the publishing of *private facts* about me which are not of legitimate public concern; publicity that puts my character in a *false light*; and *appropriation* of my name or likeness without my consent. This is a crumbly set of torts. Intrusion looks like trespass, false light like defamation, and appropriation like theft; and the harm that remains when these extraneous offenses are subtracted is so admirably

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captured by the phrase "infliction of emotional distress" as to render the tort of privacy invasion all but superfluous. What really undergirds privacy is the classic liberal conception of personal autonomy. In the last few decades, many judges and scholars have chosen to speak of a "zone of privacy," rather than a "sphere of liberty," but this is a shift in emphasis, not in substance: not the making of a new doctrine but the remarketing of an old one.

Whatever you're trying to sell, whether it's luxury real estate or Esperanto lessons, it helps to have the smiling word "private" on your side. Last winter, as the owner of a Bank One Platinum Visa card, I was offered enrollment in a program called PrivacyGuard®, which, according to the literature promoting it, "puts you in the know about the very personal records available to your employer, insurers, credit card companies, and government agencies." The first three months of PrivacyGuard® were free, so I signed up. What came in the mail then was paperwork: envelopes and request forms for various record searches, also a disappointingly undeluxe logbook in which to jot down the search results. I realized immediately that I didn't care enough about, say, my driving records to wait a month to get them; it was only when I called PrivacyGuard® to cancel my membership, and was all but begged not to, that I realized that the whole point of this "service" was to harness my time and energy to the task of reducing Bank One Visa's fraud losses.

Even issues that legitimately touch on privacy are rarely concerned with the actual emotional harm of unwanted exposure or intrusion. A proposed national Genetic Privacy Act, for example, is premised on the idea that my DNA reveals more about my identity and my future health than other medical data do. In fact, DNA is as yet no more intimately revealing than a heart murmur, a family history of diabetes, or an inordinate fondness for Buffalo chicken wings. As with any medical records, the potential for abuse of genetic information by employers and insurers is chilling, but this is only tangentially a privacy issue; the

primary harm consists of things like job discrimination and higher insurance premiums. In a similar way, the problem of on-line security is mainly about nuts and bolts. What American activists call "electronic privacy" their European counterparts call "data protection." Our term is exciting; theirs is accurate. If someone is out to

steal your Amex number and expiration date, or if an evil ex-boyfriend is looking for your new address, or if you're plotting a leveraged buyout of Texaco, you need the kind of hard-core se-

crecy that encryption seeks to guarantee. If you're talking to a friend on the phone about how much you hate "The English Patient," however, you need only a *feeling* of privacy (unless you work for Miramax).

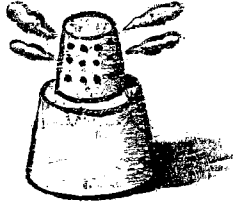
The social drama of data protection goes something like this: a hacker or an insurance company or a telemarketer gains access to a sensitive database, public-interest watchdogs bark loudly, and new firewalls go up. Just as most people are moderately afraid of germs but leave virology to the Centers for Disease Control, most Americans take a reasonable interest in privacy issues but leave the serious custodial work to experts. Our problem now is that the custodians have started speaking a language of panic and treating privacy not as one of many competing values but as the one value that trumps all others.

The novelist Richard Powers recently declared in a *Times* Op-Ed piece that privacy is a "vanishing illusion" and that the struggle over the encryption of digital communications is therefore as "great with consequence" as the Cold War. Powers defines "the private" as "that part of life that goes unregistered," and he sees in the digital footprints we leave whenever we charge things the approach of "that moment when each person's every living day will become a Bloomsday, recorded in complete detail and reproducible with a few deft keystrokes." It is scary, of course, to think that the mystery of our identities might be reducible to finite data sequences. That Powers can seriously compare credit-card fraud and intercepted cell-phone

calls to the threat of thermonuclear incineration, however, speaks mainly to the infectiousness of privacy panic. Where, after all, is it "registered" what Powers or anybody else is thinking, seeing, saying, wishing, planning, dreaming, or feeling ashamed of? A digital "Ulysses" consisting of nothing but a list of its hero's purchases and other recordable transactions might run, at most, to four pages: was there really nothing more to Bloom's day?

When Americans do genuinely sacrifice privacy, moreover, they do so for tangible gains in health or safety or efficiency. Most legalized infringements—H.I.V. notification, airport X-rays, Megan's Law, Breathalyzer roadblocks, the drug-testing of student athletes, laws protecting fetuses, laws protecting the vegetative, remote monitoring of automobile emissions, county-jail strip searches, even Ken Starr's cleansing exposure of Presidential corruption—are essentially public-health measures. I resent the security cameras in Washington Square Park, but I appreciate the ones on a subway platform. The risk that someone is abusing my E-Z Pass toll records seems to me comfortably low in comparison with my gain in convenience. Ditto the risk that someone will make me a victim of the First Amendment; with two hundred and seventy million people in the country, my own chances of being nationally exposed are next to nil.

The legal scholar Lawrence Lessig has characterized Americans as "bovine" for making calculations like this and for thereby acquiescing in what he calls the "Sovietization" of personal life. The curious thing about privacy, though, is that simply by expecting it we can usually achieve it. One of my neighbors in the apartment building across the street spends a lot of time at her mirror examining her pores, and I can see her doing it, just as she can undoubtedly see me sometimes. But our respective privacies remain intact as long as neither of us *feels* seen. When I send a postcard through the U.S. mail, I'm aware in the abstract that mail handlers may be reading it, may be reading it aloud, may even be laughing at it, but I'm safe from all harm, unless, by sheer bad luck, the one handler in the country whom



I actually know sees the postcard and slaps his forehead and says, "Oh, jeez, I know this guy."

OUR privacy panic isn't merely exaggerated. It's founded on a fallacy. Ellen Alderman and Caroline Kennedy, in "The Right to Privacy," sum up the conventional wisdom of privacy advocates like this: "There is less privacy than there used to be." The claim has been made or implied so often, in so many books and editorials and talk-show dens, that Americans, no matter how passive they are in their behavior, now dutifully tell pollsters that they're very much worried about privacy. From almost any historical perspective, however, the claim seems bizarre.

In 1890, an American typically lived in a small town under conditions of near-panoptical surveillance. Not only did his every purchase "register" but it registered in the eyes and in the memory of shopkeepers who knew him, his parents, his wife, and his children. He couldn't so much as walk to the post office without having his movements tracked and analyzed by neighbors. Probably he grew up sleeping in a bed with his siblings and possibly with his parents, too. Unless he was well-off, his transportation—a train, a horse, his own two feet—either was communal or exposed him to the public eye.

In the suburbs and exurbs where the typical American lives today, tiny nuclear families inhabit enormous houses, in which each person has his or her own bedroom and, sometimes, bathroom. Compared even with suburbs in the sixties and seventies, when I was growing up, the contemporary condominium development or gated community offers a striking degree of anonymity. It's no longer the rule that you know your neighbors. Communities increasingly tend to be virtual, the participants either faceless or firmly in control of the faces they present. Transportation is largely private: the latest S.U.V.s are the size of living rooms and come with onboard telephones, CD players, and TV screens; behind the tinted windows of one of these high-riding, I-see-you-but-you-can't-see-me mobile PrivacyGuard® units, a person can be wearing pajamas or a licorice bikini, for all anybody knows or cares. Maybe the government

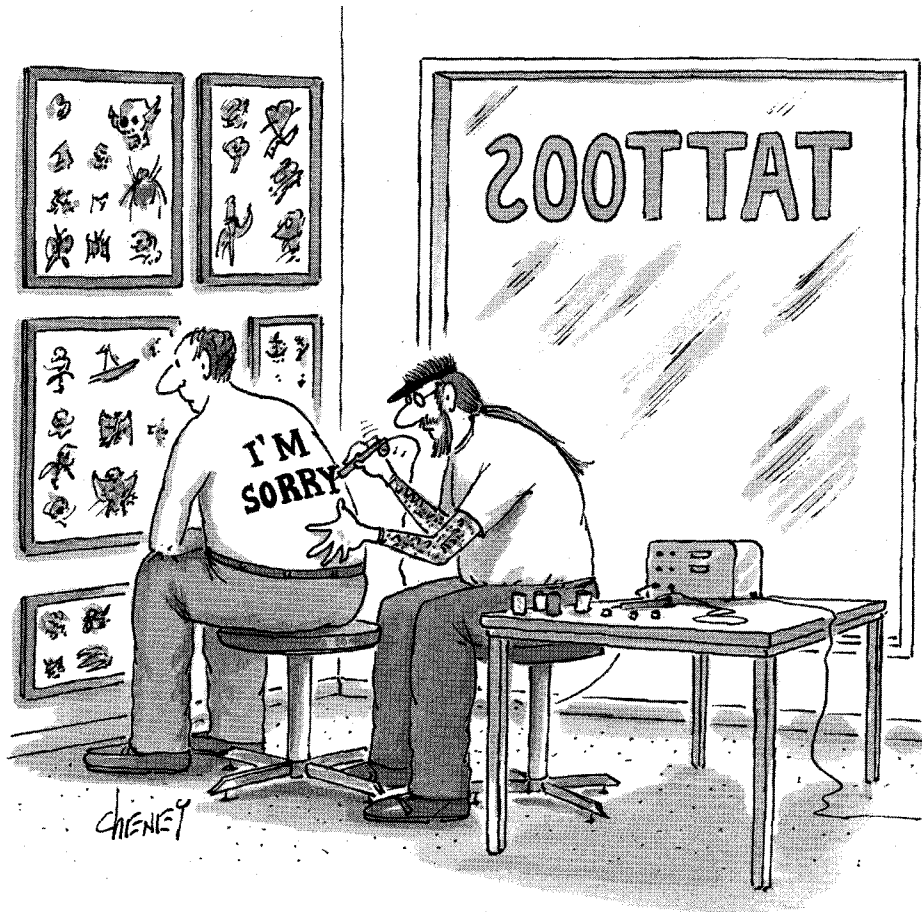
intrudes on the family a little more than it did a hundred years ago (social workers look in on the old and the poor, health officials require inoculations, the police inquire about spousal battery), but from a privacy perspective these intrusions don't begin to make up for the small-town snooping they've replaced.

"The right to be let alone"? Far from disappearing, it's exploding. It's the essence of modern American architecture, landscape, transportation, communications, and mainstream political philosophy. The real reason that Americans are passive about privacy is so big as to be almost invisible: we're flat-out *drowning* in privacy.

What's threatened isn't the private sphere. It's the public sphere. Much has been made of the discouraging effect that the Starr investigation may have on future aspirants to public office (only zealots and zeros need apply), but that's just half of it. The public world of Washington, because it's public, belongs to everyone. We're all invited to participate with our votes, our patriotism, our campaigning, and our opinions. The collective weight of a population makes possible our faith in the public world

as something larger and more enduring and more dignified than any messy individual can be in private. But, just as one sniper in a church tower can keep the streets of an entire town empty, one real gross-out scandal can undermine that faith.

If privacy depends upon an expectation of invisibility, the expectation of *visibility* is what defines a public space. My "sense of privacy" functions to keep the public out of the private *and* to keep the private out of the public. A kind of mental Border collie yelps in distress when I feel that the line between the two has been breached. This is why the violation of a public space is so similar, as an experience, to the violation of privacy. I walk past a man taking a leak on a sidewalk in broad daylight (delivery-truck drivers can be especially self-righteous in their "Ya gotta go, ya gotta go" philosophy of bladder management), and although the man with the yawning fly is ostensibly the one whose privacy is compromised by the leak, I'm the one who feels the impingement. Flashers and sexual harassers and fellators on the pier and self-explainers on the cross-town bus all similarly assault our sense



of the public by exposing themselves.

Since really serious exposure in public today is assumed to be synonymous with being seen on television, it would seem to follow that televised space is the premier public space. Many things that people say to me on television, however, would never be tolerated in a genuine public space—in a jury box, for example, or even on a city sidewalk. TV is an enormous, ramified extension of the billion living rooms and bedrooms in which it's consumed. You rarely hear a person on the subway talking loudly about, say, incontinence, but on television it's been happening for years. TV is devoid of shame, and without shame there can be no distinction between public and private. Last winter, an anchorwoman looked me in the eye and, in the tone of a close female relative, referred to a litter of babies in Iowa as "America's seven little darlins." It was strange enough, twenty-five years ago, to get Dan Rather's reports on Watergate between spots for Geritol and Bayer aspirin, as if Nixon's impending resignation were somehow situated in my medicine chest. Now, shelved between ads for Promise margarine and Celebrity Cruises, the news itself is a soiled cocktail dress—TV the wardrobe and nothing but.

Reticence, meanwhile, has become an almost obsolete virtue. People now readily name their diseases, rents, and antidepressants. Sexual histories get spilled on first dates, Birkenstocks and cutoffs infiltrate the office on casual Fridays, telecommuting puts the boardroom in the bedroom, "softer" modern office design puts the bedroom in the boardroom, salespeople unilaterally address customers by their first names, waiters won't bring me food until I've established a personal relationship with them, voice-mail machinery stresses the "I" in "I'm sorry, but I don't understand what you dialed," and cyberenthusiasts, in a particularly grotesque misnomer, designate as "public forums" pieces of etched silicon with which a forum's unshaved "participant" may communicate while sitting cross-legged in tangled sheets and wearing gym shorts. The networked world as a threat to privacy? It's the ugly spectacle of a privacy triumphant.

A genuine public space is a place where every citizen is welcome to be

present, and where the purely private is excluded or restricted. One reason that attendance at art museums has soared in recent years is that museums still feel public in this way. After those tangled sheets, how delicious the enforced decorum and the hush, the absence of in-your-face consumerism. How sweet the promenading, the seeing and being seen. Everybody needs a promenade sometimes—a place to go when you want to announce to the world (not the little world of friends and family but the big world, the real world) that you have a new suit, or are in love, or suddenly realize that you stand a full inch taller when you don't hunch your shoulders.

Unfortunately, the fully public place is a nearly extinct category. We still have courtrooms and the jury pool, commuter trains and bus stations, here and there a small-town Main Street that really is a main street rather than a strip mall, certain coffee bars, and certain city sidewalks. Otherwise, for American adults the only halfway public space is the world of work. Here, especially in the upper echelons of business, codes of dress and behavior are routinely enforced, personal disclosures are penalized, and formality is still the rule. But these rituals extend only to the employees of the firm, and even they, when they become old, disabled, obsolete, or outsourceable, are liable to be expelled and thereby relegated to the tangled sheets.

The last big, steep-walled bastion of public life in America is Washington, D.C. Hence the particular violation I felt when the Starr report crashed in. Hence the feeling of being intruded on. It was privacy invasion, all right: private life brutally invading the most public of public spaces. I don't want to see sex on the news from Washington. There's sex everywhere else I look—on sitcoms, on the Web, on dust jackets, on the billboards in Times Square. Can't there be

one thing in the national landscape that isn't about the bedroom? We all know there's sex in the cloakrooms of power, sex behind the pomp and circumstance, sex beneath the robes of justice; but can't we act like grownups and pretend otherwise? Pretend not that "no one is looking" but that *everyone* is looking?

For two decades now, business leaders and politicians across much of the spectrum, both Gingrich Republicans and Clinton Democrats, have extolled the virtues of privatizing public institutions. But what better word can there be for Lewinskygate and the ensuing irruption of disclosures (the infidelities of Helen Chenoweth, of Dan Burton, of Henry Hyde) than "privatization"? Anyone who wondered what a privatized Presidency might look like may now, courtesy of Mr. Starr, behold one.

IN Denis Johnson's short story "Bev-erly Home," the young narrator spends his days working at a nursing home for the hopelessly disabled, where there is a particularly unfortunate patient whom no one visits:

He was only thirty-three, I believe he said, but it was hard to guess what he told about himself because he really couldn't talk anymore, beyond clamping his lips repeatedly around his protruding tongue while groaning.

No more pretending for him! He was completely and openly a mess. Meanwhile the rest of us go on trying to fool each other.

In a coast-to-coast, shag-carpeted imperial bedroom, we could all just be messes and save ourselves the trouble of pretending. But who wants to live in a pajama-party world? Privacy loses its value unless there's something it can be defined against. "Meanwhile the rest of us go on trying to fool each other"—and a good thing, too. The need to put on a public face is as basic as the need for the privacy in which to take it off. We need both a home that's not like a public space and a public space that's not like home.

Walking up Third Avenue on a Saturday night, I feel bereft. All around me, attractive young people are hunched over their StarTacs and Nokias with preoccupied expressions, as if probing a sore tooth, or adjusting a hearing aid, or squeezing a pulled muscle: personal technology has begun to look like a personal handicap. What I really want from



a sidewalk is that people see me and let themselves be seen, but even this modest ideal is thwarted by cell-phone users and their unwelcome privacy. They say things like "Should we have couscous with that?" and "I'm on my way to Blockbuster." They aren't breaking any law by broadcasting these dining-nook conversations. There's no Publicity-Guard® that I can buy, no expensive preserve of public life to which I can flee. Seclusion, whether in a suite at The Plaza or in a cabin in the Catskills, is comparatively effortless to achieve. Privacy is protected as both commodity and right; public forums are protected as neither. Like old-growth forests, they're few and irreplaceable and should be held in trust by everyone. The work of maintaining them only gets harder as the private sector grows ever more demanding, distracting, and disheartening. Who has the time and the energy to stand up for the public sphere? What rhetoric can possibly compete with the American love of "privacy"?

When I return to my apartment after dark, I don't immediately turn my lights on. Over the years, it's become a reflexive precaution on my part not to risk spooking exposed neighbors by flooding my living room with light, although the only activity I ever seem to catch them at is watching TV.

My skin-conscious neighbor is home with her husband tonight, and they seem to be dressing for a party. The woman, a vertical strip of whom is visible between the Levolors and the window frame, is wearing a bathrobe and a barrette and sitting in front of a mirror. The man, slick-haired, wearing suit pants and a white T-shirt, stands by a sofa in the other room and watches television in a posture that I recognize as uncommitted. Finally, the woman disappears into the bedroom. The man puts on a white shirt and a necktie and perches sidesaddle on an arm of the sofa, still watching television, more involved with it now. The woman returns wearing a strapless yellow dress and looking like a whole different species of being. Happy the transformation! Happy the distance between private and public! I see a rapid back-and-forth involving jewelry, jackets, and a clutch purse, and then the couple, dressed to the nines, ventures out into the world. ♦

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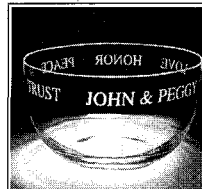
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THE SPORTING SCENE

AMERICAN HUNGER

As an ambitious, searching young man, Cassius Clay invented himself, and became the most original and magnetic athlete of the century—Muhammad Ali.

BY DAVID REMNICK

ON the night of February 25, 1964, Cassius Clay entered the ring in Miami Beach wearing a short white robe, "The Lip" stitched on the back. He was fast, sleek, and twenty-two. But, for the first time in his life, and the last, he was afraid. The ring was crowded with has-beens and would-bes, liege men and pugs. Clay ignored them. He began bouncing on the balls of his feet, shuffling joylessly at first, like a marathon dancer at ten to midnight, but then with more speed, more pleasure. After a few minutes, Sonny Liston, the heavyweight champion of the world, stepped through the ropes and onto the canvas, gingerly, like a man easing himself into a canoe. He wore a hooded robe. His eyes were unworried, and they were blank, the dead eyes of a man who'd never got a favor out of life and never given one out. He was not likely to give one to Cassius Clay.

Nearly every sportswriter in Miami Beach Convention Hall expected Clay to end the night on his back. The young boxing beat writer for the *Times*, Robert Lipsyte, got a call from his editors telling him to map out the route from the arena to the hospital, the better to know the way once Clay ended up there. The odds were seven to one against Clay, and it was almost impossible to find a bookie willing to take a bet on him. On the morning of the fight, the *Post* ran a column written by Jackie Gleason, the most popular television comedian in the country, which said, "I predict Sonny Liston will win in eighteen seconds of the first round, and my estimate includes the three seconds Blabber Mouth will bring into the ring with him." Even Clay's financial backers, the mandarin businessmen of the Louisville Sponsoring Group, expected disaster, perhaps physical harm; the group's lawyer, Gordon Davidson, ne-

gotiated hard with Liston's team, assuming that this could be the young man's last night in the ring. Davidson hoped only that Clay would emerge "alive and unhurt."

At ringside, Malcolm X, Clay's guest and mentor, settled into Seat No. 7. Gleason and Sammy Davis, Jr., were nearby, and so were the mobsters from Las Vegas, Chicago, St. Louis, New York. A cloud of cigar smoke drifted through the ring lights. Cassius Clay threw punches into the gray floating haze and waited for the bell.

"SEE that? See me?"

More than thirty years later, Muhammad Ali sat in an overstuffed chair watching himself on the television screen. His voice came in a swallowed whisper and his finger wagged as it pointed toward his younger self, his self preserved on videotape: twenty-two years old, getting warm in his corner, his gloved hands dangling at his hips. Today, Ali lives in a farmhouse in Berrien Springs, a small town in southwestern Michigan. The rumor has always been that Al Capone owned the farm in the twenties. One of Ali's dearest friends, his late cornerman Drew (Bundini) Brown, once searched the property hoping to find Capone's buried treasure. He found beans.

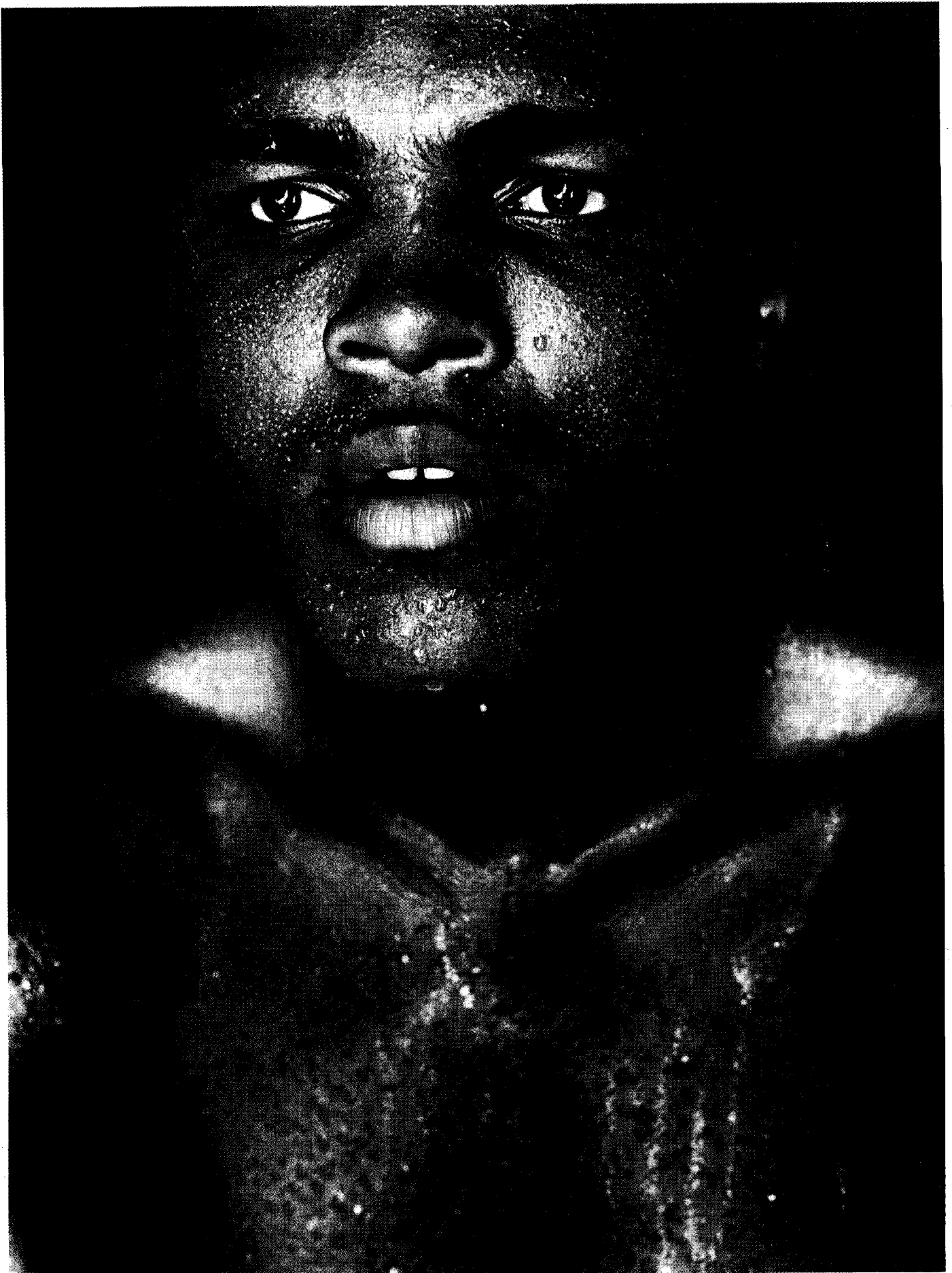
Now Ali was whispering again, pointing: "See me? You see me?" And there he was, flanked by his trainer, Angelo Dundee, and Bundini, moonfaced and young and whispering hoodoo inspiration in Ali's ears: "All night! All night! Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee! Rumble, young man, rumble!"

"That's the only time I was ever scared in the ring," Ali said. "Sonny Liston. First time. First round. Said he was gonna kill me."

Ali was heavy now. He had the ath-

lete's disdain for exercise, and he ate more than was good for him. His beard was gray, and his hair was going gray, too. Ali is a man who has all his life lived in the moment, thrilling to the moment, its comedy and battle, its sex and adulation, and it is only now, in late middle age, in the grip of illness, that he has had the time and the patience to make sense of what he was and what he has left behind, to think about how a gangly kid from segregated Louisville willed himself to become one of the great original improvisers in American history, a brother to Davy Crockett, Walt Whitman, Duke Ellington. Even before he could vote, he consciously drew on influences as disparate as Sugar Ray Robinson and Gorgeous George, Marcus Garvey and Malcolm X, and yet he was utterly, and always, himself: "Who made me is me," he insisted. As Cassius Clay, he entered the world of professional boxing at a time when the expectation was that a black fighter would defer to white sensibilities, that he would accede to the same mobsters who ran Liston, that he would play the noble and grateful warrior in the world of Southern Jim Crow and Northern hypocrisy. As an athlete, he was supposed to remain aloof from the racial and political upheaval going on around him: the student sit-ins in Nashville, the Freedom Rides, the March on Washington, the student protests in Albany, Georgia, and at Ole Miss. Clay not only responded to the upheaval but responded in a way that outraged everyone, from the White Citizens Councils to the leaders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He changed his religion and his name; he declared himself free of every mold and expectation. He showed boundless courage; he made foolish mistakes. He was an enemy, a figure of

COURTESY HOWARD GREENBERG GALLERY



"Sometimes he sounds humorous, but sometimes he sounds like Ezra Pound's poetry," Archie Moore said of Clay. Photograph by Gordon Parks.

scorn, long before he was a focus of admiration and love. He was himself. Cassius Clay became Muhammad Ali. *Who made me is me.*

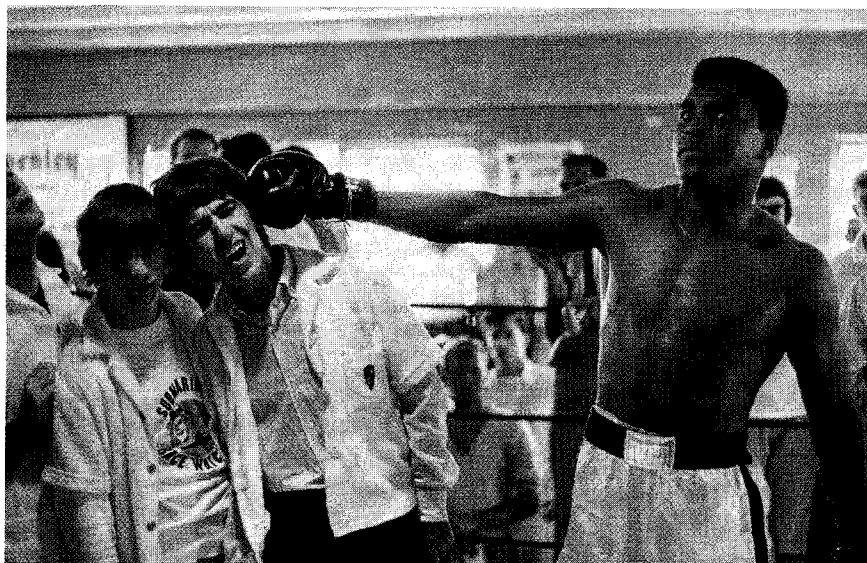
As we watched the tapes that afternoon, Ali and I talked about the three leading heavyweights of the time—Floyd Patterson, Sonny Liston, and Clay himself—and the uncanny way they seemed to mark the political and racial changes going on just as they were fighting one another for the title. In the early sixties, Patterson cast himself as the Good Negro—an approachable yet strangely fearful man, a deferential champion of civil rights, integration, and Christian decency. The N.A.A.C.P. literally endorsed Patterson, as if he were running for Congress. Liston, a veteran of Missouri State Penitentiary before he came to the prize ring, accepted the role of the Bad Negro as his lot after he discovered that he would not be permitted any other. For most sportswriters, Liston was monstrous, indomitable, inexplicable, a Bigger Thomas, a Caliban beyond their reckoning.

As Cassius Clay, Ali craved their champion's title but not their designated masks. "I had to prove you could be a new kind of black man," Ali told me. "I had to show that to the world."

As we watched and spoke, Ali was taken with the subject of himself, but sometimes his heavy lids would blink a few times and then stay shut and he would sleep, mid-conversation, for five minutes or so. He used to do that occasionally when he was young. Now he did it a lot more often. Sometimes the present world, the life going on all around—the awards dinners, the standing ovations, the visits to the King of Morocco or to the aldermen of Chicago—sometimes it just bored him. He thought about death all the time now, he said. "Do good deeds. Visit hospitals. Judgment Day coming. Wake up and it's Judgment Day." As a

devout Muslim, Ali prayed five times a day, always with death in mind. "Thinking about after. Thinking about Paradise."

But now he focussed on another sort of paradise. The Liston fight began. In black-and-white, Cassius Clay came bounding out of his corner and right away started circling the square, dancing, moving around and around the ring, moving in and out, his head twitching from side to side, as if freeing himself



Clay meets the Beatles at the Fifth Street Gym on the eve of the title fight with Sonny Liston in 1964. Photograph by Howard L. Bingham.

from a neck crick early in the morning, easy and fluid—and then Liston, a great bull whose shoulders seemed to cut off access to half the ring, lunged with a left jab. Liston missed by two feet. At that moment, Clay hinted not only at what was to come that night in Miami Beach but at what he was about to introduce to boxing and to sports in general—the marriage of mass and velocity. A big man no longer had to lumber along and slug; he could punch like a heavyweight and move like Ray Robinson.

"It's sweet, isn't it?" Ali smiled. With great effort, he smiled. Parkinson's is a disease of the nervous system which stiffens the muscles and freezes the face into a stolid mask. Motor control degenerates. Speech degenerates. Some people hallucinate or suffer nightmares. As the disease progresses, even swallowing can become a terrible trial. Parkinson's comes on the victim erratically. Ali still walked well. He was still powerful in the arms and across the chest; it was obvious, just from shaking his hand, that he still possessed a knockout

punch. For him the special torture was speech and expression, as if the disease had intentionally struck first at what had once pleased him—and had pleased (or annoyed) the world—most. He hated the effort that speech now cost him. ("Sometimes you won't understand me," he said when we first met. "But that's O.K. I'll say it again.")

Ali was smiling now as his younger self, Cassius Clay, flicked a nasty left jab into Liston's brow.

"You watchin' this?" he said. "So-o-o fast! So-o-o pretty!"

NO matter how ruinous boxing is to boxers, there's no doubt that part of Ali's appeal derived from boxing, from going into a ring, stripped to the waist, a beautiful man, alone, in combat. It is perfectly plausible that as a basketball player or even as a swaddled halfback he would have been no less

famous and quicksilver. But the boxer represents a more immediate form of dynamism, even supermasculinity, no matter how retrograde. For all his verbal gifts, Ali was first a supreme physical performer and sexual presence. "Ain't I pretty?" he would ask over and over again, and, of course, he was. If he'd had the face of Sonny Liston, he would have lost much of his appeal.

Even as a schoolkid, Clay had a sense of glamour and performance. At Central High School, in Louisville, he paraded up and down the hallways shadowboxing and crying out his candidacy for the heavyweight crown—all in a style so over the top that he undercut the arrogance with laughter. He was probably our first rapper and our best. At the 1960 Summer Olympics, in Rome, when he was just eighteen, he wandered through the Olympic Village meeting people from all over the world and charming them with predictions about his great future. Clay was so much at ease that he became known as the Mayor of the Olympic Village. His experience in the ring in Rome was no less blissful.

As a light heavyweight, he marched easily through his first three bouts, and then, in the finals, against a stubby coffeehouse manager from Poland named Zbigniew Pietrzykowski, he came back from a clumsy first round to win a unanimous decision and the gold medal. By the end of the bout, the Pole was bleeding all over Clay's white satin shorts.

In Rome, Clay had fulfilled his mission, but he had done it in a style that offended the sensibilities of some of the older writers. Big men were supposed to fight like Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano: they were supposed to wade in and flatten their opponent. A. J. Liebling wrote in *The New Yorker* that Clay, though amusing to watch, lacked the requisite menace of a true big man. Liebling was not offended by Clay's poetic pretensions: he was quick to remind his readers of Bob Gregson, the Lancashire Giant, who used to write such fistic couplets as "The British lads that's here / Quite strangers are to fear." It was Clay's boxing manner that left Liebling in doubt. "I had watched Clay's performance in Rome and had considered it attractive but not probative," he wrote. "Clay had a skittering style, like a pebble scaled over water. He was good to watch, but he seemed to make only glancing contact. . . . A boxer who uses his legs as much as Clay used his in Rome risks deceleration in a longer bout."

Whatever Liebling's reservations, Clay was awarded his medal, with the word "PUGILATO" emblazoned across it. "I can still see him strutting around the Olympic Village with his gold medal on," the late Wilma Rudolph, a great Olympic sprinter, once said. "He slept with it. He went to the cafeteria with it. He never took it off. No one else cherished it the way he did."

After the awards ceremonies, a reporter from the Soviet Union asked Clay, in essence, how it felt to win glory for a country that did not give him the right to eat at Woolworth's in Louisville.

"Tell your readers we've got qualified people working on that problem, and I'm not worried about the outcome," Clay said. "To me, the U.S.A. is still the best country in the world, counting yours. It may be hard to get something to eat sometimes, but anyhow I ain't fighting alligators and living in a mud hut." That remark was printed in dozens of American papers as evidence of Clay's good citizenship, his allegiance to

the model fighters (and black men) who had come before him. Clay, it appeared, was ready to submit.

BOXING has never been a sport of the middle class. It is a game for the poor, the lottery player, the all-or-nothing-at-all young men who risk their health for the infinitesimally small chance of riches and glory. All Clay's most prominent opponents—Liston, Patterson, Joe Frazier, George Foreman—were born poor, and more often than not into large families, often with fathers who were either out of work or out of sight. As boys, they were part of what sociologists and headline writers would later call the underclass. Cassius Clay, though, was a child of the black middle class—"but *black* middle class, black Southern middle class, which is not white middle class at all," says Toni Morrison, who, as a young editor, worked on Ali's autobiography. True enough, but still Clay was born to better circumstances than his eventual rivals. One of the less entertaining components of the Ali act was the way he tried to "out-black" someone like Frazier, calling him an Uncle Tom, an "honorary white," when in fact Frazier had grown up dirt poor in South Carolina. If Ali was joking, Frazier never found it funny.

Clay's mother, Odessa, was a sweet, light-skinned woman who took her sons to church every Sunday and kept after them to keep clean, to work hard, to respect their elders. Cassius Clay, Sr., who earned his livelihood as a sign painter, was a braggart, a charmer, a performer, a man full of fantastic tales and hundred-proof blather. To all who would listen, including reporters who trooped off to Louisville in later years, the senior Clay talked of having been an Arabian sheikh and a Hindu noble. Like Ralph Kramden, Jackie Gleason's bus driver with dreams, the senior Clay talked up his schemes for the big hit, the marketing of this idea or that gadget which would vault the Clays, once and for all, out of Louisville and into some suburban nirvana. Cassius, Sr., always worked, but he had a weakness for the bottle, and when he drank he often became violent. The Louisville police records show that he was arrested four times for reckless driving, twice for disorderly conduct, and twice for assault and battery, and that on three occasions Odessa called the police complaining that her hus-

band was beating her. "I like a few drinks now and then," the senior Clay said. He often spent his nights moving from one bar to the next, picking up women whenever possible. (Many years later, Odessa finally grew so tired of her husband's womanizing that she insisted on a period of separation.) John (Junior Pal) Powell, who owned a liquor store in the West End, once told a reporter for *Sports Illustrated* about a night when the old man came stumbling into his apartment, his shirt covered with blood. Some woman had stabbed him in the chest. When Powell offered to take him to the hospital, Clay refused, saying, "Hey, Junior Pal, the best thing you can do for me is do what the cowboys do. You know, give me a little drink and pour a little bit on my chest, and I'll be all right."

At an early age, Cassius Clay appears to have learned how to block these chaotic incidents from his mind. He would joke about his father's having an eye for women—"My daddy is a playboy. He's always wearing white shoes and pink pants and blue shirts and he says he'll never get old"—but he would not let the discussion go much deeper. "It always seemed to me that Ali suffered a great psychological wound when he was a kid because of his father and that as a result he really shut down," one of Ali's closest friends said. "In many ways, as brilliant and charming as he is, Muhammad is an arrested adolescent. There is a lot of pain there. And though he's always tried to put it behind him, shove it out of his mind, a lot of that pain comes from his father—the drinking, the occasional violence, the harangues."

Cassius's father did work hard to earn a living for his family, and there was a time in Louisville when his signs were everywhere. But the senior Clay was a resentful artisan. His greatest frustration was that he could not earn his living painting murals and canvases. He was not exceptionally talented—his landscapes were garish, his religious paintings just a step above kitsch—but then he had not had any training. He had quit school in the ninth grade, a circumstance he blamed, with good reason, on the limited opportunities for blacks. He often told his children that the white man had kept him down, had prevented him from being a real artist, from expressing himself. He was never subtle about his distrust of whites. And, though he would one day accuse the

Nation of Islam of "brainwashing" and fleeing his two sons, Cassius and Rudy, he often went on at the dinner table and in the bars about the need for black self-determination. He deeply admired Marcus Garvey, the leading black nationalist after the First World War and one of the ideological forebears of Elijah Muhammad. He was never a member of a Garvey organization, but, like many blacks in the twenties, he admired Garvey's calls for racial pride and black self-sufficiency, if not, perhaps, the idea of a return to Africa.

Like any black child of his generation, Cassius Clay learned quickly that if he strayed outside his neighborhood—into the white neighborhood of Portland, say—he would hear the calls of "Nigger!" and "Nigger go home!" Downtown, blacks were limited to the stores on Walnut Street between Fifth and Tenth Streets. Hotels were segregated. Schools were de-facto segregated, though there were slight signs of mixing even before *Brown v. Board of Education*. There were "white stores" and "Negro stores," "white parks" and "Negro parks." "That was just the way we lived," said Beverly Edwards, one of Cassius's schoolmates. "Kentucky is known as the Gateway to the South, but we weren't too much different than the Deep South as far as race was concerned." When Clay's father told him all about the case of young Emmett Till, who had been beaten, mutilated, shot in the head, and thrown into the Tallahatchie River in the summer of 1955 by a pair of white men, Clay saw himself as Till, who was just a year older than he was. The killing helped reinforce in him the sense that he, a black boy from Louisville, was going out into a world that would inevitably deny him, rebuff him, even hate him. Cassius was no student—he graduated thanks only to the mercy of his high-school principal, Atwood Wilson—and so he sought a means of escape in the ring. "I started boxing because I thought this was the fastest way for a black person to make it in this country," he would say years later.

EVEN before Clay went off to Rome, he had become fascinated by the Nation of Islam, better known as the Black Muslims. According to one biographer, Thomas Hauser, Cassius first heard about the group in 1959, when

he travelled to Chicago for a Golden Gloves tournament. Chicago was the home base for the Nation and its leader, Elijah Muhammad, and Clay ran into Muslims on the South Side. His aunt remembers his coming home to Louisville with a record album of Muhammad's sermons. Then, the next spring, before leaving for the Olympics, Clay read a copy of the Nation's official newspaper, *Muhammad Speaks*. He was clearly taken with what he was reading and hearing in the Muslim rhetoric of pride and separatism. "The Muslims were practically unknown in Louisville in those days," Clay's high-school classmate Lamont Johnson told me. "They had a little outfit, a temple, run by a black guy with white spots on his skin, but no one paid it any mind. No one had heard about their bean pies, the way they lived, what they thought. It wasn't even big enough to be scary in 1959."

Clay stunned his English teacher at Central High when he told her he wanted to write his term paper on the Black Muslims. She refused to let him do it. He never let on that his interest in the group was more than a schoolboy's passing curiosity, but something had resonated in his mind—something about the discipline and the bearing of the Muslims, their sense of hierarchy, manhood, and self-respect, the way they refused to smoke or drink or carouse, their racial pride.

After coming back from Rome, Clay attended meetings, in various cities, of the N.A.A.C.P., of CORE—the Congress of Racial Equality—and of the Nation of Islam. Other athletes, like Curt Flood and Bill White, of the St. Louis Cardinals, had stopped in to hear Muslim preachers, too, but had left after listening for a few minutes to the rhetoric about "blue-eyed devils." Clay, however, was impressed by the Muslims in a way he was not by any other group or church. "The most concrete thing I found in churches was segregation," he said years later to the journalist Jack Olsen. "Well, now I have learned to accept my own and be myself. I know we are original man and that we are the greatest people on the planet Earth and our women the queens thereof."

Through 1961 and 1962, Clay kept his interest in the Nation of Islam quiet (he was well aware that to announce his new loyalty would put a title fight at

risk), but he was quite publicly gaining strength both as a fighter and as a performer. He beat a succession of heavyweights—Alonzo Johnson, Alex Miteff, Willie Besmanoff, Sonny Banks, George Logan, Billy Daniels, Alejandro Lavarante—and even at the most perilous moment, when he got too careless in the first round, too glib, and Banks knocked him down, he showed a new ability to take a punch, and he recovered to win easily in four. Afterward, Harry Wiley, Banks's cornerman and a legendary New York boxing fixture, described the phenomenon of fighting Clay: "Things just went sour gradually all at once. He'll pick you and peck you, peck you and pick you, until you don't know where you are."

By then, Clay may have been the most self-aware twenty-year-old in the country. Like the most intelligent of comedians or actors or politicians, he was in complete command of even the most outrageous performances. "Where do you think I'd be next week if I didn't know how to shout and holler and make the public take notice?" he said. "I'd be poor and I'd probably be down in my home town, washing windows or running an elevator and saying 'yassuh' and 'nawsuh' and knowing my place."

In his sixth fight as a professional, in April, 1961, Clay took on Lamar Clark, a tough heavyweight with forty-five knockouts in a row. Clay made a prediction, the first of many: Clark would be gone in two. And so he was. Two rounds into the fight, Clay had broken Clark's nose and dropped him to the canvas twice, and the referee ended it there. "The more confident he became, the more his natural ebullience took over," one of his cornermen, Ferdie Pacheco, told me. "Everything was such fun to him. Maybe it wouldn't have been so much fun if someone had knocked him lopsided, but no one did. No one shut him up. And so he just kept predicting and winning, predicting and winning. It was like 'Candide'—he didn't think anything bad could happen in this best of all possible worlds."

Clay's next fight was in Las Vegas against a gigantic Hawaiian, Duke Sabedong. One of Clay's prefight promotional duties was to appear on a local radio show with Gorgeous George, the preëminent professional wrestler of the time. Gorgeous George (known to his

mother as George Raymond Wagner) was the first wrestler of the television age to exploit the possibilities of theatrical narcissism and a flexible sexual identity—Liberace in tights. His hair was long and blond, and when he entered the ring he wore curlers. In his corner, he would release the curlers and let one of his minions brush out the golden hair to his shoulders. He wore a robe of silver lamé, and his fingernails were trimmed and polished. One lackey sprayed the ring mat with insecticide, another sprayed Gorgeous George with eau de cologne.

At the radio interview, Clay was not exactly silent. He was already known by various nicknames in the press (Gaseous Cassius, the Louisville Lip, Cash the Brash, Mighty Mouth, Claptrap Clay, etc.), and he was quick to predict an easy win over Duke Sabedong. But compared with Gorgeous George he was tongue-tied. "I'll kill him!" Gorgeous ranted. "I'll tear his arm off! If this bum beats me, I'll crawl across the ring and cut my hair off, but it's not gonna happen, because I'm the greatest wrestler in the world!"

Gorgeous George was already forty-six—he had been retailing this shtick for years—but Clay was impressed, the more so when he saw Gorgeous George perform. Every seat in the arena was filled and nearly every fan was screaming for George's gilded scalp. But the point was, the arena was filled. "A lot of people will pay to see someone shut your mouth," George told Clay after that bout. "So keep on bragging, keep on sassing, and always be outrageous."

IN November of 1962, Clay fought Archie Moore, who was by then forty-seven (more or less) and was the veteran of two hundred fights. "I wasn't a fool. I knew how old I was, and I knew Clay from training him for a while," Moore told me decades later. "But I felt pretty good about Clay, and I thought if I could bear down I could beat him. I had to outbox him or wait him out. He was so young, and you can never tell what a young man can do in boxing." The truth was, Moore badly needed the purse. His only chance was that Clay's inexperience would yield an opening for a right hand and a knock-out. That was unlikely, according to the oddsmakers. Clay was a three-to-one

THE WEATHER CHANNEL'S NEW FALL LINEUP

The Weatherlovers

A soap opera about a group of people so inhibited that they can only discuss the weather.



The Barometer Bob Show

Barometer Bob tries to get people worked up about barometric pressure.



The Meteorological Gang

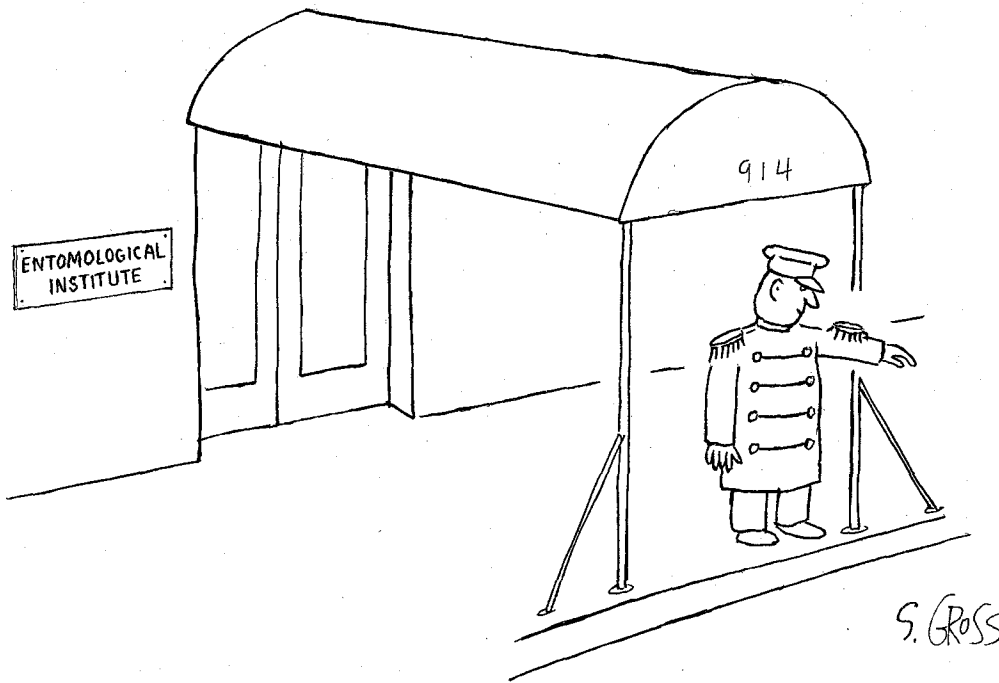
Four weather analysts discuss weather-related events of the previous week.



Granny's Big Toe Report

Granny tells you what the week ahead will be like, based on her big toe.





favorite, and his prediction was for a quick night: "When you come to the fight, don't block the aisle and don't block the door. You will all go home after Round Four."

Clay and Moore sold out the arena in Los Angeles, not least because they kept up the verbal sparring at every venue possible, and especially on television. The two fighters even staged a half-hour mock debate.

"The only way I'll fall in four, Cassius, is by tripping over your prostrate form," Moore said.

"If I lose," said Clay, "I'm going to crawl across the ring and kiss your feet. Then I'll leave the country."

"Don't humiliate yourself," the old man replied. "Our country's depending on its youth. Really, I don't see how you can stand yourself. I am a speaker, not a rabble-rouser. I'm a conversationalist, you're a shouter."

Moore, a Liebling favorite, played the avuncular elder to the boorish wanna-be. With his Edwardian diction, Moore looked upon Clay as a duke would upon the unwashed. After their exchange, he reflected on the upstart with a certain professorial remove. "I view this young man with mixed emotions," he said. "Sometimes he sounds humorous, but sometimes he sounds like Ezra Pound's poetry. He's like a man who can write beautifully but doesn't know how to punctuate. He has

this twentieth-century exuberance, but there's bitterness in him somewhere. . . . He is certainly coming along at a time when a new face is needed on the boxing scene, on the fistic horizon. But in his anxiousness to be this person he may be overplaying his hand by belittling people. . . . I don't care what Cassius says. He can't make me mad. All I want to do is knock him out."

Once the two fighters were in the arena, stripped of their robes and their promotional poses, it was impossible to ignore the physical difference. Clay was sleek as an otter, and not even at his peak of strength. He would fill out later. Moore was middle-aged. His hair was going gray. Fat jiggled on his arms. He kept his trunks pulled up around his nipples.

In the first round, Clay conducted a survey. Moore had a reputation for speed (now gone) and as a sneak, the master of the quick, unseen punch. He was known as the Mongoose. But Clay, as he flashed his jabs into Moore's face, seemed to convince himself that there would be no answer coming. Each jab that Clay bounced off Moore's scalp assured the younger man of the cruelty of age—a soothing discovery to him, if not to Moore.

In the second, Moore actually caught Clay with a right hand. It shot up out of a crowd of tangled arms and gave Clay a start, but there was nothing much to

it. In the third, Moore was already so exhausted from trying to keep up that his arms began to sink. His inclination to send any damage Clay's way was down to nothing. Moore crouched, lower and lower, as if to meld with the canvas, but Clay's reach was long, and he leaned over to drill one left hook after another into Moore's bald spot. Years later, Moore would say that those punches, in their accumulation, made him dizzy: "They stirred the mind."

Clay was doing whatever he wanted. Every punch landed—the jabs, the hooks, the quick overhand rights—and Moore was barely hanging on, squatting lower and lower. Midway through the third, Clay hit Moore square on the chin. Moore wobbled. Then he took a

few running steps backward to the rope, found it, and hung on. Clay refused to follow up, more for aesthetic reasons, it seemed, than for lack of intent. He had predicted a fourth-round knockout and wanted to maintain his pure vision of the fight.

Clay came out flat-footed in the fourth, the better to leverage his punches, and, after a few preliminary jabs to warm up his shoulders, he started looking for the knockout. Moore bent at the waist again, as if in prayer, but he could not bow low enough. He took a few wild swings to preserve his name, and Clay jabbed back, scolding him for the delay. Clay circled and circled, then suddenly jumped in with an uppercut that straightened Moore out of his crouch, and then a few more punches, all sharp and straight, like clean hammer raps on a nail, put him down. Clay stood over the prostrate lump to take his bow, shuffled his feet in a flash, and then retreated, reluctantly, to the neutral corner. He disdained this obligatory retreat; it meant leaving center stage.

Moore, meanwhile, roused himself and rolled onto his left side, an old man waking from a fitful sleep. Then he pridefully lifted himself to his feet just before "ten." With a look of annoyance (he'd thought it was over), Clay met Moore again in the center of the ring and started punching. Moore took one wild swing, as if to acquit himself of

any lingering charges of resignation, and then slowly melted back to the floor as Clay hit him on top of the head. The time had come, and Moore knew it. He stayed on his backside.

With the fight over, Clay hugged Moore sweetly, the way one would embrace a grandfather.

Later, Moore responded with an endorsement. "He's definitely ready for Liston," he told the reporters gathered around him. "Sonny would be difficult for him and I would hesitate to say he could beat the champ, but I'll guarantee he would furnish him with an exceedingly interesting evening."

IN 1963, when Clay signed to fight Sonny Liston for the title the following February, print was still the supreme medium of communication and hype, and the most powerful men in sports were the columnists. To promote the fight, to create an image of himself in the public mind, Clay would have to work through them. As a filter, the press was monochromatic. Nearly all the columnists were white, middle-aged, and raised on Joe Louis as the beau ideal of proper black comportment. Despite Liston's multiple arrests, two-year prison term, and baleful disdain, they were inclined to like Clay even less than Liston. At least, they thought, Liston could fight. Clay was a talker, and they resented that. Language was *their* property, not the performer's. Jim Murray, of the *Los Angeles Times*, remarked of Clay that "his public utterances have all the modesty of a German ultimatum to Poland but his public performances run more to Mussolini's Navy." According to one poll, ninety-three per cent of the writers accredited to cover the fight predicted that Liston would win. What the poll did not register was the firmness of the predictions. Arthur Daley, the *New York Times* columnist, seemed to object morally to the fight, as

if the bout were a terrible crime against children and puppies: "The loud mouth from Louisville is likely to have a lot of vainglorious boasts jammed down his throat by a ham-like fist belonging to Sonny Liston."

Jimmy Cannon, late of the *Post* and with the *Journal-American* since 1959, was the king of the columnists. Cannon was the first thousand-dollar-a-week man, Hemingway's favorite, Joe DiMaggio's buddy, and Joe Louis's iconographer. Red Smith, who wrote for the *Herald Tribune*, employed an elegant restraint in his prose, which put him ahead of the game with more high-minded readers, but Cannon was the popular favorite: a world-weary voice of the city. Cannon was king, and Cannon had no truck with Cassius Clay.

One afternoon shortly before the fight, Cannon was sitting with George Plimpton at the Fifth Street Gym, in Miami Beach, watching Clay spar. Clay glided around the ring, a feather in the slipstream, and every so often he popped a jab into his sparring partner's face. As he recalled in his book "Shadow Box," Plimpton was completely taken with Clay's movement, his ease, but Cannon couldn't bear to watch.

"Look at that!" Cannon said. "I

mean, that's terrible. He can't get away with that. Not possibly." It was just unthinkable that Clay could beat Liston by running, keeping his hands at his hips, and defending himself simply by leaning away.

"Perhaps his speed will make up for it," Plimpton put in hopefully.

"He's the fifth Beatle," Cannon said. "Except that's not right. The Beatles have no hokum to them."

"It's a good name," Plimpton said. "The fifth Beatle."

"Not accurate," Cannon said. "He's all pretense and gas, that fellow. . . . No honesty."

Clay offended Cannon's sense of rightness the way flying machines offended his father's generation. It threw his universe out of kilter. "In a way, Clay is a freak," he wrote before the fight. "He is a bantamweight who weighs more than two hundred pounds."

Cannon's objections went beyond the ring. His hero was Joe Louis, and for Joe Louis he composed the immortal line that he was a "credit to his race—the human race." He admired Louis's "barbaric majesty," his quiet in suffering, his silent satisfaction in victory. And when Louis finally went on too long and, way past his peak, fought Rocky Marciano, he eulogized the broken-



"I feel like I got a lot accomplished today."

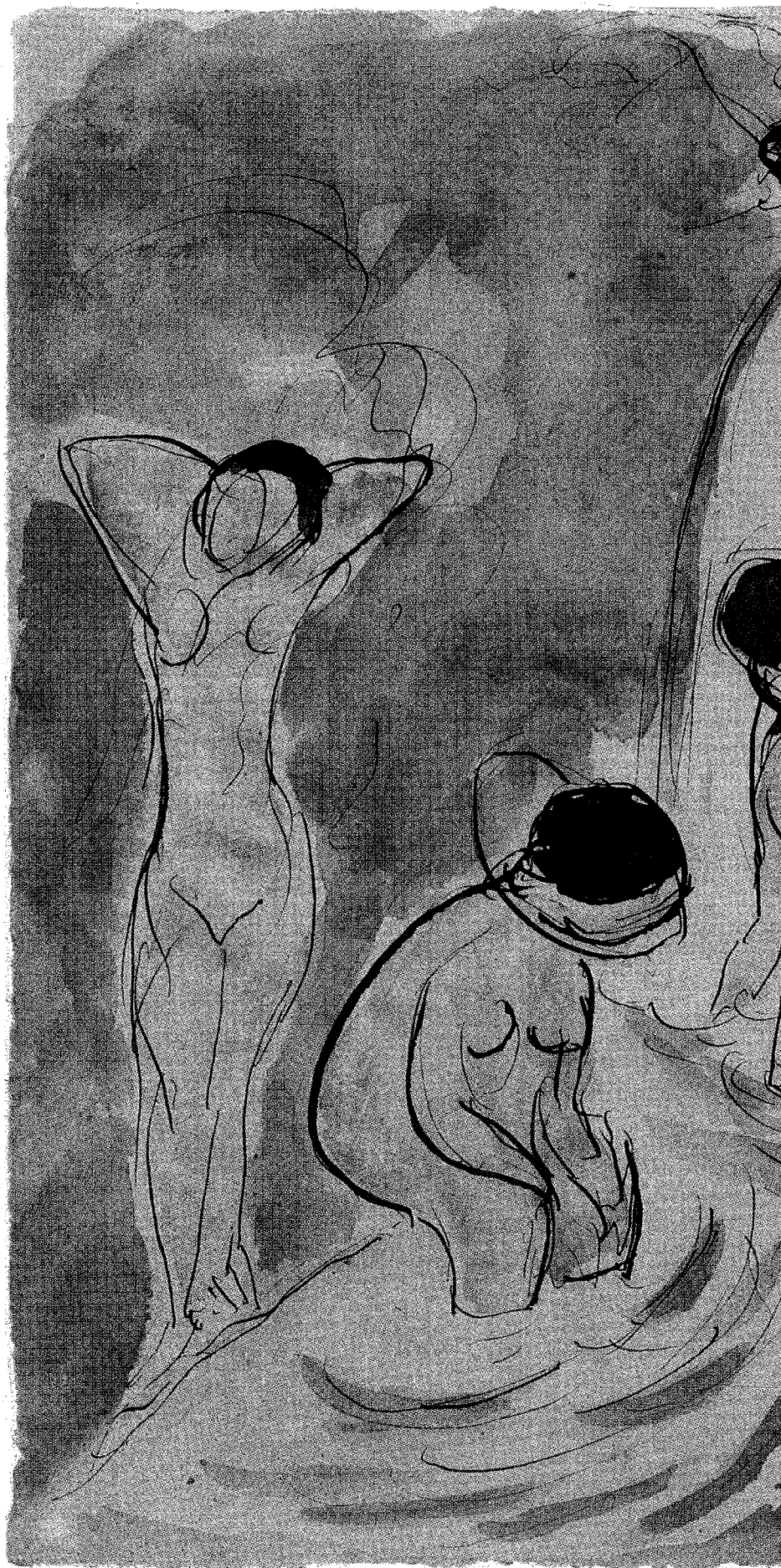
down old fighter as the metaphysical poets would a slain mistress: "The heart, beating inside the body like a fierce bird, blinded and caged, seemed incapable of moving the cold blood through the arteries of Joe Louis' rebellious body. His thirty-seven years were a disease which paralyzed him."

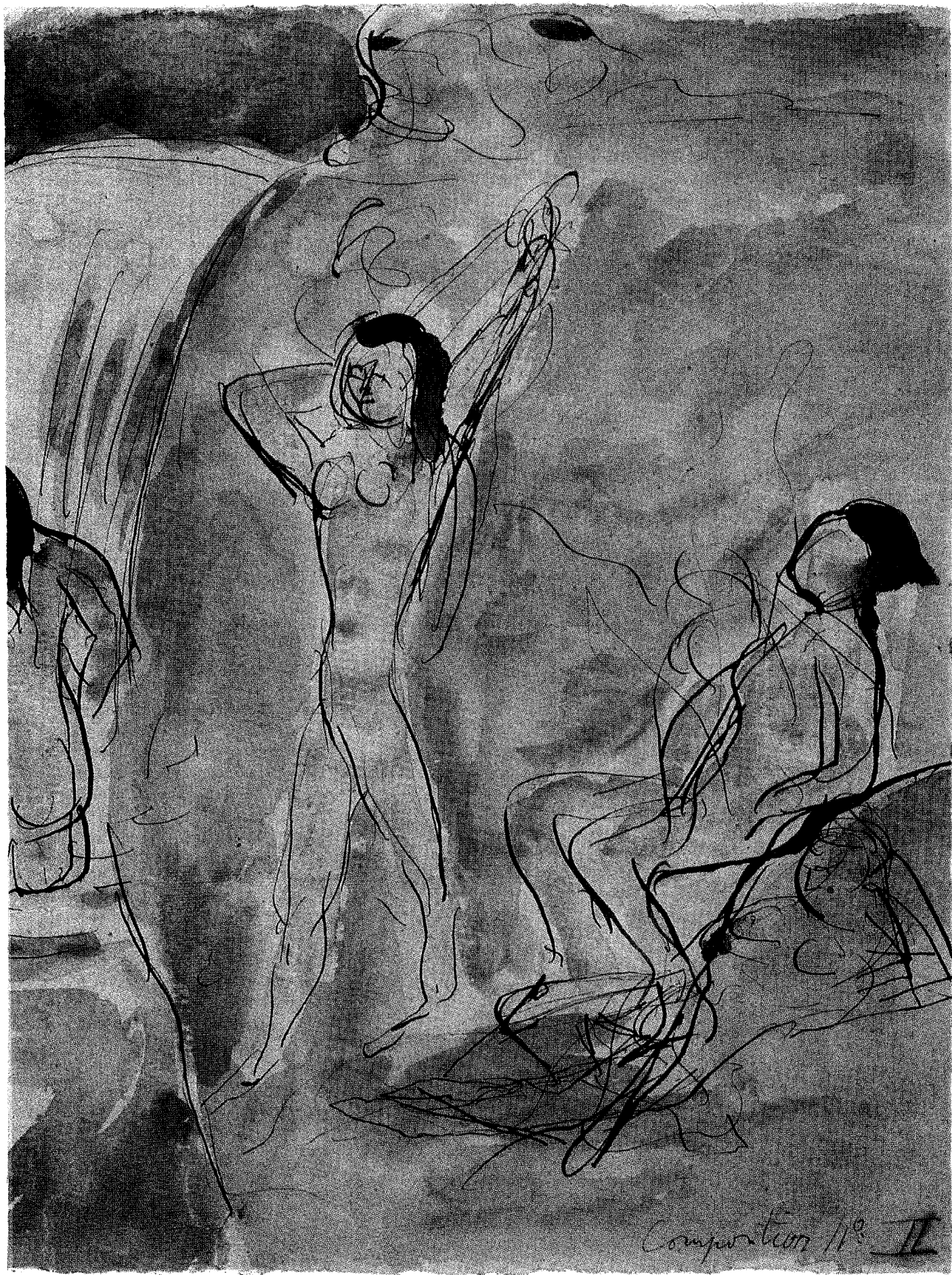
Cannon was born in 1910, in what he called "the unfreaky part of Greenwich Village." His father was a minor, if kindly, servant of Tammany Hall. Cannon dropped out of school after the ninth grade, caught on as a copyboy at the *News*, and never left the newspaper business. As a young reporter, he caught the eye of Damon Runyon when he wrote dispatches on the Lindbergh kidnapping trial for the International News Service.

"The best way to be a bum and make a living is to be a sportswriter," Runyon told Cannon, and he helped him get a job at a Hearst paper, the *New York American*, in 1936. Like his heroes Runyon and the Broadway columnist Mark Hellinger, Cannon gravitated to the world of the "delicatessen nobility," to the bookmakers and touts, the horse-players and talent agents, who hung out at Toots Shor's and Lindy's, the Stork Club and El Morocco. When Cannon

HALL OF STUDIES

For a concentrated yet intimate tryst with the muse of Western art, the show to visit is "Master Drawings from the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums," at the Morgan Library. A hundred and twenty drawings are on view (through January 10th), and most of them have never been seen in the United States. The feast opens with a pair of delectable fifteenth-century gouache-and-gold-on-vellum miniatures by Il Pesellino; continues with sheets by Bernini, Rembrandt, Rubens, Callot, Fragonard, Poussin, van Gogh, and Daumier, among many others; and finishes off with a flourish of bravura drawings by Matisse, Léger, and Picasso. Matisse's mysteriously evocative "Composition No. II" (right), a little-known study for his great painting "Bathers by a River" (at the Art Institute of Chicago), exemplifies the over-all quality of the show.





©PUSHKIN STATE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, MOSCOW

went off to Europe to write battle dispatches for *Stars & Stripes*, he developed what would become his signature style: florid, sentimental prose with an underpinning of hard-bitten wisdom, an urban style that he had picked up in candy stores and night clubs and from Runyon, Ben Hecht, and Westbrook Pegler. Cannon would begin some columns by putting the reader inside the skull and uniform of a ballplayer ("You're Eddie Stanky. . . . You ran slower than the other guy"), and elsewhere, in that voice of Lindy's at three in the morning, he would dispense wisdom on the subject he seemed to know the least about—women: "Any man is in difficulty if he falls in love with a woman he can't knock down with the first punch," or, "You could tell when a broad starts in managing a fighter. What makes a dumb broad smart all of a sudden? They don't even let broads in a joint like Yale. But they're all wisened up once a fighter starts making a few."

The wisened-up one-liners and the world-weary sentiment belonged to a particular time and place, and as Cannon aged he gruffly resisted new trends in sportswriting and athletic behavior. In the press box, he encountered a new generation of beat writers and columnists—men like Maury Allen and Leonard Shecter, of the *Post*. He didn't much like the sound of them. Cannon called the younger men Chipmunks, because they were always chattering away. He hated their impudence, their irreverence, their striving to get outside the game and into the heads of the people they covered. Cannon had always said that his intention as a sportswriter was to bring the "world in over the bleacher wall," but he failed to see that this generation was trying to do much the same thing. He couldn't bear their lack of respect for the old verities. "They go up and challenge guys with rude questions," Cannon once said of the Chipmunks. "They think they're

very big if they walk up to an athlete and insult him with a question. They regard this as a sort of bravery."

Part of Cannon's anxiety was sheer competitiveness. There were seven newspapers in New York in those days, and there was terrific competition to stay on top, to be original, to get a scoop, an extra detail. But the younger writers—and even some contemporaries, like Milton Gross, of the *Post*—knew they were in competition now not so much with one another as with the growing power of television. Unlike Cannon, who was almost entirely self-educated, the younger men (and they were still all men) had gone to college in the age of Freud. They became interested in the psychology of an athlete ("The Hidden Fears of Kenny Sears" was one of Milton Gross's longer pieces). In time, this, too, would no longer seem especially vogueish—soon just about every schnook with a microphone would be asking the day's goat, "What were you thinking when you missed that ball?"—but for the moment the Chipmunks were the coming wave and Cannon's purple sentences, once so pleasurable, were beginning to feel less vibrant, a little antiquated.

The new generation—men like Pete Hamill and Jack Newfield, Jerry Izenberg and Gay Talese—all admired Cannon's immediacy, but Cannon begrudged them their new outlook, their educations, their youth. In the late fifties, Talese wrote many elegant features for the *Times* and then, in the sixties, even more impressively, a series of profiles for *Esquire*, on Patterson, Louis, DiMaggio, Frank Sinatra, and the theatre director Joshua Logan. When Talese left the paper, in 1965, he had one heir in place, a reporter in his mid-twenties named Robert Lipsyte. It was left to Lipsyte to interpret this new phenomenon Cassius Clay to the élite, to the readers of the *Times*.

Like Cannon, Lipsyte grew up in New York, but he was a middle-class Jew from the Rego Park neighborhood of Queens, with a Columbia education. Lipsyte made the *Times* reporting staff at twenty-one with a display of hustle and ingenuity: one day the hunting-and-fishing columnist failed to send in a column from Cuba, so Lipsyte sat down and, on deadline, knocked out a strange and funny column on how fish and birds were striking back at anglers and hunters. Lipsyte wrote about high-



"Are you decent?"

school basketball players like Connie Hawkins and Roger Brown. He helped cover the 1962 Mets with Louis Effrat, a *Times* man who had lost the Dodgers beat when they moved out of Brooklyn. Effrat's admiration for his younger colleague was, to say the least, grudging: "Kid, they say in New York you can really write, but you don't know what the fuck you're writing about." If there was one subject that Lipsyte made it a point to learn about, it was race. In 1963, he met Dick Gregory, one of the best comics in the country and a constant presence in the civil-rights movement. The two men became close friends, and eventually Lipsyte helped Gregory write "Nigger," his autobiography. Even as a sports reporter, Lipsyte contrived ways to write about race. He wrote about Chicago's Blackstone Rangers gang, and he got to know Malcolm X and Elijah Muhammad. He covered rallies at which African-Americans expressed their outrage against a country that would celebrate blacks only when they carried a football or boxed in a twenty-foot ring.

In the winter of 1963-64, the *Times*' regular boxing writer, Joe Nichols, declared that the Liston-Clay fight was a dog and that he was going off to spend the season covering racing at Hialeah. The assignment went to Lipsyte.

Unlike Cannon and the other village elders of the sports pages, Lipsyte found himself entranced with Clay. Here was this entertaining, beautiful, skilled young man who could fill your notebook in fifteen minutes. "Clay was unique, but it wasn't as if he were some sort of creature from outer space for me," Lipsyte said. "For Jimmy Cannon, he was, pardon the expression, an uppity nigger, and he could never handle that. The blacks he liked were the blacks of the thirties and the forties. They knew their place. Joe Louis called Jimmy Cannon 'Mr. Cannon' for a long time. He was a humble kid. Now here comes Cassius Clay popping off and abrasive and loud, and it was a jolt for a lot of sportswriters, like Cannon. That was a transition period. What Clay did was make guys stand up and decide which side of the fence they were on. Clay upset the natural order of things at two levels. The idea was that he was a loud braggart and brought disrespect to this noble sport. Or so the Cannon people said. Never mind that Rocky Marciano was a slob who would show up at events in a T-shirt so



"I'm scared. Can I sleep with you tonight?"

that the locals would buy him good clothes. They said that Clay 'lacked dignity.' Clay combined Little Richard and Gorgeous George. He was not the sort of sweet dumb pet that writers were accustomed to. Clay also did not need the sportswriters as a prism to find his way. He transcended the sports press. Jimmy Cannon, Red Smith—so many of them—were appalled. They didn't see the fun in it. And, above all, it was fun."

A WEEK before the Liston fight, Clay stretched out on a rubbing table at the Fifth Street Gym and told Lipsyte and the rest of the assembled reporters, "I'm making money, the popcorn man making money, and the beer man, and you got something to write about."

Clay's uncanny sense of self-promotion didn't stop at his daily monologues. The next day, Lipsyte heard that the Beatles would be dropping by the Fifth Street Gym. The Beatles were in Miami to do "The Ed Sullivan Show." Liston had actually gone to their studio performance and was not much impressed. As the Beatles ripped through their latest single, the champion turned sourly to the public-relations man Harold Conrad and said, "My dog plays drums better than that kid with the big nose." Conrad figured that Clay, and the younger reporters, would understand better.

Lipsyte was a card-carrying member

of the rock-and-roll generation, and he saw that, for all its phyness, a meeting between the Beatles and Clay was a meeting of the new, two acts that would surely mark the sixties. The older columnists passed, but Lipsyte saw a story.

The Beatles arrived. They were still in their mop-top phase, but they were already quite aware of their own pop status and appeal. Clay was not in evidence, and Ringo Starr was angry. "Where the fuck's Clay?" he said.

To kill a few minutes, Ringo began introducing the members of the band to Lipsyte and a few other reporters, though he introduced George Harrison as Paul and Lennon as Harrison, and finally Lennon lost patience.

"Let's get the fuck out of here," he said. But two Florida state troopers blocked the door and somehow kept them in the gym just long enough for Clay to show up.

"Hello, there, Beatles," Cassius Clay said. "We oughta do some road shows together. We'll get rich." The photographers lined up the Beatles in the ring, and Clay faked a punch to knock them all to the canvas: the domino punch.

Now the future of music and the future of sports began talking about the money they were making and the money they were going to make. "You're not as stupid as you look," Clay concluded.

"No," Lennon said, "but you are." Clay

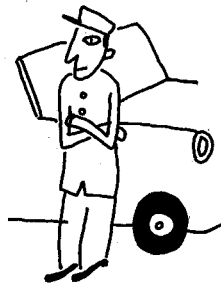
checked to make sure Lennon was smiling, and he was. The younger writers, like Lipsyte, really did see Clay as a fifth Beatle. This was just a few months after the Kennedy assassination, and the country was already in the midst of a social and political earthquake; the fighter from Louisville and this band from Liverpool were part of it, leading it, whether they knew it yet or not.

For most of the older columnists, however, this P.R.-inspired scene at the Fifth Street Gym was just more of all that was going wrong in the world—more noise, more disrespect, more impudence from young men they could not hope to comprehend. “Clay is part of the Beatle movement,” Jimmy Cannon wrote a few years later. “He fits in with the famous singers no one can hear and the punks riding motorcycles with iron crosses pinned to their leather jackets and Batman and the boys with their long dirty hair and the girls with the unwashed look and the college kids dancing naked at secret proms held in apartments and the revolt of students who get a check from Dad every first of the month and the painters who copy the labels off soup cans and the surf bums who refuse to work and the whole pampered style-making cult of the bored young.”

At the Fifth Street Gym, Clay was also setting a physical and psychological trap for the fighter he called “the big ugly bear.” While Liston prepared for the fight by eating hot dogs and hanging out with a couple of prostitutes on Collins Avenue, Clay trained hard every day. Then, afterward, in his sessions with reporters, he described how he would spend the first five rounds circling Liston, tiring him out, and then tear him apart with hooks and uppercuts until finally the champion would drop to all fours in submission. “I’m gonna put that ugly bear on the floor, and after the fight I’m gonna build myself a pretty home and use him as a bearskin rug. Liston even smells like a bear. I’m gonna give him to the local zoo after I whup him. People think I’m joking. I’m not joking. I’m serious. This will be the easiest fight of my life.” He told the visiting reporters that now was their chance to “jump on the bandwagon.” He

was taking names, he said, keeping track of all the naysayers, and when he won “I’m going to have a little ceremony and some eating is going on, eating of words.”

In honor of the fight, Clay composed what was surely his best poem.



Over the years, Clay would farm out some of his poetical work. “We all wrote lines here and there,” Dundee, the trainer, said. But this one was all Clay. Ostensibly, it was a prophetic vision of the eighth round, and no poem, before or after, could beat it for narrative

drive, scansion, and wit. It was his “Song of Myself”:

Clay comes out to meet Liston
And Liston starts to retreat.
If Liston goes back any further
He’ll end up in a ringside seat.

Clay swings with a left,
Clay swings with a right,
Look at young Cassius
Carry the fight.

Liston keeps backing
But there’s not enough room.
It’s a matter of time.
There Clay lowers the boom.

Now Clay swings with a right,
What a beautiful swing,
And the punch raises the bear
Clear out of the ring.

Liston is still rising
And the ref wears a frown,
For he can’t start counting
Till Sonny comes down.

Now Liston disappears from view.
The crowd is getting frantic,
But our radar stations have picked
him up,
He’s somewhere over the Atlantic.

Who would have thought
When they came to the fight
That they’d witness the launching
Of a human satellite?

Yes, the crowd did not dream
When they laid down their money
That they would see
A total eclipse of the Sonny!

Nearly all the writers regarded Clay’s bombast, in prose and verse, as the ravings of a lunatic. But not only did Clay have a sense of how to fill a reporter’s notebook and, thus, a promoter’s arena; he had a sense of self. The truth (and it was a truth he shared with almost no one) was that he knew that, for all his ability, for all his speed and cunning, he had never met a fighter like Sonny Liston. In Liston, Clay was up against a man

who did not merely beat his opponents but hurt them, damaged them, shamed them in humiliatingly fast knockouts. Liston could put a man away with his jab; he was not much for dancing, but then neither was Joe Louis. When he hit a man in the solar plexus, the glove seemed lost up to the cuff; he was too powerful to grab and clinch; nothing hurt him. Clay was too smart, he had watched too many films, not to know that.

“That’s why I always knew that all of Clay’s bragging was a way to convince himself that he could do what he said he’d do,” Floyd Patterson told me many years later. “I never liked all his bragging. It took me a long time to understand who Clay was talking to. Clay was talking to Clay.”

Up in Michigan, more than thirty years later, Ali sat in his office on the farm. The office was on the second floor of a small house behind the main house, and it served as the headquarters of the company known as GOAT—the Greatest of All Time. Outside, geese glided along a pond. A few men were working in the fields. Someone was mowing the great lawn that rolled away from the house and up to the gates of the property. There were various fine cars around, including a Stutz Bearcat. There was a tennis court, a pool, and playground equipment sufficient for a small school in a well-taxed municipality. Ali is father to nine children: the oldest is Maryum, who is thirty, and the youngest is Asaad Ali, a seven-year-old boy, whom Muhammad and his fourth wife, Lonnie, adopted. “Muhammad finally found a playmate,” Lonnie told me. “He wasn’t around much for his other children, but now he gets to play with Asaad all the time.” The Alis loved living on the farm, but lately they had been looking for a buyer. When I was there, they talked to some people who wanted to buy the place and convert it into a wellness center. They had even tried to unload it on a television home-shopping network. Eventually, Lonnie said, the family will move back to Louisville, where they hope a Muhammad Ali center will be built. Ali’s parents have died, but his brother still works in Louisville.

Although Ali insists he spends most of his time these days “thinking about Paradise,” it’s not as if he’s put his past behind him. He earns his living making

appearances and signing pictures, which are then sold at auction and to dealerships. Sometimes, when he is sleeping, Ali dreams about his old fights, especially the three wars in the seventies with Joe Frazier. When the documentary film about his triumph in Zaire, "When We Were Kings," opened, in 1996, Ali watched the tape many times. In Los Angeles, when the film won an Academy Award for best documentary feature, Ali was called onstage and wordlessly accepted a standing ovation.

His greatest triumph in retirement came on the summer night in Atlanta when, to the surprise of nearly everyone watching, he suddenly appeared with a torch in his hands, ready to open the 1996 Summer Olympics. Ali stood with the heavy torch extended before him, and three billion people could see him shaking, both from the Parkinson's and from the moment itself. But Ali carried it off. "Muhammad wouldn't go to bed for hours and hours that night," Lonnie said. "He was floating on air. He just sat in a chair back at the hotel holding the torch in his hands. It was like he'd won the heavyweight title back a fourth time."

Lonnie Ali is a handsome woman with a face full of freckles. She is fifteen years younger than her husband and grew up near the Clay family in Louisville's West End. When Ali's third marriage, to Veronica Porsche, was on its way out, he called her to come be with him. Eventually, Ali and Lonnie married. Lonnie is precisely what Ali needs. She is smart—a Vanderbilt graduate—she is calm and loving, and she does not treat Ali like her patient. Besides Ali's closest friend, the photographer Howard Bingham, Lonnie is probably the one person in his life who has given more than she has taken. In Michigan, Lonnie runs the household and the farm, and when they are on the road, which is more than half the time, she keeps watch over Ali, making sure he has rested enough and taken his medicine. She knows his moods and habits, what he can do and what he can't. She knows when he is suffering and when he is hiding behind his symptoms to zone out of another event that bores him.

When Lonnie came into the room where we were watching a tape of the Liston fight, Ali didn't look up from the television. He merely reached out and rested his hand on the small of her back.

"Muhammad, you've got to sign a couple of pictures, O.K.?" she said. She put a couple of eight-by-ten glossies in front of him. Cassius Clay was dancing around the ring, stopping only to needle a tattoo on the meat of Sonny Liston's face.

"Ali, can you make that 'To Mark?' M-A-R-K. And 'To Jim.' J-I-M. And later on you've got to sign some pictures and some boxing gloves."

Ali made plenty of money in boxing, but he didn't keep as much of it as he could have. There were alimonies, hangers-on, the I.R.S., good times, the Nation of Islam.

"I sign my name, we eat," he said sheepishly.

The tape kept rolling. By the third round, Cassius Clay was in complete control of Sonny Liston. There were welts under both of Liston's eyes. He had aged a decade in minutes. Ali loved it then, and he was loving it now. "People shouted every time Liston threw a punch," he whispered. "They was waitin'. But now they can't believe it. They thought Liston'd knock me into the

crowd. Look at me!" Clay danced and jabbed. By the sixth round, Clay was a toreador filling a bull's back with blades.

Now it was over. Ali smiled as he watched his younger self dancing around the ring, shouting "I'm the king of the world! King of the world!" and climbing the ring ropes and pointing down at all the sportswriters: "Eat your words! Eat your words!" The next day, Clay would announce that he was a member of the Nation of Islam. Within a few weeks, he would accept a new name. And within a couple of years he would become the most recognizable face on the planet.

A cleaning woman walked into the room, put aside her vacuum cleaner, and sat down to watch the tape with us. Cassius Clay was still shouting "King of the world!"

"Ain't I pretty?" Ali asked her.

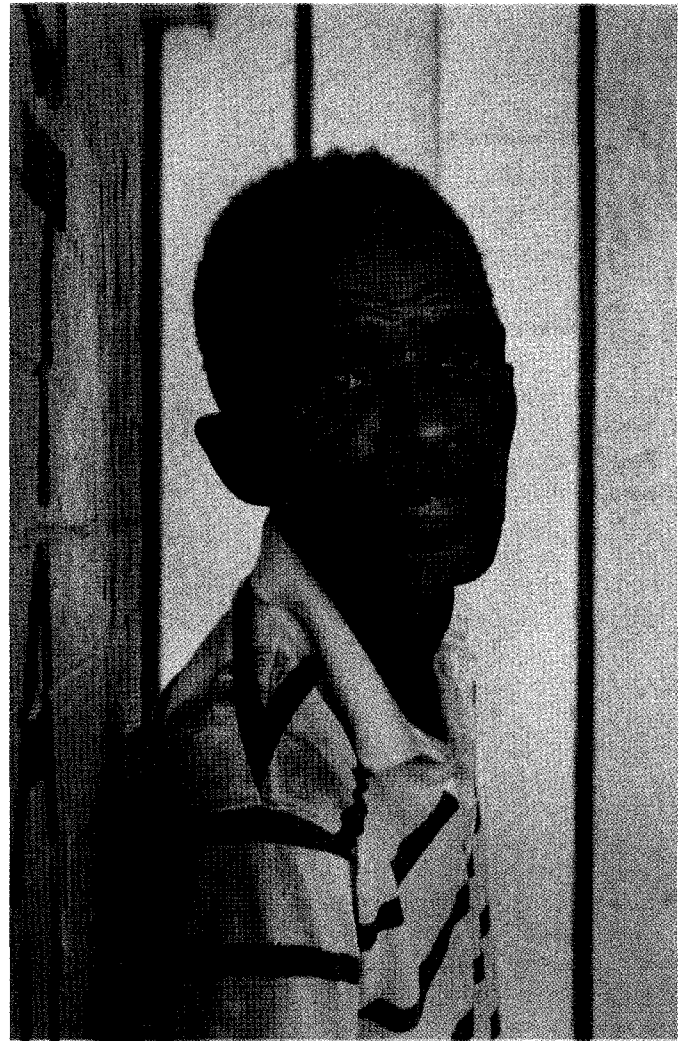
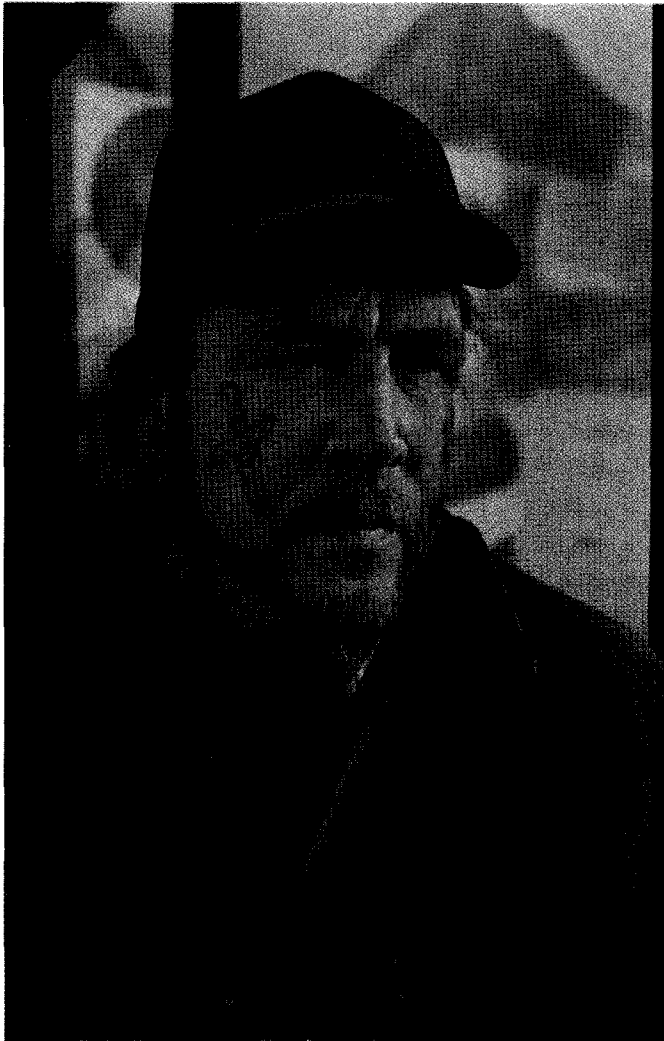
"Oh, Ali," she said. "You had a big mouth then."

"I know," he said, smiling. "But wasn't I pretty? I was twenty... twenty what? Twenty-two. Now I'm fifty-four. Fifty-four." He said nothing for a minute or so. Then he said, "Time flies. Flies. Flies. It flies away."

Then, very slowly, Ali lifted his hand and fluttered his fingers like the wings of a bird. "It just flies away," he said. ♦



"We save all the original packaging in case we have to return something."



PORTFOLIO

STRANGERS

A photographer's haunting portraits of Americans inspire a writer's thoughts on intimacy and identity.

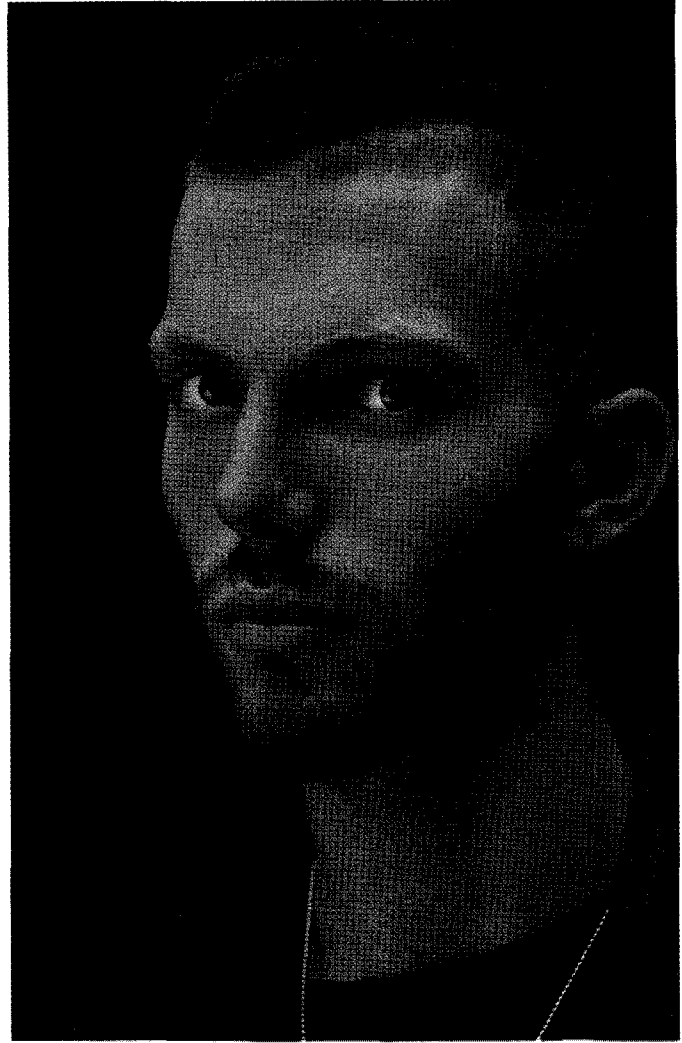
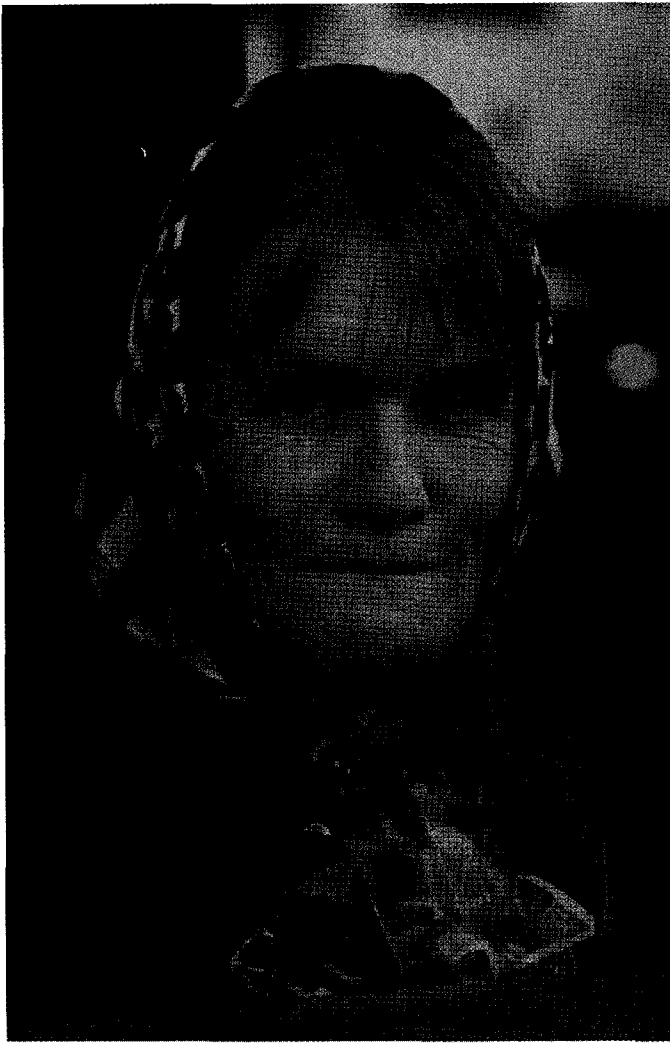
BY TONI MORRISON

I AM in this river place—newly mine—walking in the yard when I see a woman sitting on the seawall at the edge of a neighbor's garden. A homemade fishing pole arcs into the water some twenty feet from her hand. A feeling of welcome washes over me. I walk toward her, right up to the fence that separates my place from the neighbor's, and notice with pleasure the clothes she wears: men's shoes, a man's hat, a well-worn colorless sweater over a long black dress. The woman turns her head and greets me with an easy smile

and a "How you doing?" She tells me her name (Mother Something) and we talk for some time—fifteen minutes or so—about fish recipes and weather and children. When I ask her if she lives there, she answers no. She lives in a nearby village, but the owner of the house lets her come to this spot any time she wants to fish, and she comes every week, sometimes several days in a row when the perch or catfish are running and even if they aren't because she likes eel, too, and they are always there. She is witty and full of the wisdom that

older women always seem to have a lock on. When we part, it is with an understanding that she will be there the next day or very soon after and we will visit again. I imagine more conversations with her. I will invite her into my house for coffee, for tales, for laughter. She reminds me of someone, something. I imagine a friendship, casual, effortless, delightful.

She is not there the next day. She is not there the following days, either. And I look for her every morning. The summer passes, and I have not seen her at all. Finally, I approach the neighbor



to ask about her and am bewildered to learn that the neighbor does not know who or what I am talking about. No old woman fished from her wall—ever—and none had permission to do so. I decide that the fisherwoman fibbed about the permission and took advantage of the neighbor's frequent absences to poach. The fact of the neighbor's presence is proof that the fisherwoman would not be there. During the months following, I ask lots of people if they know Mother Something. No one, not even people who have lived in nearby villages for seventy years, has ever heard of her.

I feel cheated, puzzled, but also amused, and wonder off and on if I have dreamed her. In any case, I tell myself, it was an encounter of no value other than anecdotal. Still. Little by little, annoyance then bitterness takes the place of my original bewilderment. A certain view from my windows is now

devoid of her, reminding me every morning of her deceit and my disappointment. What was she doing in that neighborhood, anyway? She didn't drive, had to walk four miles if indeed she lived where she said she did. How could she be missed on the road in that hat, those awful shoes? I try to understand the intensity of my chagrin, and why I am missing a woman I spoke to for fifteen minutes. I get nowhere except for the stingy explanation that she had come into my space (next to it, anyway—at the property line, at the edge, just at the fence, where the most interesting things always happen), and had implied promises of female camaraderie, of opportunities for me to be generous, of protection and protecting. Now she is gone, taking with her my good opinion of myself, which, of course, is unforgivable.

Isn't that the kind of thing that we fear strangers will do? Disturb. Betray.

Prove they are not like us. That is why it is so hard to know what to do with them. The love that prophets have urged us to offer the stranger is the same love that Jean-Paul Sartre could reveal as the very mendacity of Hell. The signal line of "No Exit," *"L'enfer, c'est les autres,"* raises the possibility that "other people" are responsible for turning a personal world into a public hell. In the admonition of a prophet and the sly warning of an artist, strangers as well as the beloved are understood to tempt our gaze, to slide away or to stake claims. Religious prophets caution against the slide, the looking away; Sartre warns against love as possession.

The resources available to us for benign access to each other, for vaulting the mere blue air that separates us, are few but powerful: language, image, and experience, which may involve both, one, or neither of the first two. Language

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT BERGMAN

(saying, listening, reading) can encourage, even mandate, surrender, the breach of distances among us, whether they are continental or on the same pillow, whether they are distances of culture or the distinctions and indistinctions of age or gender, whether they are the consequences of social invention or biology. Image increasingly rules the realm of shaping, sometimes becoming, often contaminating, knowledge. Provoking language or eclipsing it, an image can determine not only what we know and feel but also what we believe is worth knowing about what we feel.

These two godlings, language and image, feed and form experience. My instant embrace of an outrageously dressed fisherwoman was due in part to an image on which my representation of her was based. I immediately sentimentalized and appropriated her. I owned her or wanted to (and I suspect she glimpsed it). I had forgotten the power of embedded images and stylish language to seduce, reveal, control. Forgot, too, their capacity to help us pursue the human project—which is to remain human and to block the dehumanization of others.

But something unforeseen has entered into this admittedly oversimplified menu of our resources. Far from our original expectations of increased intimacy and broader knowledge, routine media presentations deploy images and language that narrow our view of what humans look like (or ought to look like) and what in fact we are like. Succumbing to the perversions of media can blur vision, resisting them can do the same. I was clearly and aggressively resisting such influences in my encounter with the fisherwoman. Art as well as the market can be complicit in the sequestering of form from formula, of nature from artifice, of humanity from commodity. Art gesturing toward representation has, in some exalted quarters, become literally beneath contempt. The concept of what it is to be human has altered, and the word *truth* needs quotation marks around it so that its absence (its elusiveness) is stronger than its presence.

Why would we want to know a stranger when it is easier to estrange another? Why would we want to close the distance when we can close the gate? Appeals in arts and religion for comity in the Common Wealth are faint.

It took some time for me to understand my unreasonable claims on that fisherwoman. To understand that I was longing for and missing some aspect of myself, and that there are no strangers. There are only versions of ourselves, many of which we have not embraced, most of which we wish to protect ourselves from. For the stranger is not foreign, she is random, not alien but remembered; and it is the randomness of the encounter with our already known—although unacknowledged—selves that summons a ripple of alarm. That makes us reject the figure and the emotions it provokes—especially when these emotions are profound. It is also what makes us want to own, govern, administrate the Other. To romance her, if we can,

back into our own mirrors. In either instance (of alarm or false reverence), we deny her personhood, the specific individuality we insist upon for ourselves.

Robert Bergman's radiant portraits of strangers provoked this meditation. Occasionally, there arises an event or a moment that one knows immediately will forever mark a place in the history of artistic endeavor. Bergman's portraits represent such a moment, such an event. In all its burnished majesty his gallery refuses us unearned solace, and one by one by one the photographs unveil *us*, asserting a beauty, a kind of rapture, that is as close as can be to a master template of the singularity, the community, the unextinguishable sacredness of the human race. ♦

WHEN the distinguished art historian Meyer Schapiro died, in 1996, he left an unfinished essay on the photographs of Robert Bergman. "Masterpieces, though rare, are possible in any form and any medium," he wrote. "When they are portraits, they are always based on empathy and sympathy, depicting—in addition to a semblance—an interior life, a soul." Schapiro's rigor and intellectual range are legendary. (At Columbia, where he taught for fifty years, it was said that if Western civilization were destroyed he could reconstruct it in ten days.) He rarely wrote about photographs, but Bergman's pictures seem to have engaged him profoundly.

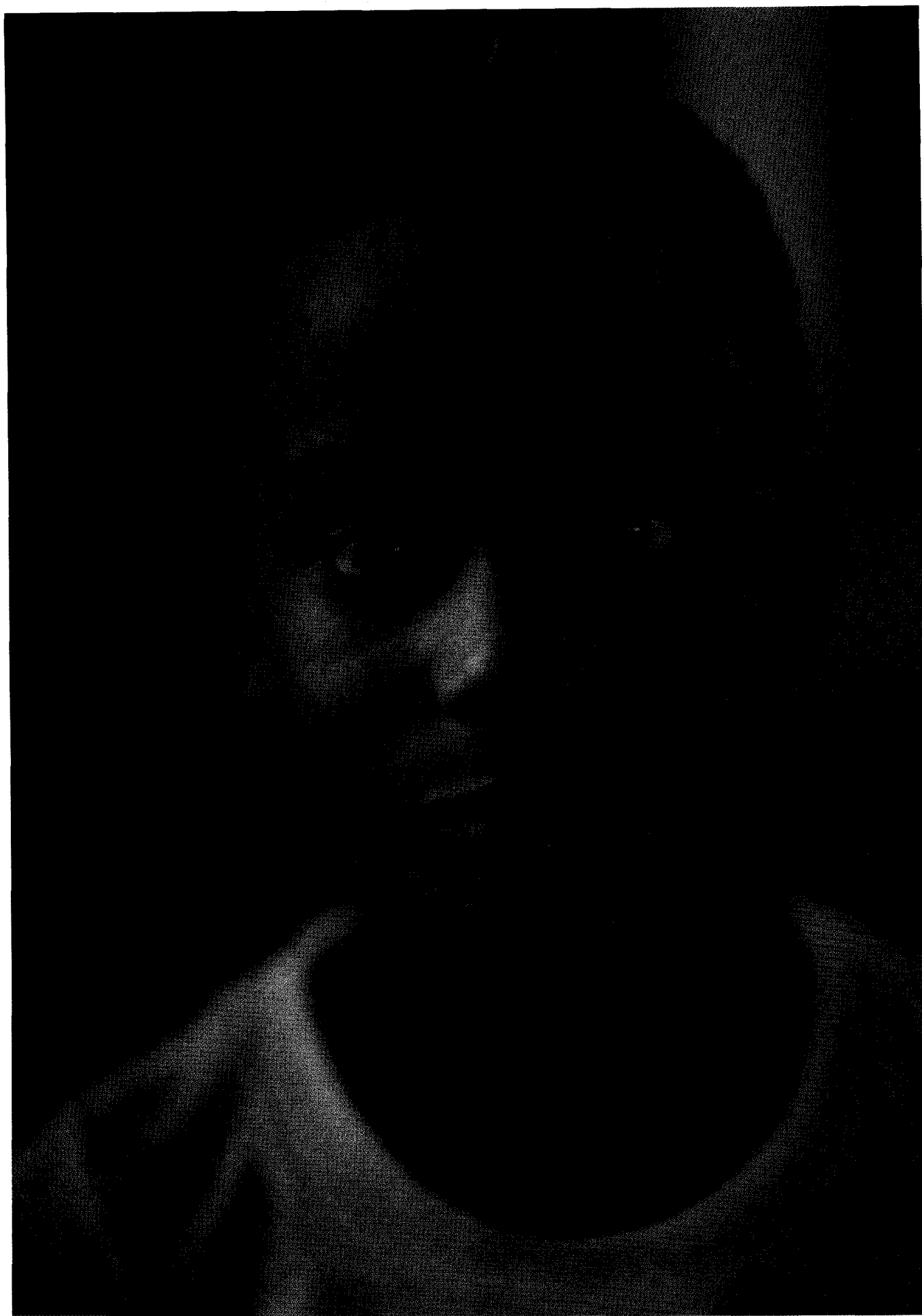
Bergman had introduced himself to Schapiro in 1985. "I thought my work should be seen by people who could see straight," he recalls. He had been working in black-and-white for more than twenty years and had just begun using color film to photograph people he met in the street. He usually spent about ten or twenty minutes with his subjects, photographing them where he found them. This turned into a project that now includes thousands of portraits.

Although "A Kind of Rapture," a book of fifty-two of his portraits that will be published by Pantheon this fall, comes with encomiums from several eminent curators and critics, Bergman has no gallery, he

isn't yet in any museum collection, and his photographs have never been exhibited, unless you count a small show he and a friend mounted in Minneapolis in the mid-sixties, after they dropped out of the University of Minnesota, where Bergman was studying philosophy and poetry. He is wary of institutions, worried about the color fading from photographs that are exposed to natural atmospheric conditions, and concerned about the shape of the rooms his work might be hung in. He is a perfectionist. So much so that he spent several years learning how to make his own separations—the step between original photographs and a printer's plate. He retained a remarkable degree of control over how his book was produced.

Bergman's photographs of people he encounters on streets bring to mind Robert Frank's "The Americans," which was published in the late fifties, and, indeed, he says that Frank is "one of the only living photographers I respect." He also admires the mysterious, tightly framed shots of Point Lobos that Edward Weston made late in his life. The lineage is clear. Jack Kerouac wrote of Robert Frank, "He sucked a sad poem right out of America onto film, taking rank among the tragic poets of the world."

—SHARON DELANO

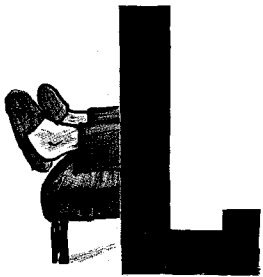


FICTION

CORTES ISLAND

When the secrets of the upstairs neighbors become your own.

BY ALICE MUNRO



LITTLE bride. I was twenty years old, five feet seven inches tall, weighing between a hundred and thirty-five and a hundred and forty pounds, but some people—Chess's boss's wife, and the older secretary in his office, and Mrs. Gorrie upstairs—referred to me as a little bride. Our little bride, sometimes. Chess and I made a joke of it, but his public reaction was a look fond and cherishing. Mine was a pouty smile—bashful, acquiescent.

We lived in a basement in Vancouver. The house did not belong to the Gorries, as I had at first thought, but to their son, Ray. He would come around to fix things. He entered by the basement door, as Chess and I did. He was a thin, narrow-chested man, perhaps in his thirties, always carrying a toolbox and wearing a workman's cap. He seemed to have a permanent stoop, which might have come from bending over most of the time, attending to plumbing jobs, or wiring or carpentry. His face was waxy, and he coughed a good deal. The only times I spoke to him were when he knocked on the door to tell me that the water was going to be turned off for a little while, or the power. The rent was paid in cash every month to Mrs. Gorrie. Otherwise all she and Mr. Gorrie had—she told me so—was Mr. Gorrie's pension. Not hers. I'm not nearly old enough, she said.

Mrs. Gorrie said that Ray worked too hard, just like herself. She always tried to fob off on him some extra dessert she had made, some preserves or cookies or gingerbread—the same things she was always pushing at me. He would say no, he had just eaten, or that he had plenty of stuff at home. I always resisted, too, but on the seventh

or eighth try I would give in. It was so embarrassing to go on refusing, in the face of her wheedling and disappointment. I admired the way Ray could keep saying no. He didn't even say, "No, Mother." Just no.

Then she tried to find some topic of conversation.

"So what's new and exciting with you?"

Not much. Don't know. Ray was never rude or irritable, but he never gave her an inch. His health was O.K. His cold was O.K. Mrs. Cornish and Irene were always O.K. as well.

Mrs. Cornish was a woman whose house he lived in, somewhere in East Vancouver. He always had jobs to do around Mrs. Cornish's house as well as around this one—that was why he had to hurry away as soon as the work was done. He also helped with the care of her daughter, Irene, who was in a wheelchair. Irene had cerebral palsy. "The poor thing," Mrs. Gorrie said, after Ray told her that Irene was O.K. She never reproached him to his face for the time he spent with the afflicted girl, the outings to Stanley Park or the evening jaunts to get ice cream. (She knew about these things because she sometimes talked on the phone to Mrs. Cornish.) But to me she said, "I can't help thinking what a sight she must be with the ice cream running down her face. I can't help it. People must have a good time gawking at them."

She said that when she took Mr. Gorrie out in his wheelchair people looked at them (Mr. Gorrie had had a stroke), but it was different, because outside the house he didn't move or make a sound and she always made sure he was presentable. Whereas Irene lolled around and went gaggledy-gaggledy-gaggledy. The poor thing couldn't help it.

Mrs. Cornish could have something in mind, Mrs. Gorrie said. Who was going to look after that cripple girl when she was gone?

Sometimes when Mrs. Gorrie came

knocking on my door I pretended not to be home. But in order to do that I had to get the lights out and the door locked the instant I heard her open the door at the top of the stairs, and then I had to stay absolutely still while she tapped her fingernails against the door and trilled my name. Also I had to be very quiet for at least an hour afterward and refrain from flushing the toilet. If I said that I couldn't spare the time, I had things to do, she would laugh and say, "What things?"

"Letters I'm writing," I said.

"Always writing letters," she said. "You must be homesick."

Her eyebrows were pink—a variation of the pinkish-red of her hair. Her face was thin, rouged, vivacious, her teeth large and glistening. Her appetite for friendliness, for company, took no account of resistance. The very first morning that Chess brought me to this apartment, after meeting me at the train, she had knocked at our door with a plate of cookies and this wolfish smile. I still had my travelling hat on, and Chess had been interrupted in his pulling at my girdle. The cookies were dry and hard and covered with a bright-pink icing to celebrate my bridal status. Chess spoke to her curtly. He had to get back to work within half an hour, and after he had got rid of her there was no time to go on with what he'd started. Instead, he ate the cookies one after another, complaining that they tasted like sawdust.

"Your hubby is so serious," she would say to me. "I have to laugh, he always gives me this serious, serious look when I see him coming and going."

Sometimes I had to follow her upstairs, torn away from my book or the paragraph I was writing. We sat at her dining-room table. There was a lace cloth on it, and an octagonal mirror reflecting a ceramic swan. We drank coffee out of china cups and ate off small matching plates (more of those cook-

FILIP PAGOWSKI

ies, or gluey raisin tarts or heavy scones) and touched tiny embroidered napkins to our lips to wipe away the crumbs. I sat facing the china cabinet in which were ranged all the good glasses, and the cream-and-sugar sets, the salt-and-peppers too dinky or ingenious for daily use, as well as bud vases, a teapot shaped like a thatched cottage, and candlesticks shaped like lilies. Once every month Mrs. Gorrie went through the china cabinet and washed everything. She told me so. She told me things that had to do with my future—the house and the future she assumed I would have—and the more she talked the more I felt an iron weight on my limbs, the more I wanted to yawn and yawn in the middle of the morning, to crawl away and hide and sleep.

"Always get dressed first thing, just as if you're going out to work, and do your hair and get your makeup on," she said—she had caught me more than once in my dressing gown—"and then you can always put an apron on if you have to do the washing or some baking. It's good for your morale."

And always have some baking on hand for when people might drop in. (As far as I knew, she never had any visitors but me, and you could hardly say that I had dropped in.) And never serve coffee in mugs.

It wasn't put quite so baldly. It was "I always—" or "I always like to—" or "I think it's nicer to—"

"Even when I lived away off in the wilds, I always liked to—" My need to yawn or scream subsided for a moment. Where had she lived in the wilds? And when?

"Oh, away up the coast," she said. "I was a bride, too, once upon a time. I lived up there for years. Union Bay. But that wasn't too wild. Cortes Island."

I asked where that was, and she said, "Oh, away up there."

"That must have been interesting," I said.

"Oh, interesting," she said. "If you call bears interesting. If you call cougars interesting. I'd rather have a little civilization myself."

The dining room was separated from the living room by sliding oak doors. They were always open a little way so that Mrs. Gorrie, sitting at the end of the table, could keep an eye on Mr. Gorrie, sitting in his recliner in front of the living-

room window. She spoke of him as "my husband in the wheelchair," but in fact he was only in the wheelchair when she took him out for his walk. They didn't have a television set—television was still almost a novelty at that time. Mr. Gorrie sat and watched the street, and Kitsilano Park across the street and Burrard Inlet beyond that. He made his own way to the bathroom, with a cane in one hand and the other hand gripping chair backs or battering against the walls. Once inside, he managed by himself, though it took him a long time. And Mrs. Gorrie said that there was sometimes a bit of mopping up.

All I could usually see of Mr. Gorrie was a trouser leg stretched out on the bright-green recliner. Once or twice he had to make this drag and lurch along to the bathroom when I was there. A large man—large head, wide shoulders, heavy bones.

I didn't look at his face. People who had been crippled by strokes or disease were bad omens to me, rude reminders. It wasn't the sight of useless limbs or the other physical marks of their horrid luck I had to avoid—it was their human eyes.

I don't believe he looked at me, either, though Mrs. Gorrie called out to him that here I was visiting from downstairs. He made a grunting noise that could have been the best he could do by way of a greeting, or dismissal.

THERE were two and a half rooms in our apartment. It was rented furnished, and in the way of such places it was half furnished with things that would otherwise have been thrown away. I remember the floor of the living room, which was covered with leftover squares and rectangles of linoleum—all the different colors and patterns fitted together and stitched like a crazy quilt with strips of metal. And the gas stove in the kitchen, which was fed with quarters. Our bed was in an alcove off the kitchen—it fitted into the alcove so snugly that you had to climb into bed from the bottom. Chess had read that this was the way the harem girls had to enter the bed of the sultan, first adoring his feet, then crawling upward paying homage to his other parts. So we sometimes played this game.

A curtain was kept closed all the time across the foot of the bed, to di-

vide the alcove from the kitchen. It was actually an old bedspread, a slippery fringed cloth that showed yellowy-beige on one side, with stripes of winy roses and green leaves on the other, bedward side. This curtain is the thing I remember more vividly than anything else in the apartment. And no wonder. In the full spate of sex, and during its achieved aftermath, that fabric was in front of my eyes and became a reminder of what I liked about being married—the reward for which I suffered the unforeseen insult of being a little bride and the peculiar threat of a china cabinet.

Chess and I both came from homes where unmarried sex was held to be disgusting and unforgivable, and married sex was apparently never mentioned and soon forgotten about. We were right at the end of the time of looking at things that way, though we didn't know it. When Chess's mother had found condoms in his suitcase, she went weeping to his father. (Chess said that they had been given out at the camp where he had taken his university military training—which was true—and that he had forgotten all about them, which was a lie.) So having a place of our own and a bed of our own where we could carry on as we liked seemed marvellous to us. We had made this bargain, but it never occurred to us that older people—our parents, our aunts and uncles—could have made the same bargain, for lust. It seemed as if their main itch had been for houses, property, power mowers and home freezers and retaining walls. And, of course, as far as women were concerned, for babies. All those things were what we thought we might choose, or might not choose, in the future.

The other thing I did behind the curtain was read. I read books that I got from the Kitsilano Library, a few blocks away. And when I lifted my eyes in that churned-up state of astonishment that a book could bring me to, a giddiness of gulped riches, the stripes were what I'd see. And not just the characters, the story, but the climate of the book became attached to the unnatural flowers and flowed along in the dark-wine stream or the gloomy green. I read the heavy books whose titles were already familiar and incantatory to me—I even tried to read "The Betrothed"—and in between these courses I read the novels of Al-

dous Huxley and Henry Green, and "To the Lighthouse" and "The Last of Chéri" and "The Death of the Heart." I bolted them down one after the other without establishing any preferences, surrendering to each in turn just as I'd done to the books I read in my childhood. I was still in that stage of leaping appetite, of voracity close to anguish.

But one complication had been added since childhood: it seemed that I had to be a writer as well as a reader. I bought a school notebook and tried to write—did write, pages that started off authoritatively and then went dry, so that I had to tear them out and twist them up in hard punishment and put them in the garbage can. I did this over and over again until I had only the notebook cover left. Then I bought another notebook and started the whole process once more. The same cycle—excitement and despair, excitement and despair. It was like having a secret pregnancy and miscarriage every week.

Not entirely secret, either. Chess knew that I read a lot and that I was trying to write. He didn't discourage it at all. He thought that it was something reasonable that I might quite possibly learn to do. It would take hard practice but could be mastered, like bridge or tennis. This generous faith I did not thank him for. It just added to the farce of my disasters.

CHess worked for a wholesale grocery firm. He had thought of being a history teacher, but his father had persuaded him that teaching was no way to support a wife and get on in the

world. His father had helped him get this job but told him that once he got in he was not to expect any favors. He didn't. He left the house before it was light, during this first winter of our marriage, and came home after dark. He worked hard, not asking that the work he did fit in with any interests he might have had or have any purpose to it that he might once have honored. No purpose except to carry us both toward that life of lawnmowers and freezers which we believed we had no mind for. I might marvel at his submission, if I thought about it. His cheerful, you might say gallant, submission.

But then, I thought, it's what men do.

I WENT out to look for work myself. If it wasn't raining too hard I went down to the drugstore and bought a paper and read the ads while I drank a cup of coffee. Then I set out, even in a drizzle, to walk to the places that had advertised for a waitress or a salesgirl or a factory worker—any job that didn't specifically require typing or experience. If the rain had come on heavily I would travel by bus. Chess said that I should always go by bus and not walk to save money. While I was saving money, he said, some other girl could have got the job.

That was in fact what I seemed to be hoping for. I was never altogether sorry to hear it. Sometimes I would get to my destination and stand on the sidewalk, looking at the Ladies' Dress Shop, with its mirrors and pale carpeting, or watch the girls tripping down-

stairs on their lunch break from the office that needed a filing clerk. I would not even go inside, knowing how my hair and fingernails and flat scuffed shoes would tell against me. And I was just as daunted by the factories—I could hear the noise of the machines going in the buildings where soft drinks were bottled or Christmas decorations put together, and I could see the bare light bulbs hanging down from the barnlike ceilings. My fingernails and flat heels might not matter there, but my clumsiness and mechanical stupidity would get me sworn at, shouted at (I could also hear the shouted orders above the noise of the machines). I would be disgraced and fired. I didn't think myself capable even of learning to operate a cash register. I told the manager of a restaurant that, when he actually seemed to be thinking of hiring me. "Do you think you could pick it up?" he said, and I said no. He looked as if he had never heard anybody admit to such a thing before. The truth is Chess was supporting me, at our very basic level. I didn't have to push myself out into the world, because he had done it. Men had to.

I thought that maybe I could manage the work in the library, so I asked there, though they hadn't advertised. A woman put my name on a list. She was polite but not encouraging. Then I went into bookstores, choosing the ones that looked as if they wouldn't have a cash register. The emptier and untidier the better. The owners would be smoking or dozing at the desk, and in the secondhand stores there was often a smell of cat.

"We're not busy enough in the winter," they said.

One woman said I might come back in the spring.

"Though we're not usually very busy then, either."

WINTER in Vancouver was not like any winter I had ever known. No snow, not even anything much in the way of a cold wind. In the middle of the day, downtown, I could smell something like burned sugar—I think it had to do with the trolley wires. I walked along Hastings Street, where there wouldn't be another woman



walking—just drunks, tramps, poor old men, shuffling Chinese. Nobody spoke an ill word to me. I walked past warehouses, weedy lots where there wouldn't be even a man in sight. Or through Kit-silano, with its high wooden houses crammed with people living tight, as we were, to the tidy Dunbar district, with its stucco bungalows and pollarded trees. And through Kerrisdale, where the classier trees appeared, birches on the lawns. Tudor beams, Georgian symmetry, Snow White fantasies with imitation thatched roofs. Or maybe real thatched roofs, how could I tell?

In all these places where people lived, the lights came on around four in the afternoon, and then the street lights came on, and the lights in the trolleybuses, too. People who had been shopping were going home, people at work were thinking about going home, people who had been in the houses all day came out to take a little walk that would make home more appealing. I met women with baby carriages and complaining toddlers and never thought that so soon I'd be in the same shoes. I met old people with their dogs, and other old people, slow-moving or in wheelchairs, being propelled by their mates or keepers. I met Mrs. Gorrie pushing Mr. Gorrie. She wore a cape and beret of soft purple wool (I knew by now that she made most of her own clothes) and a lot of rosy face coloring. Mr. Gorrie wore a low cap and a thick scarf wrapped around his neck. Her greeting to me was shrill and proprietary, his nonexistent. He did not look as if he was enjoying the ride. But people in wheelchairs rarely did look anything more than resigned. Some looked affronted or downright mean.

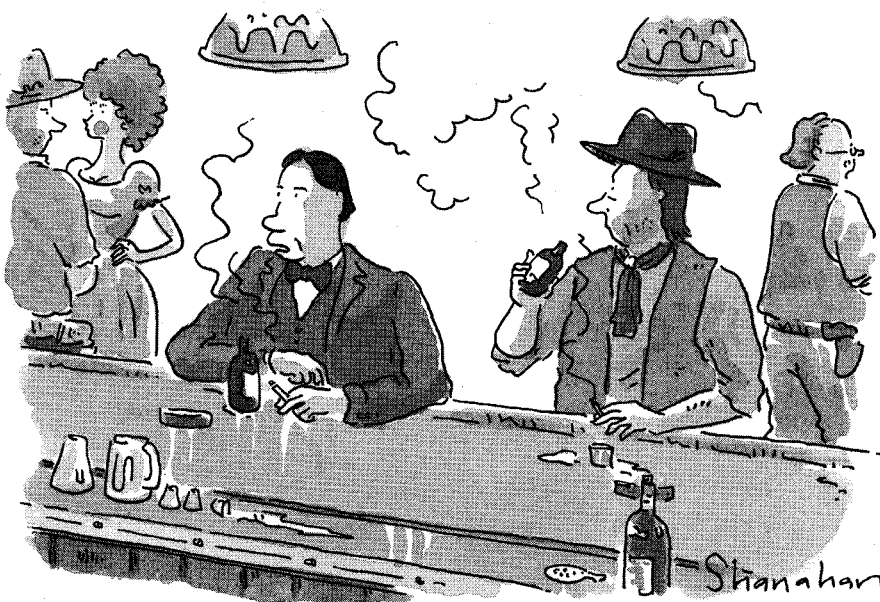
"Now, when we saw you out in the park the other day," Mrs. Gorrie said, "you weren't on your way back from looking for a job then, were you?"

"No," I said, lying. My instinct was to lie to her about anything.

"Oh, good. Because I was just going to say, you know, that if you were out looking for a job you really should fix yourself up a little bit. Well, you know that."

"Yes," I said.

"I can't understand the way some women go out nowadays. I'd never go out in my flat shoes and no makeup on, even if I was just going to the grocery store."



"I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die. After that, law school was pretty much a given."

Why didn't she give up on me? She couldn't. I was a job set out for her—maybe my peculiarities, my ineptitude, were in a class with Mr. Gorrie's damages, and what couldn't be righted had to be borne.

She came down the stairs one day when I was in the main part of the basement doing our washing. I was allowed to use her wringer-washer and laundry tubs every Tuesday.

"So is there any chance of a job yet?" she said, and on the spur of the moment I said that the library had told me they might have something for me in the future. I thought that I could pretend to be going to work there—I could go and sit there every day at one of the long tables, reading or even trying my writing, as I had done occasionally in the past. Of course, the cat would be out of the bag if Mrs. Gorrie ever went into the library, but she wouldn't be able to push Mr. Gorrie that far, uphill. Or if she ever mentioned my job to Chess—but I didn't think that would happen, either. She said she was sometimes afraid to say hello to him, he looked so cross.

"Well, maybe in the meantime..." she said. "It just occurred to me that maybe in the meantime you would like to have a little job sitting in the afternoons with Mr. Gorrie."

She said that she had been offered a job helping out in the gift shop at

St. Paul's Hospital three or four afternoons a week. "It's not a paid job or I'd have sent you to ask about it," she said. "It's just volunteer work. But the doctor says it'd do me good to get out of the house. It's not that I need the money, Ray is so good to us, but just a little volunteer job, I thought—" She looked into the rinse tub and saw Chess's shirts in the same clear water as my flowered nightgown and our pale-blue sheets.

"Oh dear," she said. "You didn't put the whites and the coloreds in together?"

"Just the light coloreds," I said. "They don't run."

"Light coloreds are still coloreds," she said. "You might think the shirts are white that way, but they won't be as white as they could be."

I said I would remember next time.

"It's just the way you take care of your man," she said, with her little scandalized laugh.

"Chess doesn't mind," I said, not realizing how this would become less and less true in the years ahead and how all these jobs that seemed incidental and almost playful, on the borders of my real life, were going to move front and center.

I TOOK the job, sitting with Mr. Gorrie in the afternoons. On one little table beside the green recliner there was spread a hand towel—to catch spills—and on top of it were his pill bottles and

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liquid medicines and a small clock to tell him the time. The table on the other side was stacked with reading material. The morning paper, last evening's paper, copies of *Life* and *Look* and *Mad*—the kind that children use at school, with heavy brownish paper and rough edges. There were bits of newsprint and photographs sticking out of them. These were scrapbooks that Mr. Gorrie had kept over the years, until he had his stroke and couldn't cut things out anymore. There was a bookcase in the room, but all it held was more magazines and more scrapbooks and a half shelf of high-school textbooks, probably Ray's.

"I always read him the paper," Mrs. Gorrie said. "He hasn't lost his ability, but he can't manage to hold it up with both hands, and his eyes get tired out."

So I read to Mr. Gorrie while Mrs. Gorrie, under her flowered umbrella, stepped lightly off to the bus stop. I read him the sports page and the municipal news and the world news and all about murders and robberies and bad weather. I read the letters to the editor and the letters to a doctor who gave medical advice and the letters to Ann Landers, and her replies. When I read Ann Landers his face relaxed and he made noises that I took to be appreciative—a kind of gurgling and deep snorting. He made these noises particularly when the letters touched on some especially feminine or trivial concern (a woman wrote that her sister-in-law always pretended that she had baked a cake herself, even though the paper doily from the bakeshop was still under it when it was served) or when they referred—in the careful manner of that time—to sex.

During the reading of the editorial page or of some long rigmarole about what the Russians said and what the Americans said at the United Nations, his eyelids would droop—or, rather, the eyelid over his better eye would droop almost all the way and the one over his bad, darkened eye would droop slightly—and the movements of his chest would become more noticeable, so that I might pause for a moment to see if he had gone to sleep. And then he would make another sort of noise—a curt and reproving one. As I got used to him, and he

got used to me, this noise began to seem less like reproof and more like reassurance. And the reassurance was not just about his not being asleep but about the fact that he was not at that moment dying.

His dying in front of my eyes had been at first a horrible consideration. Why should he not die, when he seemed at least half dead already? His bad eye like a stone under dark water, and that side of his mouth pulled open, showing his original, wicked teeth (most old people then had false teeth) with their dark fillings glowering through the damp enamel. His being alive and in the world seemed to me an error that could be wiped out at any moment. But then, as I said, I got used to him. He was on a grand scale, with his big noble head and wide laboring chest and his powerless right hand lying on his long trousered thigh, invading my sight as I read. Like a relic he was, an old warrior from barbarous times. Erik Bloodaxe. King Canute.

"My strength is failing fast," said the Sea-king to his men;

"I shall never sail the seas like a conqueror again."

That was what he was like. His half-wrecked hulk of a body endangering the furniture and battering the walls as he made his momentous progress to the bathroom. His smell, which was not rank but not reduced to infantile soap-and-talcum cleanliness, either—a smell of thick clothing with its residue of tobacco (though he didn't smoke anymore) and of the enclosed skin that I thought of as thick and leathery, with its lordly excretions and animal heat. A slight but persistent smell of urine, in fact, which would have disgusted me on a woman but which seemed in his case not just forgivable but somehow an expression of ancient privilege. When I went into the bathroom after he had been there, it was like the lair of some mangy, still powerful beast.

Chess said I was wasting my time babysitting Mr. Gorrie. The weather was clearing now, and the days were getting longer. The shops were putting up new displays, stirring out of their winter torpor. Everybody was more apt to be thinking of hiring. So I ought to be out now, seriously looking for a job. Mrs. Gorrie was paying me only forty cents an hour.

"But I promised her," I said.

One day he said he had seen her get-

ting off a bus. He saw her from his office window. And it wasn't anywhere near St. Paul's Hospital.

I said, "She might have been on a break."

Chess said, "I never saw her out in the full light of day before. Jesus."

I suggested taking Mr. Gorrie for a walk in his wheelchair, now that the weather had improved. But he rejected the idea with some noises that made me think there was something distasteful to him about being wheeled about in public—or maybe about being taken out by somebody like me, obviously hired to do the job.

I had interrupted my reading of the paper to ask him this, and when I tried to continue he made a gesture and another noise, telling me he was tired of listening. I laid the paper down. He waved the good hand toward the pile of scrapbooks on the lower shelf of the table beside him. He made more noises. I can only describe them as grunts, snorts, hawkings, barks, mumbles. But by this time they sounded to me almost like words. They did sound like words. I heard them not only as peremptory statements and demands ("Don't want to," "Help me up," "Let me see the time," "I need a drink") but as more complicated pronouncements: "Christ, why doesn't that dog shut up?" or "Lot of hot air" (this after I'd read some speech or editorial in the paper).

What I heard now was "Let's see if there's anything in here better than what's in the paper."

I pulled the stack of scrapbooks off the shelf and settled with them on the floor by his feet. On the front covers were written, in large black crayoned letters, the dates of recent years. I flipped through 1952 and saw the cutout newspaper account of George VI's funeral. Above it the crayon lettering: "Albert Frederick Arthur George. Born 1895. Died 1952." The picture of the three Queens in their mourning veils.

On the next page a story about the Alaska Highway.

"This is an interesting record," I said. "Do you want me to help you start another book? You could choose what things you want me to cut out and paste in, and I'd do it."

His noise meant "Too much trouble" or "Why bother now?" or even "What a stupid idea." He brushed aside King George VI, wished to see the dates on

the other books. They weren't what he wanted. He motioned toward the bookcase. I brought out another pile of scrapbooks. I understood that it was a book for one particular year that he was looking for, and I held each book up so that he could see the cover. Occasionally I flipped the pages open in spite of his rejection. I saw an article about the cougars on Vancouver Island and one about the death of a trapeze artist and another about a child who had lived though trapped in an avalanche. Back through the war years we went, back through the thirties, through the year I was born in, nearly a decade beyond that before he was satisfied. And gave the order. Look at this one: 1923.

I started going through that one from the beginning.

"January snowfall buries villages in—"

That's not it. Hurry up. Get on with it. I began to flip the pages.

Slow down. Go easy. Slow down.

I lifted the pages one by one without stopping to read anything till we reached the one he wanted.

There. Read that.

There was no picture or headline. The crayoned letters said, "Vancouver *Sun*, April 17, 1923."

"Cortes Island," I read. "O.K.?"

Read it. Go on.

Early Sunday morning or sometime late Saturday night the home of Anson James Wild at the south end of the island was totally destroyed by fire. The house was at a long distance from any other dwelling or habitation and as a result the flames were not noticed by anyone living on the island. There are reports that a fire was spotted early Sunday morning by a fishing boat going towards Desolation Sound but those on board thought somebody was burning brush. Knowing that brush fire posed no danger due to the wet condition of the woods at present they proceeded on their way.

Mr. Wild was the proprietor of Wildfruit Orchards and had been a resident on the island for about fifteen years. He was a solitary man whose previous history had been

in the military service but he was cordial to those he met. He was married some time ago and had one son. It is believed he was born in the Atlantic Provinces.

The house was reduced to ruin by the blaze and the beams had fallen in. The body of Mr. Wild was found amongst the charred remains burnt almost beyond recognition.

A blackened tin thought to have contained kerosene was discovered within the ruins.

Mr. Wild's wife was away from home at the time, having on the previous Wednesday accepted a ride on a boat that was picking up a load of apples to be transported from her husband's orchard to Comox. She was intending to return the same day but remained away for three days and four nights due to engine trouble with the boat. On Sunday morning she returned with the friend who had offered her the ride and together they discovered the tragedy.

Fears were entertained for the Wilds' young son, who was not in the house when it burned. A search was started as soon as possible and before dark on Sunday evening the child was located in the woods less than a mile from his home. He was wet and cold from being in the underbrush for several hours but otherwise unharmed. It appears that he took some food with him when leaving the house as he had some pieces of bread with him when found.

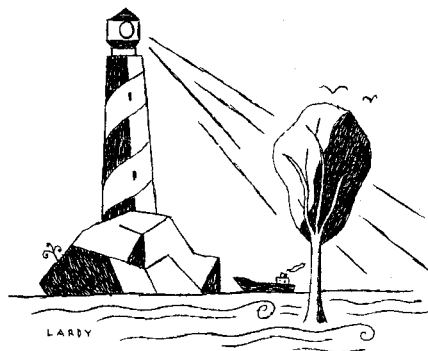
An inquest will be held in Courtenay into the cause of the fire which destroyed the Wilds' home and resulted in the loss of Mr. Wild's life.

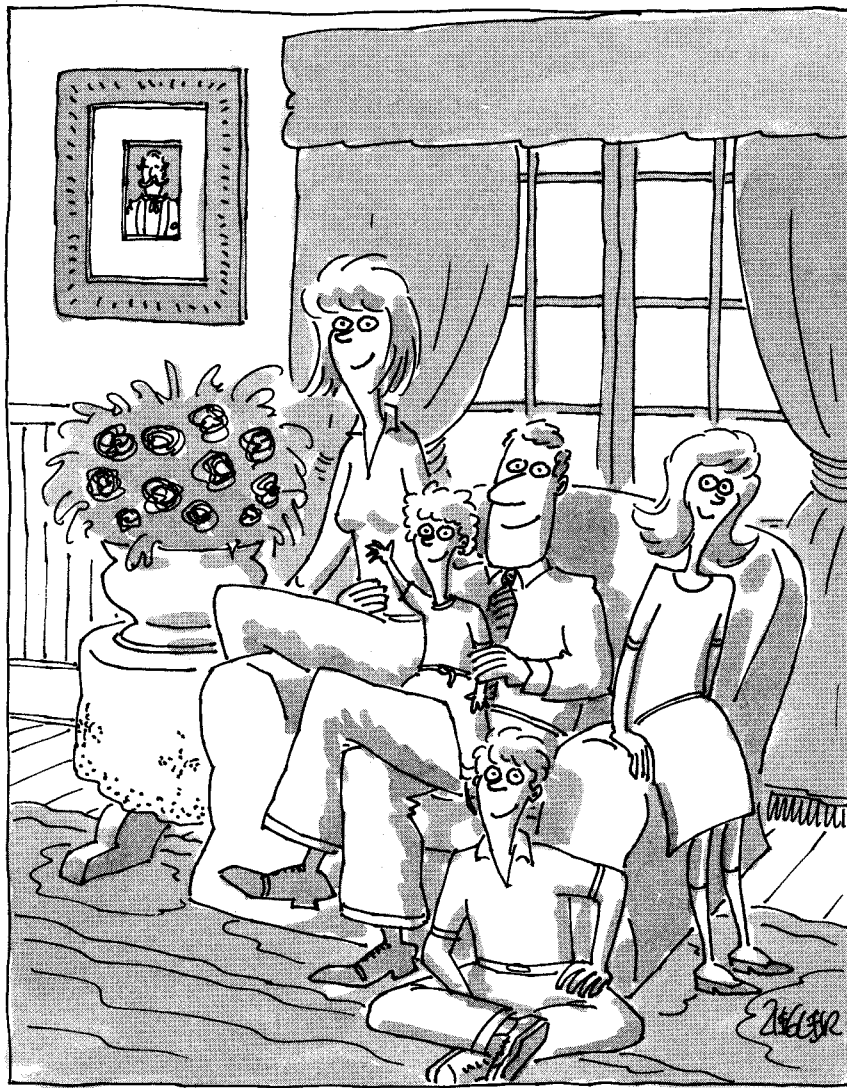
"Did you know these people?" I said.

Turn the page.

AUGUST 4, 1923. An inquest held in Courtenay on Vancouver Island into the fire that caused the death of Anson James Wild of Cortes Island in April of this year found that suspicion of arson by the deceased man or by person or persons unknown cannot be substantiated. The presence of an empty kerosene can at the site of the fire has not been accepted as sufficient evidence. Mr. Wild regularly purchased and made use of kerosene, according to Percy Kemper, storekeeper, Manson's Landing, Cortes Island.

The seven-year-old son of the deceased man was not able to provide any evidence about the fire. He was found by a search party several hours later wandering in the woods not far from his home. In response to questioning he said that his father had given him some bread and apples and told him to walk to Manson's Landing but that he lost his way. But in later weeks he has said that he does not remember this being the case and does not know how he came to lose his way, the path having been travelled by him many times before. Dr. Anthony Helwell of Victoria stated that he had examined the boy and believes that he may have run away at the first sight of the fire perhaps having time to lay hold of some food to take with him, which he has no recollection of now. Alternatively he says the boy's story may be correct and recollection of it suppressed at a later date. He said that further questioning of the child would not





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be useful because he is probably unable to distinguish between fact and his imagination in this matter.

Mrs. Wild was not at home at the time of the fire having gone to Vancouver Island on a boat belonging to James Thompson Gorrie of Union Bay.

The death of Mr. Wild was ruled to be an accident due to misadventure, its cause being a fire of origins unknown.

Close up the book now.

Put it away. Put them all away.

No. No. Not like that. Put them away in order. Year by year. That's better. Just the way they were.

Is she coming yet? Look out the window.

Good. But she will be coming soon.

There you are, what do you think of that?

I don't care. I don't care what you think of it.

Did you ever think that people's lives could be like that and end up like this? Well, they can.

I DID not tell Chess anything about this, though I usually told him anything I thought would interest or amuse him about my day. He had a way now of dismissing any mention of the Gorries. He had a word for them. It was "grotesque."

All the dingy-looking little trees in the park came out in bloom. Their flowers were a bright pink, like artificially colored popcorn.

And I began working at a real job.

The Kitsilano Library phoned and asked me to come in for a few hours on a Saturday afternoon. I found myself on the other side of the desk, stamping the due date in people's books. Some

of these people were familiar to me, as fellow-borrowers. And now I smiled at them, on behalf of the library. I said, "See you in two weeks."

Some laughed and said, "Oh, a lot sooner," being addicts like myself.

It turned out that this was a job I could handle. No cash register—when fines were paid you got the change out of a drawer. And I already knew where most of the books were on the shelves. When it came to filing cards, I knew the alphabet.

More hours were offered to me. Soon, a temporary full-time job. One of the steady workers had had a miscarriage. She stayed away for two months and at the end of that time she was pregnant again and her doctor advised her not to come back to work. So I joined the permanent staff and kept this job until I was halfway into my own first pregnancy. I worked with women I had known by sight for a long time. Mavis and Shirley, Mrs. Carlson and Mrs. Yost. They all remembered how I used to come in and mooch around—as they said—for hours in the library. I wished they hadn't noticed me so much.

What a simple pleasure it was, to take up my station, to face people from behind the desk, to be capable and brisk and friendly, to give up my wandering and dreaming and become the girl in the library.

Of course, I had less time for reading now, and sometimes I would hold a book in my hand for a moment, in my work at the desk—I would hold a book in my hand as an object, not as a vessel I had to drain immediately—and I would have a flick of fear, as in a dream when you find yourself in the wrong building or have forgotten the time for the exam and understand that this is only the tip of some shadowy cataclysm or lifelong mistake.

But this scare would vanish in a minute.

The women I worked with recalled the times they had seen me writing in the library.

I said I had been writing letters.

"You write your letters in a scribbler?"

"Sure," I said. "It's cheaper."

The last notebook grew cold, hidden in the drawer with my tumbled socks and underwear. It grew cold, the sight of it filled me with misgiving and humiliation. I meant to get rid of it but didn't.

Mrs. Gorrie had not congratulated me on getting this job.

"You didn't tell me you were still looking," she said.

I said I'd had my name in at the library for a long time and that I'd told her so.

"That was before you started working for me," she said. "So what will happen now about Mr. Gorrie?"

"I'm sorry," I said.

"That doesn't do him much good, does it?"

She raised her pink eyebrows and spoke to me in the highfalutin way I had heard her speak on the phone, to the butcher or the grocer who had made a mistake in her order.

"And what am I supposed to do?" she said. "You've left me high and dry, haven't you? I hope you keep your promises to other people a little better than your promises to me."

"It's just as well, really," she said. "I wouldn't want anybody who wasn't dependable looking after Mr. Gorrie. I wasn't entirely pleased with the way you were taking care of him, anyway, I can tell you that."

Soon she had found another sitter—a little spider woman with black, netted hair. I never heard her speak. But I heard Mrs. Gorrie speaking to her. The door at the top of the stairs was left open so that I should.

"She never even washed his teacup. Half the time she never even made his tea. I don't know what she was good for. Sit and read the paper."

When I left the house nowadays the kitchen window was flung up and her voice rang out over my head, though she was ostensibly talking to Mr. Gorrie.

"There she goes. She won't even bother to wave at us now. We gave her a job when nobody else would have her, but she won't bother. Oh, no."

I didn't wave. I had to go past the front window where Mr. Gorrie was sitting, but I had an idea that if I waved now, even if I looked at him, he would be humiliated. Or angered. Anything I did might seem like a taunt.

Before I was half a block away I forgot about both of them. The mornings were bright, and I moved with a sense of release and purpose. At such times my immediate past could seem vaguely disgraceful. Hours behind the alcove curtain, hours at the kitchen table filling page after page with failure, hours in an

overheated room with an old man. The shaggy rug and plush upholstery, the smell of his clothes and his body and of the dry pasted scrapbooks, the acres of newsprint I'd had to make my way through. The grisly story. (I never understood for a moment that it was in the category of the human tragedies I honored, in books.) Recalling all that was like recalling a period of illness in childhood when I had been willingly trapped in cozy flannelette sheets with their odor of camphorated oil, trapped by my own lassitude and the feverish, not quite decipherable messages of the tree branches seen through my upstairs window. Such times were not regretted so much as naturally discarded. And it seemed to be a part of myself—a sickly part?—that was now going into the discard. You would think marriage would have worked this transformation, but it hadn't, for a while. I had hibernated and ruminated as my old self—mulish, unfeminine, irrationally secretive. Now I picked up my feet and acknowledged my luck at being transformed into a wife and an employee. Good-looking and competent enough when I took the trouble. Not weird. I could pass.

MRS. GORRIE brought a pillowcase to my door. Showing her teeth in a hopeless, hostile smile, she asked if it might be mine. I said without hesitation that it wasn't. The two pillowcases that I owned were on the two pillows on our bed.

She said in a martyred tone, "Well, it's certainly not mine."

I said, "How can you tell?"

Slowly, poisonously, her smile grew more confident.

"It's not the kind of material I'd ever put on Mr. Gorrie's bed. Or on mine."

Why not?

"Because—it isn't—good—enough."

So I had to go and take the pillowcases off the pillows on the alcove bed and bring them out to her, and it did turn out that they were not a pair, though they had looked it to me. One was made of "good" fabric—that was hers—and the one in her hand was mine.

"I wouldn't believe you hadn't noticed," she said, "if it was anybody but you."

CHESS had heard of another apartment. A real apartment, not a "suite"—it had a full bathroom and two bedrooms. A friend of his at work was leaving it, because he and his wife had

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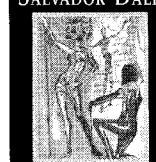
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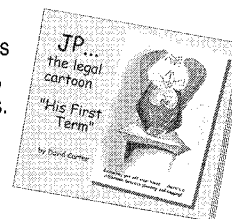
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bought a house. It was in a building at the corner of First Avenue and MacDonald Street. I could still walk to work, and he could take the same bus he took now. With two salaries, we could afford it. The friend and his wife were leaving some furniture behind, which they would sell cheaply. It would not suit their new house, but to us it seemed splendid in its respectability. We walked around the bright third-story rooms, admiring the cream-painted walls, the oak parquet, the roomy kitchen cupboards, and the tiled bathroom floor. There was even a tiny balcony looking out onto the leaves of Tatlow Park. We fell in love with each other in a new way, in love with our new status, our emergence into adult life from the basement that had been only a very temporary way station. It would be featured in our conversation as a joke, an endurance test, for years to come. Every move we made—the rented house, the first house we owned, the second house we owned, the first house in a different city—would produce this euphoric sense of progress and tighten our connection. Until the last and by far the grandest house, which I entered with inkings of disaster and the faintest premonitions of escape.

We gave our notice to Ray, without telling Mrs. Gorrie. That raised her to a new level of hostility. In fact, she went a little crazy.

"Oh, she thinks she's so clever. She can't even keep two rooms clean. When she sweeps the floor all she does is sweep the dirt into a corner."

When I had bought my first broom I had forgotten to buy a dustpan, and for a time I had done that. But she could have known about it only if she let herself into our rooms with a key of her own while I was out. Which it became apparent that she had done.

"She's a sneak, you know. I knew the first I saw of her what a sneak she was. And a liar. She isn't right in the head. She'd sit down there and say she's writing letters and she writes the same thing over and over again—it's not letters, it's the same thing over and over. She's not right in the head."

Now I knew that she must have uncrumpled the pages in my wastebasket.

The weather had turned quite warm, and I went to work without a jacket, wearing a snug sweater tucked into my

skirt, and a belt pulled to its tightest notch.

She opened the front door and yelled after me.

"We don't need you in our house. The sooner you get out of here the better."

She phoned up Ray and told him I was trying to steal her bed linen. She complained that I was telling stories about her up and down the street. She had opened the door to make sure I could hear, and she shouted into the phone, but this was hardly necessary, because we were on the same line and could listen in any time we wanted to. I never did so—my instinct was to block my ears—but one evening when Chess was home he picked up the phone and spoke.

"Don't pay any attention to her, Ray, she's just a crazy old woman. I know she's your mother, but I have to tell you she's crazy."

I asked him what Ray had said, whether he was angry at that.

"He just said, 'Sure, O.K.'"

Mrs. Gorrie had hung up and was shouting directly down the stairs, "I'll tell you who's crazy. I'll tell you who's a crazy liar spreading lies about me and my husband—"

Chess said, "We're not listening to you. You leave my wife alone." Later he said to me, "What does she mean about her and her husband?"

I said, "I don't know."

"She just has it in for you," he said. "Because you're young and nice-looking and she's an old hag."

"Forget it," he said, and made a halfway joke to cheer me up.

"What is the point of old women, anyway?"

WE moved to the new apartment by taxi with just our suitcases. We waited out on the sidewalk with our backs to the house. I expected some final screaming then, but there was not a sound.

"What if she's got a gun and shoots me in the back?" I said.

"Don't talk like her," Chess said.

"I'd like to wave to Mr. Gorrie if he's there."

"Better not."

I didn't take a final look at the house, and I didn't walk down that street, that block of Arbutus Street that faces the

park and the sea, ever again. We got to know other young couples who had started out as we did, living in cheap spaces in other people's houses. We heard about rats, cockroaches, evil toilets, crazy landladies. And we would tell about our crazy landlady. Paranoia.

Otherwise, I didn't think of Mrs. Gorrie.

But Mr. Gorrie showed up in my dreams. In my dreams I seemed to know him before he knew her. He was agile and strong, but he wasn't young, and he didn't look any better than he did when I had read to him in the front room. Perhaps he could talk, but his talk was on the level of those noises I had learned to interpret—it was abrupt and peremptory, an essential but perhaps disdained footnote to the action. And the action was explosive, for these were erotic dreams. All the time that I was a young wife, and then, without undue delay, a young mother—busy, faithful, regularly satisfied—I kept having dreams now and then in which the attack, the response, the possibilities went beyond anything life offered. And from which romance was banished. Decency as well. Our bed—Mr. Gorrie's and mine—was the gravelly beach or the rough boat deck or the punishing coils of greasy rope. There was a relish of what you might call ugliness. His pungent smell, his jelly eye, his dog's teeth. I woke out of these pagan dreams drained even of astonishment, or shame, and fell asleep again and woke with a memory I got used to denying in the morning. For years and years and surely long after he was dead Mr. Gorrie operated in my night life this way. Until I used him up, I suppose, the way we use up the dead. But it never seemed to be this way—that I was in charge, that I had brought him there. It seemed to be working both ways, as if he had brought me there, too, and it was his experience as much as it was mine.

And the boat and the dock and the gravel on the shore, the trees sky-pointed or crouching, leaning out over the water, the complicated profile of surrounding islands and dim yet distinct mountains seemed to exist in a natural confusion, more extravagant and yet more ordinary than anything I could dream or invent. Like a place that will go on existing whether you are there or not, and that in fact is still there. ♦

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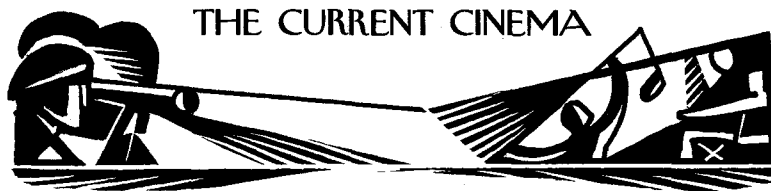
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- 3 STEROID (anag.)
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

BRUSH WORK

Blood, paint, and beauty in the life of Francis Bacon.

BY ANTHONY LANE

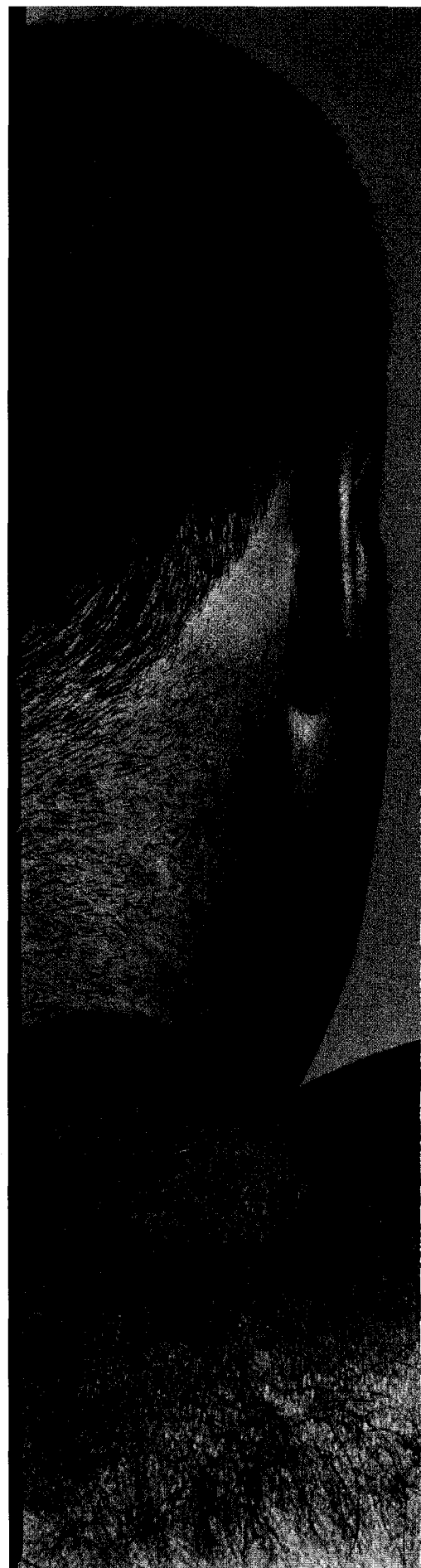
IN 1963, George Dyer fell in with Francis Bacon. The fall was literal: one night, like a bad annunciation, he crashed through the skylight of Bacon's studio and found himself among the tools of the painter's trade. Such is one of the Bacon legends, at any rate, and it forms the starting point of John Maybury's startling and viscous film "Love Is the Devil," which follows their relationship through to Dyer's unfortunate, if unsurprising, death on a Paris lavatory, in 1971.

The part of the painter is taken by Derek Jacobi, and he takes it by force. Viewers possessed of a delicate sensibility may ask themselves whether one of the more distinguished knights of the British theatre should be seen kneeling against a bed in his underwear and awaiting the approach of another man, whose fist is bound with a creaking leather belt. But such was Bacon's cup of tea, so to speak, and Jacobi—whose squarish features somehow puff and crease into a remarkable likeness of the painter's full-moon face—is not in the business of eliding the less savory details of his subject's pugnacious life. The most enjoyable sequence in the film consists simply of Bacon preparing to go out in the evening. We see him brushing his teeth with bleach and touching up the sides of his hair with shoe polish, as if he were more domestic hardware than human being.

It sounds like mere narcissism, but the fact remains that, in its light euphemistic comedy, this scene is the movie's most persuasive demonstration of Bacon at work. We do see him drawing around the lid of a trash can and slinging paint at the resulting circle, but the Bacon estate decreed that none of his

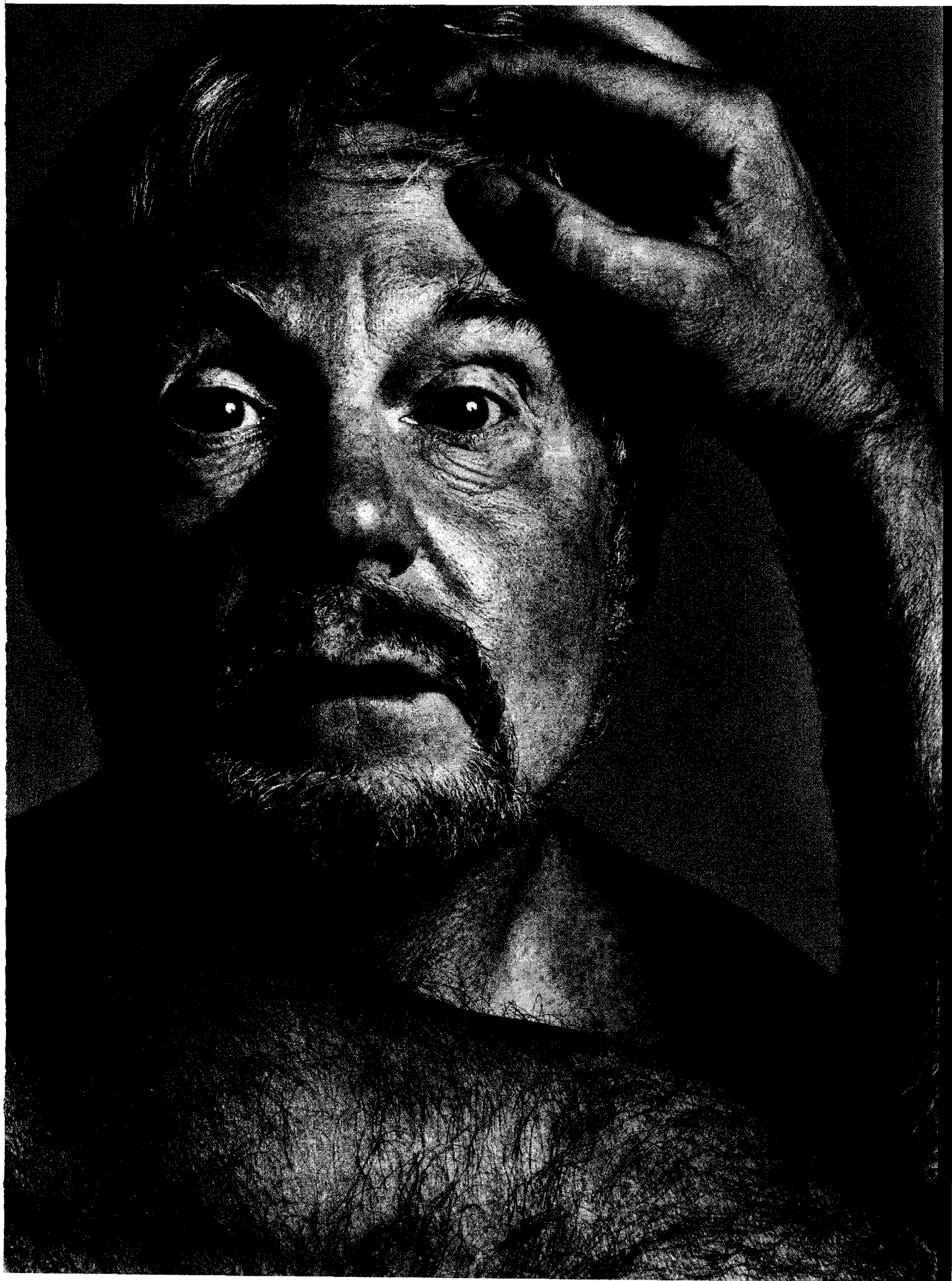
paintings could be shown onscreen, and John Maybury has done the wise thing and made the most of this galling restriction. Not for him the catastrophic decision taken by the Merchant-Ivory team, makers of "Surviving Picasso," who tried to surmount a similar ban by having contemporary artists knock up a few ersatz Picassos. (That whole film, by extension, turned its face away from the brute fact of the artist's appetites, which is like forgetting to mention that King Kong was a little on the hairy side.) Only once in "Love Is the Devil" do we see a slice of a would-be Bacon, and that is strictly for the purpose of a visual gag: a drunken George (Daniel Craig) stumbles out of bed and relieves himself sleepily against a highly convincing painted lavatory. Given the open arms with which the artist famously greeted the assaults of chance, he may well have considered his lover's contribution to be an improvement.

What exactly George Dyer contributed to the larger life of Francis Bacon is a more prickly matter. "If they're getting on, then they're unhappy. That's what love means," one acquaintance says. The two men shared, or inventively forged, a set of sexual tastes, but beyond those the overlap was less secure. "Not much of a burglar, are you?" Bacon says when George first appears, and the truth is that Dyer was not much of anything. He was a minor criminal from the East End of London; in one scene we see him being warned by friends about the treacherous benefits of life in the West End. Bacon, on the other hand, hailed from a smart and wealthy Anglo-Irish family. His first carnal experiences, he claimed, came with the grooms in his father's stables, and there



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

Derek Jacobi, London, September 7, 1998



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is nothing more tediously true to the pornographic tradition, homosexual or otherwise, than the gentleman who likes to trash his own gentility in the pursuit of low life; nevertheless, Bacon remained capable of behaving with ease and charm in the drawing rooms of his own social kind. None of this emerges from "Love Is the Devil," which chooses to depict Bacon, as it were, with Dyer's hand. We see the two of them boozing, or attending a boxing match where a fighter's blood flies melodramatically into the painter's face; the movie director, like the lover, is delighted to gratify Bacon's desire to be roughed up.

It is not hard to see why Maybury took this course of action. Movie audiences, weaned on difficult heroes, should warm to the prospect of a self-taught painter whose studio resembles a bomb site; one wonders if the young, broad-headed Brando would have been tempted by such a role, or if Bertolucci had that match at the back of his mind when he rolled the opening credits of "Last Tango in Paris" beside a pair of Bacon's images. The love affair with Dyer, moreover, like the playwright Joe Orton's with Halliwell, seems to present an enviable distillation of the Bacon hell-brew—the daunting cocktail of artistic ferocity and prodigal nights that, for a variety of reasons, were doomed to remain sleepless. As it turns out, "Love Is the Devil" is an oddly lockjawed piece of work; it drops us directly into the affair and then just hangs around. Part of this is financial constraint: any movie that illustrates a trip to the United States not by going on location but by showing an American flag flapping behind one of the characters is operating on a limited budget, and Maybury can be excused for clinging loyally to his London setting. The downside is that we are forced to pay repeated visits to Soho, and especially to the Colony Room, a noisome joint where Bacon's cronies used to lap like beasts at a watering hole. Some Bacon fans maintain that the Colony was a rousing place to be, but I prefer to think of it as the only place that was actually more repellent than the refrigerated inferno of his art.

What redeems "Love Is the Devil" is its willingness to be infected by Bacon's bewildering mixture of the sly and the head-on. His figures may confront us unavoidably with their sexual gluttony

and its congealed consequences, but they themselves tend to avert their gaze or glance aside, and Maybury has a knack for summoning that same air of secrecy. Transplanted into cinema, all the paraphernalia of the kinky—the long leather coat, the hand on the shoulder, the light from a bare bulb—suddenly shrugs off its naughtiness to reveal something more darkly dismaying, as if we were watching a spy being interrogated, or the cross-border hunt for a Graham Greene hero. While the film makes no effort to explain Bacon's paintings, it does gesture toward the conditions in which they began to swarm and breed. I am thinking of the drinkers filmed through the distending glass of a bottle, or of Jacobi stirring sticky paint, with the recording level so high that if you close your eyes you could be listening to the sound of a pastry chef or a midwife at work. Then there is the small, hinged mirror in Bacon's bathroom, which reflects his face in three separate panels. Bacon had completed his first major triptych, "Three Studies for Figures at the Base of a Crucifixion," in 1944, but his fondness for that form was undimmed four decades later: how better to ponder its potential than to see yourself three times whenever you shave?

Such bold and casual suggestions are as much as movies can manage when it comes to paint. Beyond that, they resort to violence: Nick Nolte lashing out at the canvas in Scorsese's "Life Lessons," or Tim Roth, as van Gogh, munching blue pigment off his knife in Altman's "Vincent and Theo"—much the same blue that Jacobi smears across one cheek in the new film. These are like furious denials of the peace and pedantry with which so many artists must, against all the rules of cinema, conduct themselves. Many viewers will recoil from the spasmodic impressionism of "Love Is the Devil," but, although it plays loose with the facts of Bacon's life, it does not dishonor his memory. There are moments here of horrendous beauty—none more so than the recurrent shot of a bloody figure crouched at the end of a diving board and falling away. The wonderful twist is that the nightmare belongs not to Bacon but to George Dyer, the man lying twitching beside him. To feel and inherit the dreams, even the bad dreams, of another, and to mold his suffering into your art: is that not, in its perversity, a proof of love? ♦

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A CRITIC AT LARGE



AT HOME WITH THE MARQUIS DE SADE

What it was like to be married to the world's most infamous libertine.

BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

DONATIEN ALPHONSE FRANÇOIS, MARQUIS DE SADE, may well be the only writer who will never lose his ability to shock us. And in the revolutionary—indeed, sadistic—relationship he created between author and reader, one that forgoes traditional narrative pleasure and deals instead with insult, alienation, and boredom, he can be seen as a father of modernism. Yet, in the vast literature inspired by the Marquis's fictional orgies and real-life libertinage, scant attention has been paid to his deeply loving wife, to whom he wrote from his cell in the prison of Vincennes:

Rest assured, soul of my soul, that the first little errand I will make upon being sprung, my very first action as a free man, after kissing your eyes, your nipples and your buttocks, will be to purchase . . . the totality of the works of Montaigne . . . Voltaire, J.-J. Rousseau. . . . And don't be so stingy about my little dizzies. . . . Could one or two bottles of peach wine, *mon fanfan*, subvert the Salic law, or threaten the Justinian code? Hark ye, Minerva's favorite, only a drunkard should suffer such a refusal: but I who am solely inebriated by your charms and am never sated by them, O you Olympian ambrosia, shouldn't be denied a little peach wine. . . . Flame of my life, when, when will your alabaster fingers come to exchange the irons of [my jailer] for the roses of your breast? Adieu, I kiss you and go to sleep. This 24th of November, 1783, at 1 A.M.

Renée-Pélagie de

Sade was a prim, decorous woman whose passion for her husband nevertheless involved her in some of the most notorious sexual scandals of her time. Their eccentric marriage has not received much attention over the centuries, and very few of their letters to each other have been translated. Yet it was the Marquise's decades of devotion which allowed Sade's bizarre talents to



As Sade became a monster of immorality, his wife became a paragon of devotion.

flower and, for better or for worse, to become part of the Western heritage.

RENÉE-PÉLAGIE DE MONTREUIL did not meet her husband-to-be until the eve of their wedding, which was held in Paris on May 17, 1763. The bride, shy and reclusive, was twenty-one; the debonair groom, at the age of twenty-two, had already earned a reputation as a spendthrift and a libertine. Needless to say, the alliance was arranged by the couple's parents, and for the crassest material considerations. The bride's consummately proper family, which belonged to the recently ennobled bourgeoisie, was very wealthy. The dissolute, patrician Sades—who prided themselves on being distant kin of the royal family, but whose fortunes consisted of a few estates in their native Provence—were nearly broke. M. de Montreuil, having served as president of one of Paris's most important courts of law, had powerful connections at Versailles, whereas the

Sades' contacts there had been eroded by the young Marquis's father, who had disgraced the family repeatedly. For the ambitious and dynamic Mme. de Montreuil, the alliance more than fulfilled her wish to marry her elder daughter into the ancient nobility. In the first years of the marriage, she acted as her son-in-law's most ardent apologist and protector.

There was one aspect of this union, however, that none of the parents involved could have predicted—the young Sades soon became immensely fond of each other. There were profound differences in their characters: the gentle, self-effacing Renée-Pélagie was radically devoid of any coquettishness or vanity, while the ill-tempered Donatien was a dandy and a narcissist with flagrant delusions of grandeur. Yet they de-

veloped intimate bonds of affection and conspiracy, which were very unusual in the context of the eighteenth century's arranged marriages. The Marquise, who eventually bore Sade three children, serenely accepted his innumerable exploits with actresses, courtesans, and whores of all varieties. She hid his traces from the police during his most outrageous escapades, and witnessed, if she did not participate in, some of his orgies. Over the years, her devotion acquired a kind of mystic force. "I still adore you with the same violence," she wrote him in one of the many moments of dejection he suffered during his jail terms. "I have only one happiness in life, to be reunited with you and to see you happy and content. . . . We shall live and die together."

The attractive young Marquis was known for his lively wit and his exceptional literary culture, whereas the homespun Pélagic (as I shall call her) was neither beautiful nor cultivated. Yet what she lacked in polish she redeemed by strength of character and robust independence. Like her husband, she was utterly uninterested in the machinations of social life, and once described French high society as "a bunch of riffraff, the most successful of whom are the most fraudulent." A tomboy at heart, she had frugal tastes, preferring old clothes and resoled shoes. When she was staying in the country, she displayed a lusty appetite for outdoor work, such as pruning fruit trees and splitting wood. One of the keys to the Sades' amazing marital harmony, in fact, was their shared rusticity, and a sense of marginality in their aristocratic milieu which would readily lead them to become outlaws. They even had the habit of addressing each other with the informal *tu*—a usage then largely confined, among spouses, to the peasant and artisan classes.

The young Sades had both been solitary, affection-starved children, and both had remained loners. Pélagic had suffered throughout her youth from Mme. de Montreuil's flaunted preference for her younger sister, the ravishingly beautiful Anne-Prospère. Donatien's mother, a remote, self-absorbed woman, who had little use for family life, had retreated to a Carmelite convent by the time he was four, and his father was usually away on diplomatic missions. The boy had been brought up by relatives in Provence and then sent to a Jesuit boarding school in Paris. Pélagic seems to have felt instantly

For "Antrim" read "Armagh."
For "mother" read "other."
For "harm" read "farm."
For "feather" read "father."

For "Moncrieff" read "Monteith."
For "*Béal Fierste*" read "*Béal Feirste*."
For "brave" read "grave."
For "revered" read "reversed."

For "married" read "marred."
For "pull" read "pall."
For "ban" read "bar."
For "smell" read "small."

For "spike" read "spoke."
For "lost" read "last."
For "Steinbeck" read "Steenbeck."
For "ludic" read "lucid."

ERRATA

For "religion" read "region."
For "ode" read "code."
For "Jane" read "Jean."
For "rod" read "road."

For "pharoah" read "pharaoh."
For "*Fior-Gael*" read "*Fior-Ghael*."
For "Jeffrey" read "Jeffery."
For "vigil" read "Virgil."

For "flageolet" read "fava."
For "veto" read "vote."
For "Aiofe" read "Aoife."
For "anecdote" read "antidote."

For "Rosemont" read "Mount Rose."
For "plump" read "plumb."
For "hearse" read "hears."
For "loom" read "bloom."

—PAUL MULDOON

that in Donatien there lurked a hypersensitive, lonely child who would perish without her support, and for much of their married life the Sades clung to each other like two neglected orphans, defying, often in a flamboyant manner, the adult world of sycophancy, social clamoring, and material gain.

Because of Sade's mercurial emotions and the byzantine complexities of his neuroses, his sentiments for his wife are harder to decode. But it is clear that he was childishly dependent on her, that he cherished her valor and loyalty and was perpetually terrified of losing her esteem: during the early years of their marriage, his first plea to the authorities after falling into any kind of scrape was "Don't let my wife know." Their closeness is evident in the letters they exchanged during Sade's jail terms. In one of his letters he cajolingly calls her "seventeenth planet of space," "shimmering enamel of my eyes," "star of Venus," "my doggie," "my baby," "Muhammad's bliss," "violet of the garden of Eden," and "celestial kitten." As for Pélagic, she most often addresses her husband as "my good little boy."

FOR the first five years of the marriage, the Marquis de Sade, with the connivance of his mother-in-law, managed to keep his peccadilloes and his ram-bunctious liaisons with Paris actresses

hidden from his wife. When he went to prison for two weeks in the autumn of 1763, for what police reports described as "acts of blasphemy and sacrilege" performed in the presence of a prostitute, Pélagic had been led to believe that he was in jail for debt. He also kept from her the extent of his profligacy: in addition to squandering his own modest funds, Donatien consumed most of his wife's handsome dowry—the equivalent, in spending power, of some six hundred and fifty thousand of today's dollars—to fund his saturnalias.

The arrangement between Mme. de Montreuil and her son-in-law remained intact until the spring of 1768, shortly after the birth of the Sades' first child, when the repercussions of one of the Marquis's escapades grew unmanageable. On Easter Sunday of that year, the Marquis, attired in a gray frock coat and holding a muff of white lynx fur in one hand and a cane in the other, had stood by the entrance of a Paris church and solicited a beggarwoman to accompany him to one of the numerous "little houses" he maintained in the Paris suburbs for his trysts. Subsequently, the woman, who may or may not have been a prostitute, accused him of whipping her until she bled and of pouring sealing wax into her wounds. Sade had been made vulnerable by his father's disgrace and by

his own disregard for maintaining contacts with his patrician peers, and his case was brought to France's highest juridical body, the Parliament of Paris.

Having correctly gauged that this offense was about to become a major scandal, the Marquis broke dramatically with his previous custom of sheltering his wife from the scabrous details of his private life, and informed her fully of his misdeeds. Then, in the next weeks, as he began serving a six-month jail term in the fortress of Pierre-Encize, near Lyons, the Marquise de Sade emerged from the shadows and came into her own, taking on the role of protector which had previously been assumed by her mother. Pélagie, far from being alienated by the heinousness of her husband's crimes, found her passion for him intensified. To restore his freedom and to protect him from his increasingly vigilant captors became her goal in life, and she brought to that mission the sort of selfless dedication that the most inspired priests or nuns bring to their vocation. Over the years, sacrificing her relationship with her children and her bonds with her mother, she acquired a new identity, blissfully joining Donatien, in spirit, in his outcast state.

Acceding to her husband's plea that she remain close to him for the duration of his captivity, Pélagie settled in Lyons, selling all her diamonds to pay for her trip and her lodgings. Although the king's original decree had permitted the spouses only two or three visits during Sade's jail term, she charmed the commander of the fortress into granting them far more frequent and intimate ones, and in the last months of Donatien's imprisonment he and Pélagie conceived another child, their second son.

Three years after Sade's liberation from Pierre-Encize, in the fall of 1771, the Sades and their three children (a girl had been born that spring) moved to La Coste, a family estate in Provence, to avoid the Marquis's creditors and escape his worsening reputation.

SADE'S château at La Coste, a hilltop settlement some thirty miles east of Avignon, which had been in the family for several generations, predates the eleventh century, when it served

as a refuge and a stronghold against Saracen invaders. The romantic, feudal character of the site struck some deep chord in the Marquis's hallucinatory imagination: it became an inspiration for the awesome fortresses, bloodthirsty monks, gruesomely debauched noblemen, and deflowered and persecuted virgins that saturate his novels. As his transgressions multiplied, it also became the only dwelling where Donatien and Pélagie felt totally safe—a utopian refuge from family reprimands, social rebukes, and the meddlesome interventions of the Crown.

It was in the secluded, apocalyptic setting of La Coste that Sade began an affair with his wife's sister, Anne-Prospère, who was ten years Pélagie's junior. She was a canoness—somewhat like a nun but with less binding vows—in a Benedictine priory in the Beaujolais, and had come to spend the winter in Provence for reasons of health. A sister-in-law and a virgin, imbued with religious principles and still dressed in a nun's garb, she embodied several taboos that the Marquis's fictional protagonists would triumphantly break—defloration, apostasy, incest. And she had readily fired his quirky lust.

This familial transgression was soon followed by a very public one. One summer day in 1772, Sade, sporting a plumed hat, a vest of marigold-yellow satin with matching breeches, and a gold-knobbed cane, organized a party in the room of a prostitute in Marseilles, where his valet had assembled four girls for his pleasure. In the frantic hours that followed, he in-

dulged in active and passive sodomy with his servant while successively copulating with, whipping, and being whipped by the prostitutes, to whom he had fed aphrodisiac sweets that later made them quite sick. This exploit led to his conviction by a Marseilles court for sodomy and attempt to poison. With Pélagie's connivance, he eluded the authorities by fleeing to Italy in the company of his sister-in-law.

Sade's once adoring mother-in-law, upon learning that he had deflowered her favorite daughter, became his fiercest enemy. After his return to France, he was incarcerated, at her instigation, in one of Europe's most impregnable jails, the fortress of Miolans, in Savoy. Yet once again Pélagie rushed to his rescue. In her habitually intrepid fashion, she spent weeks in a neighboring village, dressed as a man, trying to arrange her husband's getaway. After his successful escape, Sade spent some months on the lam in Provence, and then fled again to Italy, leaving his wife alone at La Coste for the winter. By this time, she had sent the children—all of them still under six years of age—back to Paris to be brought up by Mme. de Montreuil. Pélagie was in such a dire state of penury that she could not care for them herself.

HOW might Pélagie have felt about the hardships that her husband's outlaw state was now imposing on her, and about his accumulated malfeasances—particularly, his liaison with her own sis-



"I want everybody to shake hands with some of the cleanest money in our whole campaign."

ter? Any such speculations must take into account the extraordinary attitude Mme. de Sade had toward her marriage. One cannot decipher it through traditional concepts of wifely love, for her fixation on Sade far transcended most such attachments and makes the usual marital loyalties seem prosaic. Like an exemplary Christian whose love for a sinner must be as vast as the sinner's transgressions, she seems to have felt that if Sade became a monster of immorality she must all the more become a paragon of devotion.

Besides, we've never had access to the Sades' bedroom. The young Marquise may or may not have enjoyed her early experiences of sodomy, which proved to be her husband's favorite sexual practice, but over the years she clearly underwent some gradual process of eroticization, for the kind of marital fervor she displayed is inconceivable without an involvement of the flesh. So, no matter how the world may have pitied her—for being deserted again and again, for having a husband more vilified than any other nobleman in the realm—Pélagie found such felicity in serving Donatien de Sade that for two decades she never described herself as an unhappy woman.

That may be why she was able to remain at La Coste alone, doggedly struggling for the Marquis's freedom, while he, in the depths of Italy, lived an incestuous idyll with her little sister. That may also be why, shortly after he ended his affair with Anne-Prospère, Pélagie was able to conspire with her husband in his most reckless transgression to date.

In 1774, shortly after the Marquis returned from one of his Italian exiles, the Sades met in Lyons to engage several additional servants for their staff at La Coste: a fifteen-year-old male secretary and five girls of approximately the same age, all apparently chosen for purposes of sexual exploitation. It is evident, from ensuing accusations, that the bacchanals the Marquis staged at his castle included some choreographies from his earlier bordello exploits: a great deal of sodomy, both homo and hetero; cat-o'-nine-tails and other whips; plenty of daisy chains. And, for once, the participants were young enough to be easily subdued. It is equally clear that Mme. de Sade knew the purpose of hiring the Ganymede secretary and the accompanying nym-

phets, and that her coöperation was deliberate, efficient, and amiable. This time, there may have been a pragmatic reason for her readiness to collaborate with him: to keep the scandal confined within the walls of their home rather than let it erupt outside.

Moreover, the Marquis's letters to his wife tell us that she either participated in or witnessed the debauches that occurred that winter within the privacy of their household. Some years later, as he elaborated, with the startling candor that marks their correspondence, on the quasi-epileptic nature of his orgasms, he wrote Pélagie, "You saw samples of them at La Coste. . . . You saw it happen." (Some commentators on Sade, among them Simone de Beauvoir, who believed that he was "semi-impotent," have traced his outlandish sexual appetites to the uniquely turbulent nature of his climaxes, and to the fact that he had great trouble achieving them.) As for Pélagie's role in the ignoble doings at La Coste, she is reported to have remained gentle—indeed, comforting—to the hired youngsters. They praised her unanimously.

It was two years after the Little Girls Episode, as those orgies came to be called, that the formidable Mme. de Montreuil, who had grown so estranged from her daughter that she threatened to have *her* incarcerated if she did not leave the Marquis, sprang a clever trap. In January of 1777, Sade had received a message that his mother, the Comtesse de Sade, had fallen ill and might have only days to live. Notwithstanding her lifelong indifference to him, the Marquis decided to travel to Paris to see her one last time, and Pélagie went with him.

Upon their arrival in Paris, the Sades, for reasons of security, stayed in separate quarters. On February 13th, as the Marquise entertained her husband in her bedroom in a small hotel on the Rue Jacob, there was a knock at her door. It was a highly placed official of the French police, handing Sade a lettre de cachet—an arbitrary order of arrest which could be issued only by the king and could imprison the accused for life without any legal hearing. Mme. de Montreuil had obtained it from Louis XVI. That very night, the Marquis de Sade was taken to the royal fortress of Vincennes to begin a jail term that would

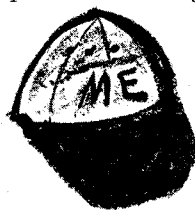
last thirteen years, and would end only after the onset of the French Revolution.

MADAME DE SADE was not allowed to see her husband again for the next four and a half years. "My consolation is to repeat a thousand and a thousand times that I love you and adore you as violently as it is possible to love, and well beyond all that can be expressed in words," she wrote him in a worshipful letter a few months into his imprisonment. "When shall I be allowed to kiss you again? I think I shall die with joy." And she ended it, "Adieu, my good little boy. I kiss you."

At the beginning of his detention, Donatien's lengthy missives to Pélagie expressed similar emotions of sorrow and tenderness. "Dear one, you're all that I have left in the world, father, mother, sister, wife, friend, you're everything to me," he wrote her a fortnight after his arrest, as soon as his letters were allowed to be taken out of Vincennes. "Adieu, my dearest friend, all I ask you is to love me as deeply as I suffer."

But as the months went on the tone of Sade's correspondence became increasingly manic, brusquely alternating between despondency and rage, tender supplications and savage accusations, terms of endearment and bitter insults. Prison authorities allowed him to receive two packages a month from his wife, and although she travelled all over Paris fulfilling his extravagant orders for clothes, cosmetics, and gourmet delicacies, he was seldom satisfied. (He grew obese on the immense amount of sweets he indulged in during his jail term, saying in his letters that he had become "the fattest man in Paris.") In his many moments of glacial insolence, he addressed his wife as Madame, and whenever he could he turned his guns against her mother, whom he referred to as "your whore of a mother," "a brothel-keeper," "a venomous beast," and "an infernal monster." "May you . . . and your execrable family and their vile minions all be put into a sack and thrown into the water's depths," he wrote. "I swear to the heavens it'll be my life's happiest moment."

Not only was Pélagie tormented by her husband's rages; she was harassed on all fronts, for she continued to be intensely at odds with her mother, and had even attempted to take her to court for her actions against the Marquis. "Once I get out of these particular quandaries," she wrote, in a letter to her lawyer, "I'd



rather become a farm laborer than fall back into her claws." And yet, because taking care of Sade's requests was so time-consuming and expensive, Pélégie's children, to her great sorrow, had to remain in her mother's care.

When, finally, on a summer day in 1781, Donatien and Pélégie were allowed to see each other again, their meeting was not a happy one. Since her husband's imprisonment, the homely, forthright Marquise had become the central object of his erotic longings, and he was increasingly—absurdly—suspicious of her fidelity. Sade flaunted his own brand of puritanism, priding himself on not having affronted "the sanctity of wedlock" by committing adultery with a married woman. At this first reunion, he accused his wife of having an affair with one of his former secretaries and also with her own cousin, a Paris society woman he considered "a bit of a Sappho." A week later, Pélégie received a letter from Donatien—the angriest, and most lofty, reprimand he'd ever written her—expressing his wrath at the coquetry of the attire she had devised for that first meeting ("a whore's apparel," he called it) and informing her that he would refuse to see her if she ever arrayed herself again in that manner. The letter went on:

Tell me, would you go do your Lenten duties in that buffoon's or quack doctor's garment? You wouldn't, would you? Well, the same sense of reverence that informs your Lenten duties should inspire your visits here, grief and sorrow should produce, in your case, what piety and divine respect produce in other souls. . . . In sum, I demand you that you come . . . coiffed with a very large bonnet . . . without the smallest hint of curl in your hair, a chignon and no braids; your throat must be extraordinarily concealed, not indecently uncovered, as it was the other day, and the color of your vestment must be as sombre as possible.

"I who only live . . . for you, here I am, suspected and insulted," Pélégie lamented in a letter to him a few days later. But the Marquis's hysterical possessiveness precipitated a radical change in his wife's life, one that greatly affected their marriage: Pélégie decided to leave the little apartment in the Marais she had been living in and enter a religious community. "In order to keep you from tormenting yourself in this manner, I'll seek out a convent," she wrote, "[and live there] until the day you're freed, when I shall be reunited with you forever."

SINCE the Middle Ages, thousands of wellborn Frenchwomen—spinsters and widows, abandoned wives, women who, like the Marquis's own mother,

were uninterested in family life or, like Pélégie, were just plain poor—had elected to rent lodgings in convents. Pélégie's chosen community, Sainte-Aure, seems to have been a particularly devout one. She was not asked to take vows, but she was expected to participate in the nuns' religious services, and she reported that Sainte-Aure required "great assiduity in the choir." Pélégie first occupied two small rooms on the convent's second floor, next to its bakery. Creature comforts at the nunnery were extremely modest, she wrote, the fare being "barely sufficient to not die of hunger." Yet, however humble her life had become, she spent such large sums on luxuries for her husband in prison that she remained perennially short of cash: she even had to sell her silver shoe buckles, a prized possession at the time, for a thousand livres. But she began to develop a religious attitude toward her hardships: they would improve her soul. "With a little more piety, I would be a perfect creature," she wrote a friend shortly after moving to the convent.

One can become pious through hypocrisy, or through innate conviction, or through osmosis. Pélégie's renewed faith was of the third kind: having been fairly negligent throughout much of her adult life about church rituals, she gradually assimilated the aura of the nuns she was living with. Paradoxically, the ultimate apostate, Sade, incited by frequent bouts of jealousy, contributed to her growing devoutness by demanding that she cloister herself increasingly from the world. "Above all, love God and flee men!" he thundered at her. "I consign you to your room," he commanded, "and, through all the authority that a husband has over his wife, forbid you to leave it, for whatever pretext." At the same time, he spitefully derided her for her growing piety. Pélégie protested these conflicting reprimands, which, since she was gradually making peace with her mother, became a source of friction in the marriage. "My poor heart is too hurt to see you entertain such thoughts," she wrote her husband. "The deeper [my emotions for you], the sadder I feel to see you give in to such aberrations." The delicacy of the next sentence is heartbreaking: "The satisfaction felt upon insulting a person is at least a proof of our existence."

In 1784, Sade was transferred from



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"I'll remember that phrase," Sade scribbled vengefully in the margin of her note.

ON July 2, 1789, not long after that exchange, Sade stood at his cell window in the Bastille, using part of his chamber pot as a megaphone to address the crowds of political dissenters demonstrating below and encourage them to liberate the fortress. Judged "uncontrollable" and "dangerous" by the beleaguered government authorities, he was transferred to a penal institution on the outskirts of Paris. Then, in the spring of 1790, the National Convention, under pressure from Robespierre, ordered the release of all prisoners who had been incarcerated through the detested institution of *lettres de cachet*.

Sade was freed on the evening of Good Friday, wearing a black ratteaten coat, carrying no possessions beyond a mattress and, in his pocket, a gold coin. He had been twenty-seven years old at the time of his Easter Sunday caper with the Paris beggarwoman, thirty-two when he

frolicked with the Marseilles prostitutes, thirty-six when he began his term at Vincennes. Now he was about to turn fifty—a partly bald, graying man in rags, who had grown so obese that, as he himself admitted, he could "barely move about." He made his way to the Convent of Sainte-Aure and asked to see his wife, hoping to spend the rest of his days with her. But, in an about-face as absolute as the fervor of her previous devotion to him, Pélagic refused to appear. She sent down the message that she never wished to see her husband again. The next day, she wrote to her lawyer in Provence, "M. de Sade is free since yesterday, Good Friday. He wants to see me, but I answered that I am still aiming for a separation, that's the only way."

Was Pélagic, quite simply, exhausted, after struggling for a quarter of a century against her husband's rages and gargantuan demands, society's scorn, the blackmail of prostitutes, the rigor of government and prison bureaucracies, her mother's fury, and her creditors everywhere?

Her growing religiosity was surely significant, as was the pressure of the devout community that her husband, ironically, had driven her to join. Moreover, one should consider the impact of the

Vincennes to the Bastille—a site that, ironically, seemed to act as his Muse, for that is where he truly began to write. Within the next five years, he wrote the monumental catalogue of sexual perversions entitled "The 120 Days of Sodom"; scores of short stories, essays, and very chaste plays; the first draft of his famous "Justine"; and a sprawling, virtuous novel, in the epistolary style popularized by Richardson's "Clarissa," entitled "Aline et Valcour," of which Mme. de Sade wrote an extensive critique. Some twenty pages of her comments, which she sent to her husband in June of 1789, on the eve of the Revolution, have survived. They display a heretofore undisclosed talent—perspicacious literary insights. They also expose the spouses' increasingly different views on morality and religion—issues that were further heightening the tensions between them.

The Marquise begins by highlighting those aspects of her husband's book which impress her the most, such as his gift for dialogue and characterization, but she soon takes him severely to task for his anarchic cynicism, his ethic of survival of the fittest, and his bent for exposing human evil through the excessive baseness of his villains. She reminds

him that "only savages equate ferocity with courage," and contrasts his cult of ruthlessness with Christian altruism, "that greatness of soul which leads some to risk their lives . . . to bring aid to the helpless." She also counters Sade's crude materialism (derived from two of his favorite Enlightenment philosophers, La Mettrie and Holbach), which denies the existence of spirit and reduces all human phenomena to the organization of matter. "How could the amalgamation of matter produce a soul, which thinks, reasons, and deduces such contrary ideas?" she writes. "Nature cannot produce spirit: what is created is always inferior to its creator."

In those years, the Marquise maintained that it was the often scabrous content of her husband's writings and his inflammatory ideas that were the source of the Sades' problems: those ideas angered government authorities and impeded his release. "What you write is doing you dreadful harm," she chides him in a letter. "Curb your writings, I pray you. . . . Don't write or speak out the aberrations . . . through which the world might choose to judge you." She also asks Sade, who was exceedingly proud of his new literary vocation, a question that he considered to be highly insulting: "What is the use of your futile writings?"

Marquis's erotic writings on a woman undergoing a spiritual conversion. In the politically turbulent months before the fall of the Bastille, Pélégie, sitting alone in her little convent room, is bound to have perused the manuscripts he had passed on to her for safekeeping (one of them was the early draft of his extremely salacious "Justine") and been appalled.

And what about those psychic tumults so often experienced by women in their midlife? Pélégie was forty-eight, infirm beyond her years, barely able to walk without help, feeling the plague of age in every inch of her spirit and her body, feeling the burden of her own blundering dedication. One might also venture that the political upheavals begun in 1789 were catalysts of Pélégie's transformation, consolidating the authority of her mother and of her confessors. She had been seized by that Great Fear which gripped the entire French nation, and she was now living through a great inner fear of her own—a terror of her painfully guilty past and of her uncertain future.

The Marquis's comments concerning his wife's defection, which plunged him into sorrow, suggest that her change of heart was not sudden. "For a long time I'd been noticing a certain attitude on the part of Mme. de Sade, when she came to see me at the Bastille, which caused me anxiety and grief," he wrote to his lawyer a few months after he was freed. "The need I had of her led me to dissimulate, but every aspect of her conduct alarmed me. I clearly discerned the role of her confessor, and, to tell you the truth, I foresaw that my freedom would bring about a separation."

The Sades' divorce settlement specified that Donatien pay Pélégie four thousand livres a year—interest on her hundred-and-sixty-thousand-livre dowry, which he had squandered during their marriage. Alleging that Pélégie had kept the money he inherited from his mother (Pélégie claimed, with good reason, that it had subsidized Sade's room and board in jail), he never paid back anything of the sums he owed her, and kept complaining that her family had willfully, maliciously ruined him: "My poor father used to say 'I'm marrying my son to the daughter of tax collectors to make him rich,' and in fact they've devastated me."

After the spring of 1790, most of the correspondence between the Sades consisted of acrimonious financial disputes.

Pélégie replied to Sade's requests for money in dry, lashing notes, which displayed how fully she had returned into her parents' fold: "I've already had the honor of telling you that, since you're not paying me a cent on what you owe me, it is impossible for me to deposit anything into your account. As for my family, it has nothing to do anymore with your affairs, and if you attack them, they will always answer you with the truth, as they've done all along."

After separating from his wife of twenty-seven years, the Marquis embarked upon a second life that was in many ways even more bizarre than his first one. However obese, decrepit, and indigent he had become during his imprisonment, within a few months of his release he gained the attentions of an alluring actress two decades his junior who offered him as much affection and fidelity as Pélégie, and who would remain at his side until the end of his days. He served the revolutionary cause with canily feigned zeal, started publishing his shocking novels, and barely survived the Terror. His last thirteen years were spent at the insane asylum of Charenton, where he was incarcerated in 1801 on Napoleon's orders, on the ground that his writings expressed "libertine dementia," and where he founded a theatre that enjoyed a considerable succès de scandale with Parisian audiences. He died there in 1814, at the age of seventy-four. Mme. de Sade died in 1810, at the age of sixty-eight, having lived her last decades, in the greatest piety and reclusion, at her parents' estate near Paris. Her sister, Anne-Prospère, whose marital prospects had been ruined by her affair with the Marquis, had died of smallpox more than a quarter of a century earlier, at the age of twenty-nine.

Only one civil moment in the Sades' relations was recorded in the decades that followed their separation: at the height of the Revolution, in 1791, the Marquis asked his lawyer, in Provence, to send Mme. de Sade several barrels of La Coste's excellent olive oil. ♦

Bonnie Stewart, Irma Wetherell, Blanche Simms, Cal Giesler, and Nene Johnson all went to the Civic Auditorium at The Dalles to see the play, "Much To Do About Nothing" Thursday, May 7. They said it was a little hard to follow but was a very good play.—Condon (Ore.) Times-Journal.

All's well that ends swell.

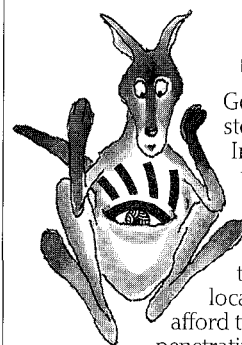


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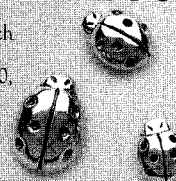
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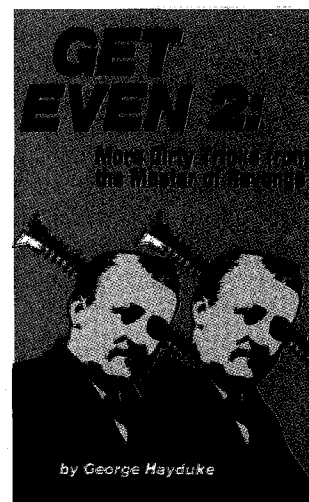
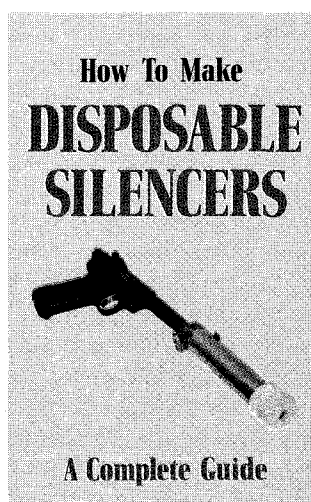
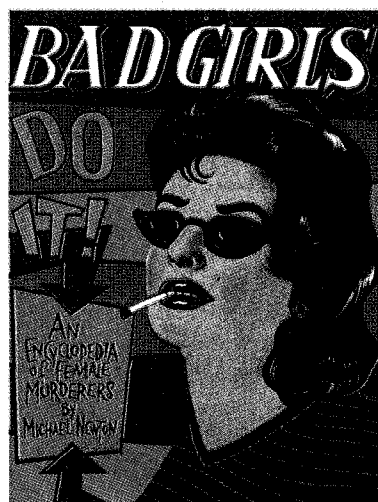
True Crime meets How-To.

BY SCOTT STOSSEL

AMONG the various ways of sneaking into the movies, neophytes will do well to start with the "pay for one, stay for more" method. When the movie to which you've gained proper admission is over, make your way nonchalantly to the lobby, then duck into the bathroom. Check your schedule to find out when the next

That's just some of the wisdom you'll find in a slender volume entitled, with appealing directness, "How to Sneak Into the Movies." It is one of seven hundred books published by Loompanics Unlimited, each providing detailed instructions for activities that range from misdemeanors to felonies. These books are more than simply

publisher of how-to books for the criminally inclined, exists for the most part beneath the cultural purview of the mainstream, part of a netherworld of sci-fi fanatics, gun hobbyists, criminals, comic-book fans, militia members, survivalists, libertarians, adolescents, anarchists, and aficionados of rock bands with names like Throbbing Gristle. On the rare occasions when the publisher darts into public view, it is usually in implied connection with some sort of illicit activity. Loompanics received mention on "60 Minutes" after officials from the Drug Enforcement Agency found one of its titles, "Secrets of Methamphetamine Manufacture," in a drug den. It appeared in newspapers after "How to Launder Money" was found in the Newport Beach home of a California investment adviser arrested for securities fraud. The company's most



In the past two decades, Loompanics has become the country's leading publisher of books for the criminally inclined.

film you want to see is playing. When you see a group of people leaving the bathroom, walk out with them, trying to blend in, before heading to the auditorium showing your movie. If there is someone at the door checking ticket stubs, purchase some popcorn and perhaps a beverage at the concession stand: these will be your props. Explain that your date has your stubs—that you were just buying some popcorn. Is the employee actually going to leave his station and follow you into the theatre to verify your story? Of course not. The tub of popcorn will be proof enough. Start early in the day and you'll be able to make your way through the complete offerings of your local multiplex before closing time, and all on a single ticket.

manuals for misbehavior, however. Considered in the aggregate, they are an atlas to the outlaw obsessions of a frontier culture. America's civil creed is usually couched in terms of the self-reliance of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the frontier survivalism of Daniel Boone, and the giddy, self-creating mania of Walt Whitman. Yet there's a flip side to that creed. The America of self-reliance, hard work, and infinite possibility is also the America of get-rich-quick schemes, militias, tax evasion, gangland slayings, the Whiskey Rebellion, failed S. & L.s, life on the lam, deadbeat dads, and the electric chair: the America, in short, of Loompanics Unlimited.

Loompanics, the country's leading

recent appearance in the news came when the Seattle home of the Loompanics author Jim Hogshire was raided by a SWAT team brandishing copies of one of the books he has published with Loompanics, "Opium for the Masses: A Practical Guide to Growing Poppies and Making Opium." Most of the time, however, Loompanics publishes and distributes its often appalling books in quiet and profitable obscurity, shipping a hundred thousand catalogues and grossing about two million dollars a year.

Loompanics was established in 1973, when Michael Hoy, then a twenty-eight-year-old accountant from Dearborn, Michigan, decided to publish and distribute an index of the humor maga-

zine *National Lampoon*, transposing the letters of "lampoon" to create the company's name. The index business failed, but Hoy kept the name and started distributing arcane books (many with a libertarian bent) by other publishers while he tried to find a publishing niche of his own. He soon found one—what Dennis Eichhorn, who was for three years the editorial director of Loompanics, calls "the iconoclastic stick-your-neck-out niche." Hoy, now fifty-three, told me not long ago that he "assumed that there had to be other people like me: bookworms interested in unusual books and strange ideas."

He was right. In 1975, Loompanics consisted of two people. Today, Loompanics is one of the largest shippers in the picturesque town of Port Townsend, Washington, where it owns both its downtown office building and a warehouse about a mile away in which the company's inventory is stored. Hoy, who still vets all acquisitions, was a Goldwater conservative before being converted to libertarianism by Stewart Brand's "Whole Earth Catalog" and the writings of Ayn Rand. But he's also a lifelong reader of comic books, science fiction, and hardboiled detective novels, which may explain the particular direction that his libertarianism has taken: "How to Legally Obtain a Second Citizenship and Passport—And Why You Want To," "Counterfeit I.D. Made Easy," and "Getaway: Driving Techniques for Escape and Evasion."

The editorial ethos of Loompanics is consistent, but in a notably circular fashion. Breaking the law is encouraged, but then so is taking the law into your own hands. Sooner or later, the faithful reader of "Ditching Your Debts" is bound to cross paths with someone instructed by the equal and opposite Loompanics title "How to Collect Illegal Debts." The person who knows "How to Disappear Completely and Never Be Found" must hope that his nemesis has not mastered "How to Find Missing Persons." And one can only speculate about the outcome when an inquisitor schooled by "Interrogation: A Complete Manual" comes up against a subject who has read "Ask Me No Questions, I'll Tell You No Lies: How to Survive Being Interviewed, Interrogated, Questioned, Quizzed, Sweated, Grilled." (For a start, speak in a consis-

tent tone and pitch, don't break eye contact, and don't force a smile. If you're a chatterbox, turn it to your advantage: burble away while constantly changing the subject and interrupting yourself in midsentence—what we were talking about?—so that the interrogator loses his thread.)

I first encountered these books in Tower Records, a chain that dedicates a whole section of its books department exclusively to Loompanics literature. I've since read dozens of them and can attest that, however repugnant, they contain vast quantities of information. I've learned that the easiest way to acquire a second nationality if I've got a year and twenty thousand dollars to spare is to hop on a plane to Bolivia. (The publisher's one Spanish-language book is, appropriately, a "Guía Completa para Obtener una Identidad Estadounidense.") I've learned that if I want to make a new fake birth certificate look authentically aged, I should bake it in the oven for twenty minutes at three hundred degrees. I've learned that when printing counterfeit money (ideally on twenty-pound, light-cream-colored paper with a smooth finish) I should change the aluminum plate on the press at least every twelve hundred impressions, even though it could make a hundred thousand before showing visible signs of wear.

I've learned, further, that the best place to hide my secret rounds of ammunition is in a shower-curtain rod, and that a good place to hide stolen jewels in anticipation of a police search is beneath a thick layer of cooking grease at the bottom of a dirty pan. I've learned that if I need to discover the access code of a burglar alarm, I should spray ultraviolet ink (which I can get from scientific suppliers) on the door-knob next to the alarm: the proprietor or homeowner will get the ink on his hand and spread it to the keypad, so that I need only shine a U.V. lamp on the pad to determine which keys are used in the pass code.

I've learned that the simplest method for pickpocketing is the "two-finger snag": if I make a "V" with my index and middle fingers, then insert them a little way into the back pocket of my mark, I'll be easily able to extract his wallet when I create a diversion by jostling him with my body. (The way to practice pick-



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BRIEFLY NOTED

THE VOYAGE OF THE NARWHAL, by Andrea Barrett (Norton; \$24.95). Like the author's earlier "Ship Fever," this novel takes off over the sea, straight out of history and into tragedy. Erasmus Wells is already a broken man when he leaves Philadelphia, in 1855, on an Arctic expedition with his future brother-in-law, Zeke. Zeke proceeds to recapitulate Erasmus's traumas, stealing the quiet naturalist's work for his own glory and insuring that people think the worst of him. While we ache for Erasmus to notice his own opportunities for love and for heroism, we get to luxuriate in the promise of retribution and in finely calibrated, persuasive prose.

FOR KINGS AND PLANETS, by Ethan Canin (Random House; \$24.95). When Missouri-bred Orno Tarcher comes to Columbia University and meets Marshall Emerson, the brilliant, unstable son of two charming New York professors, he tells himself, with anxious expectation, "I am no longer among my own." Marshall's wayward, debauched habits, in conjunction with his academic success, soon challenge Orno's long-held ideas about moral character and integrity. Their friendship's true test, however, comes when Orno falls in love with Marshall's sister, Simone, and discovers that the Emerson family's charisma masks a Jamesian history of manipulation and lies. In this Bildungsroman, Canin writes about self-invention, loyalty, and the desire for experience with an uncomfortable, startling precision.

MANY THOUSANDS GONE: THE FIRST TWO CENTURIES OF SLAVERY IN NORTH AMERICA, by Ira Berlin (Belknap/Harvard; \$29.95). This meticulous scholarly study demonstrates how and why slavery took different forms at different times in different colonies and states, and describes the kinds of autonomy that slaves were able to wrest from their masters under each variant of the system. Berlin also stresses slaves' skills and acumen, not to palliate the evil of slavery but to show slaves as something other than victims—as competent, often exceptionally able, men and women.

THE THIEVES' OPERA, by Lucy Moore (Harcourt Brace; \$25). The cast of this uncommonly lively excursion into eighteenth-century London's underworld is familiar, because it includes the real people on whom John Gay modeled the characters in his imperishable "Beggar's Opera." The book focusses on two criminals who, after being hanged, lived on in English folklore. Jack Sheppard was a happy-go-lucky thief famous for his Houdini-like escapes from fetters and jails, and Jonathan Wild was a businesslike crime boss who organized thefts and burglaries in order to sell the valuables back to the victims. Moore reminds us of the persistent messiness of English life despite the rulers' efforts to impose order and elegance.

pocketing, in case you were wondering, is on a mannequin or on a coat slung over a chair.) I've learned how to save money when grocery shopping by removing the bar codes from less expensive items and sticking them on higher-priced ones before reaching the checkout line.

The hallmark of a Loompanics book is the deadpan rendering of absurd and often illegal things in minute—and presumably accurate—detail. The effect is like reading Martha Stewart filtered through Edgar Allan Poe:

Botulism is fun and easy to make. Fill a jar with corn, green beans, or chopped beets. Drop in a few pieces of meat and about a tablespoon of fresh dirt. Now pour in water until surface tension brings it above the top edge of the jar, then screw on the cap *tightly*.

Passages like these, which make Abbie Hoffman look like Emily Post, might suggest that Loompanics books are intended for the kind of person who lives with his mother, wears mismatched clothes, and has a large weapons collection. But what gives these books broader appeal—and makes Loompanics more than the Knopf of the criminal-minded—is the way they strike some of the major chords in the American psyche: self-reliance, hard work, and infinite possibility. And, even more, some of the minor chords in the American psyche: paranoia, vigilante justice, and the lure of easy money.

FROM Henry David Thoreau to Randy Weaver, the desire to go it alone, beyond the reach of government and society, has figured prominently in the American imagination; and most Loompanics authors draw at least implicitly on this theme. "David's Tool Kit: A Citizen's Guide to Taking Out Big Brother's Heavy Weapons" informs us that "in recent years U.S. government-inspired, directed and instigated acts of violence against its own citizens have dramatically increased. . . . As a result, common citizens may find themselves arrayed against government tanks, armored vehicles, machine gun and perhaps even artillery fire for little more than wanting to be left alone to tend to personal business." The basic sentiment here would not be wholly foreign to Thoreau, although it must be conceded that "Walden" never had a chapter entitled "Defending Against the Chopper."

Being self-reliant doesn't necessarily require abandoning society, and J. Andrew Anderson's "How to Steal Food from the Supermarket" explains how to hunt and gather like Daniel Boone without forsaking urban comforts. (The book has such authority that it is distributed at supermarket trade conferences by executives who want their employees to anticipate the tactics of would-be food thieves.) One of the publisher's recent classics is "The Art and Science of Dumpster Diving," by John Hoffman. Hoffman, who is long-haired, potbellied, and extremely charismatic, knows whereof he speaks. I have watched a video of him enthusiastically rummaging through Seattle city Dumpsters for the clothes, furniture, appliances, and even food that he uses to augment his family's otherwise normal, middle-class existence.

But if Hoffman's cheery resourcefulness is one aspect of self-reliance, Loompanics-style, so, too, is the twitchy paranoia of books like Burt Rapp's "Armed Defense: Gunfight Survival for the Householder and Businessman." "You may fortify your home or workplace, but you can't remain there 24 hours a day," Rapp writes. "In some cities, acting paranoid, as if everyone who approaches is 'out to get you,' is merely hard-core realism." Indeed, many Loompanics books are predicated on the notion that total social collapse—and an attendant anarchical free-for-all—is imminent. (Not so imminent, however, as to keep the publisher from accepting MasterCard and Visa.) Anita Evangelista's Supreme Rule of Food Storage, as she explains in "How to Develop a Low-Cost Family Food-Storage System," is "Do not tell *anyone* that you have stored up foods. Not anyone. Especially acquaintances. The main reason is that most people will believe you've gone completely paranoid and try to talk you out of it."

Nobody does paranoia with more panache than Victor Santoro, whose series of Underdog Justice books is a staple of the Loompanics backlist. Santoro's "Fighting Back on the Job," "Techniques of Harassment," and "Techniques of Revenge" are filled with brilliant ways to avenge yourself against a tormentor. At the same time, these books are a passive-aggressive's dream: you never have to confront anyone directly. Instead, San-

toro advocates an ingeniously Keynesian approach to harassment, and, indeed, all of his books extoll the virtues of using the "multiplier effect." "That means making one phone call do the work of ten," he writes. "For example, you could call [the target] up on the phone at all hours, but placing an ad in a newspaper putting his house or his car up for sale will have others doing it for you." And make sure the ad says to call after 10 P.M.

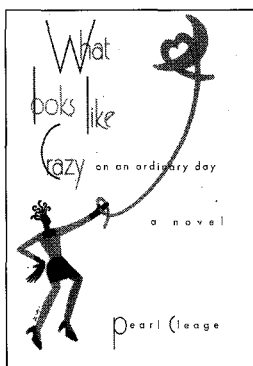
Since Santoro inhabits a morally tautological universe, moreover, you're assured of never being in the wrong. In "Gaslighting: How to Drive Your Enemies Crazy," Santoro writes, "Throughout this book, we'll be working on the assumptions that you're an ethical person, and that your target deserves whatever he gets because he's a bad person." One notable aspect of Santoro's revenge ethic is its vaunted solicitude for the picked-ons and put-upons of the world. Maxwell Hutchkinson's "Poisoner's Handbook," which advocates matching "violence of termination" to evilness of target, takes this pose to its furthest extreme. Here's his gloss on the chemical scopolamine hydrobromide: "Less than a gram of this strange, extremely potent drug will kill anyone. When used as a psychoactive, one interesting effect is that the user sees himself being attacked by little people. If you are a midget or a dwarf that feels put upon or discriminated against, then this is the poison for you."

ALMOST all Loompanics books, whether advocating criminal activity or vigilante justice, brim with such moral surety. The books that advocate breaking the law justify themselves by arguing that society's laws are unjust and immoral. The books advocating vigilantism justify themselves by arguing that society's punishments are weak and ineffectual. True, this sounds contradictory. But it all springs from the same nineteenth-sixties antinomianism. "Questions of morality are impossible to answer in a way that everyone will accept," Adam Cash writes in "Guerrilla Capitalism." "Morality, like the law, varies from place to place and even from person to person." In the Loompanics credo, it's not the individual against society so much as the individual against everybody else—a world view that slides very quickly from "Atlas Shrugged" to "Mad

(Advt.)

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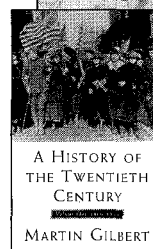
Several years ago, author **Margaret Lawrence** wrote *Hearts and Bones*—a novel of historical

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Max." And yet the whole enterprise is also deeply egalitarian, predicated as it is upon everyone's right to know everything. Given that the police have their interrogation techniques, an informed citizenry has the right to learn counter-interrogation techniques. There's an odd freedom-of-information logic to it all: if the rule of law gives the state a monopoly on force, Loompanics must be seen as a sort of antitrust campaign.

But the value that runs through the entire catalogue, even its most profoundly creepy titles, is a strong respect for craftsmanship. A Loompanics title about physical interrogation contains no less detail or concern for technique than its guide to building a log cabin does. A book on methods of execution is as assiduously detailed as a book on lip-reading. Hoy is a stickler for accuracy. Loompanics used to distribute the seminal book in the libertarian-anarchist field, "The Anarchist's Cookbook," which describes how to make LSD and Molotov cocktails. Hoy dropped the book from the catalogue when he learned that there were mistakes in it that could lead someone to blow himself up. But he has no problem publishing books, such as "Home Workshop Explosives," that explain how to blow other people up, just as long as the information is accurate.

"I don't advocate illegal behavior, but people do engage in it," Hoy says. "Each individual will do what he or she does." Dennis Eichhorn told me that every once in a while Loompanics would get a call from a reporter covering the story of an axe murderer said to have Loompanics books. "They want to know how we feel, and we always say, 'We hope they paid retail for the books and didn't steal them.' If they got caught, they obviously weren't following instructions." Theirs is not exactly a morally evolved attitude: surely one can distinguish between liberty and license, and support for the free flow of information needn't be accompanied by a glib disavowal of its very real consequences. But such rhetoric does remind us of those aspects of sixties counterculture which Woodstock nostalgia would dissolve into a golden haze of flower-power decals and Robert Indiana love logos. Yes, there were the Merry Pranksters and their blotting paper, but there was also the Weather Underground and its bombs. Hippiedom—

and it survives on the meeting ground of the New Left and the New Right—could bring with it a kind of predatory heartlessness that was no more palatable for being engagé. Still, to see the Loompanics enterprise only in such terms is to forget its true audience.

ONE way to understand the crossover appeal of these books is to think about the baby boomers who successfully evaded yuppiedom by moving to, say, rural West Virginia as part of the back-to-the-land movement. To their yuppie brethren, the back-to-the-landers seem a little foolish. Yet there is no denying that those hippies who remained carpenters or organic gardeners retain an aura of integrity which their peers lost when they traded LSD for BMW. All of which makes them an object of vicarious speculation: wouldn't it be neat to live the way they do? So it is with Loompanics: you don't actually want to steal from the supermarket or sneak into a movie or even, for that matter, build your house out of recycled junk, but it's neat to think that maybe you could. Then again, that's the salient feature of the how-to genre. Millions upon millions of diet books and sex manuals are purchased in this country without visibly reducing the legions of overweight, sexually deprived Americans. Whatever it is that we get out of these how-to books doesn't require putting them into practice.

If the Loompanics vision has the scary absurdity of a dream, it is a wholly American dream. With a little luck and a lot of pluck, anyone can become wealthy and successful—even living "off the grid." And it doesn't matter whether your route to success is entirely above-board. Al Capone and Oliver North are surely no less American than Andrew Carnegie or Ragged Dick. In that sense, Loompanics books are profoundly, even perversely, democratic. Whether your chosen vocation is diving in Dumpsters or picking pockets, manufacturing illicit substances or collecting illegal debts, the keys to success are dedication and hard work, not birthright or innate talent. It's true that, say, good interrogators need to display certain personal qualities, but "few of these qualities are in any way inborn," as Burt Rapp's "Interrogation: A Complete Manual" assures us. "All can be cultivated or improved." ♦

THE NEW YORKER

Statement required by 39 U.S.C. 3685 showing the Ownership, Management, and Circulation of THE NEW YORKER, published weekly, except for seven combined issues: the last week of February and the first week of March, the last week of April and the first week of May, the last two weeks of June, the last two weeks of August, the last week of October and the first week of November, the first two weeks of December, and the last week of December and the first week of January (46 issues). Date of filing: October 1, 1998. Publication No. 873-140. Annual subscription price: \$39.95.

1. Location of known office of Publication is 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

2. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publisher is 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

3. The names and addresses of the publisher and editor are: Publisher, David Carey, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036, a division of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc. Editor, David Remnick, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

4. The owner is: The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Stockholder: Through intermediate corporations to Advance Publications, Inc.; The Advance Voting Trust, sole voting stockholder, 950 Fingerboard Road, Staten Island, N.Y. 10305.

5. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

6. Extent and nature of circulation:

	Average no. copies each issue during preceding twelve months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total no. copies printed	900,246	885,763
B. Paid and/or requested circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales	43,466	42,110
2. Mail subscriptions	765,527	763,686
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F. Total free distribution	20,397	18,975
G. Total distribution	829,390	824,771
H. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, leftovers, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	12,822	5,602
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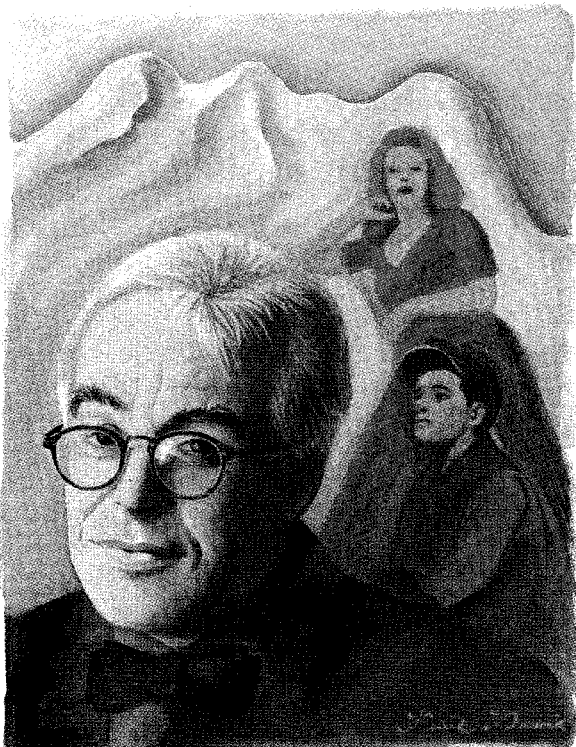
A season of John Guare opens with a millennial slapstick tragedy.

BY JOHN LAHR

LET me get this straight. A man called Stony McBride is floating in outer space, talking about change. "I feel myself changing," he tells us. He mints words like "remembry," "dismembry," and "membrotic" for the "panic-stricken act of obsessive memory" from which he is in the process of liberating himself. Behind him, a blue-and-gold scrim of the zodiac flies up, and we're looking at his yesterday, which is taking place on an iceberg near Norway at the brink of the millennium. He is a film director and is finishing a movie about another wayfarer in search of change, Marco Polo—a movie that involves a cast of five thousand Chinese extras and features his father, Lusty, who is making a comeback. McBride's pianist wife, Diane, sits on the iceberg drinking wine with her politician lover, Tom Wintermouth, who has won the Nobel Peace Prize for creating the new Saudi-Israeli state and is on the verge of yet greater acclaim, having just acquired the cure for cancer, which is strapped to his wrist. As a token of his love, he has had Grieg's original piano helicoptered onto the ice floe, where it sits upstage with a pink bow around it.

Bewitched? Bothered? Bewildered? Welcome to John Guare's world, which takes a theatre audience to imaginative places it rarely goes, and makes it pay attention in ways it's not used to. This is not naturalism. This is not situation

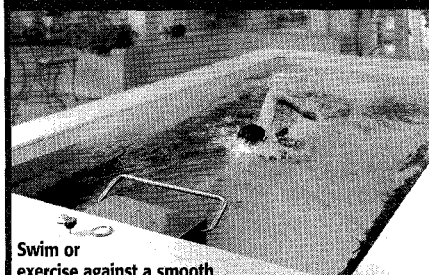
comedy. This is a cartoon of Guare's unconscious, called "Marco Polo Sings a Solo," the first offering in a series of Guare's works at the Signature Theatre this season. The play is a kind of slapstick tragedy in which Ibsen



Comedians of ambition: Guare and his big American dreamers in "Marco Polo Sings a Solo."

and Ionesco seem to have got married; in fact, at one point "A Doll's House" is briefly performed in Norwegian, on trampolines. This grief-stricken goofiness is the trademark of a playwright who for more than thirty years has waged "war against the kitchen sink" (as Guare has titled one volume of his plays). In the case of "Marco Polo," the battle ends in a draw, but it is not without its incidental comic victories. Here, reunited with the deft Mel Shapiro, who staged the play in 1977, at the Public Theatre, Guare broadcasts the

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impulse to take theatre beyond surface reality and restore it, as he writes, to "its true nature as a place of poetry, song, joy, a place of darkness where the bright truth is told." The particular truth around which "Marco Polo" and many of Guare's other plays circle is the punishment that comes with American dreaming.

In "Marco Polo," the dreams are gargantuan. The characters are driven crazy by opportunity and by the American imperative to push the self to the limits of what it can achieve. Inevitably, Guare's monsters of self-involvement are uncomfortable in their skins. The protean itch that infects them all is voiced in the play's first exchange between Tom (Jack Koenig) and Diane (the droll Judith Hawking), as they bitch about a celebrity power couple who have just renewed their marriage vows. "Between them, they've suffered so many nose jobs, chin jobs, eye lifts, ass lifts, breast lifts, name changes, I don't think there's any of the original bride and groom left," Diane says. To which Tom replies, "I'm all for change." America's notion of self-invention, with its mythic promise of social and spiritual rebirth, accounts for both our mobility and our restlessness. In "Marco Polo," all the characters, who live in an atmosphere of expectation, are agitated by the tension between what they might be and what they are. "I want more," Diane explains to Stony, when she's about to leave him for Tom. Later, when she also spurns Tom, she tells him, "No. This is not my life. . . . My parents told me I could have life any way I wanted it. When I have a life, it's going to be a wonderful thing. A treasure you can put on a shelf. Warmth. Passion. Golden. Light. Freedom."

Guare's characters are victims of the envy and humiliation that Veblen called "invidious comparison"; they dream of wanting, and most of what they want is worthless. "Why do my dreams, which should be the best part of me, why do my dreams, my wants, constantly humiliate me?" Guare asked in the introduction to his first hit, "The House of Blue Leaves" (1971). He added, "I'm not interested so much in how people survive as in how they avoid humiliation. . . . I think avoiding humiliation is the core of tragedy and comedy and probably of our lives." In "Six Degrees of Separation" (1990), Guare's central

character, the con man Paul, who passes himself off as Sidney Poitier's son, transfers the humiliation of his envy onto his victims, by humiliating them in turn. In "Marco Polo," Stony (played by Bruce Norris with a frenetic, dazed innocence) bears witness to his wife's flagrant affair, and finally, when Tom turns on him ferociously and says "*I Want Your Wife*," Stony channels his humiliation into a fantasy of legendary success: in this case, an imaginary dialogue with a famous astronaut called Frank Schaeffer, who has been exploring the galaxy for five years in search of a new, green planet to feed the world. "I can't go into the new century this frightened," Stony says. "Insignificant." As he loses himself in the solace of hero-worship, imagination substitutes for identity. "I can invent myself," he says. "I am Frank Schaeffer." Stony's need to contain himself in others—like the author's immersion in his characters—becomes a bulwark against inadequacy. As Diane explains it, "Stony projects his life onto the life of Frank Schaeffer the way you would project a film onto a screen, to give himself size. To give himself shape." When Schaeffer (Chuck Cooper) actually drops out of the heavens to see his wife, the McBrides' perky maid, Freydis (Opal Alladin), who is in retreat from her former urban self and from her famous husband, Stony inhabits his space-suit—the suit we first encountered him in. Act I ends with Stony ascending into the heavens: "This is the me I always wanted to be! I'm on my way, Frank!"

In their frenzy to get the life they want, the characters don't accept the life they have. The iceberg is struck by intergalactic nuclear thunderbolts, which are intended to impregnate Freydis and add to Schaeffer's legend; they also, incidentally, blow everything else to smithereens. The world is turned upside down. Stony's mother (Polly Holliday, having a field day with Guare's tall tales) totters forward amid the scorched wreckage. "Wasn't life over there?" she asks. In Guare's plays, life is usually perceived as elsewhere. Stony reaches this same epiphany after he finally lands on the green planet. His presence seems to pollinate the plants; every petal bears his image. "This is the world I want! A world populated by only me," he says. Soon he's engulfed by hordes of

screaming "me"s: "Me! Me! Each one moaning, whining Me!" He takes an axe to the plants and descends back to earth. "I want no more solos," he says. "I crave duets. The joy of a trio. . . . Make some music out of my life."

The music that "Marco Polo" makes is like a Charlie Parker riff: a wild, free-form improvisation that produces out of its meandering exploration moments of crazy, mesmerizing clarity. In an early play, "Muzeeka" (1967), a character called Jack Argue—an anagram of Guare—announced his life's plan: "I'll pipe in my own secret music." When Guare's secret music finds a structure that can contain its swirling invention and ground it more in character than in concept—"House of Blue Leaves," "Six Degrees of Separation," and "Bosoms and Neglect" (the Signature's next production)—his vision has its most potent expression. But even in more sprawling, abstract plays like "Marco Polo," where the metaphor and the voice don't live so congenially together, the experience is fascinating. Guare is a superb entertainer; his play makes startling links along the way. For instance, he reminds us that in Chekhov's "Three Sisters" the unhappy siblings who spent their life longing to get to Moscow were only forty-eight miles from the city. "They were in Moscow all the time," Tom says. At the finale, Stony is vaccinated against the punishment of yearning and, like Chekhov's obsessed sisters, against sorrows most of which never existed at all. "I realized what I would have to do. Draw the curtain. Say goodbye forever," he says to us about giving up crippling memories and comparisons. "Go out into the now. Out there where you live. Into the present. Out there where you are. . . ." While Stony talks, the light fades, and bright flowers magically materialize from his hand. It's an apt image also for Guare, whose delightful literary sleights of hand are distinguished by both their fecundity and their generosity. ♦

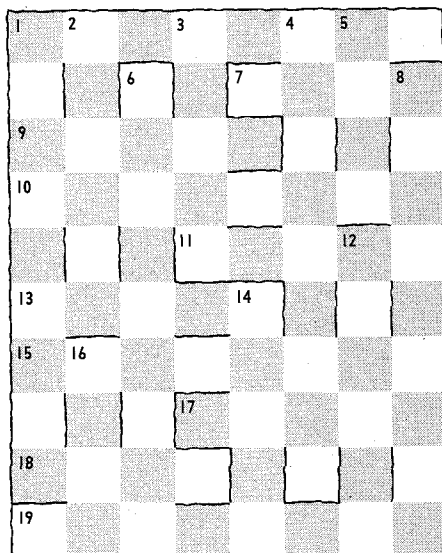
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[From the Times]

"As I look at it with a broad brush, there are a lot of things going south at the same time," said Morris Goldstein, a former International Monetary Fund official and a senior fellow at the Institute for International Economics in Washington. "Where's the good news coming from? There's no silver bullet out there."

8x10 CRYPTIC

NO. 62 BY TRIP PAYNE



ACROSS

- 1 Dr. Seuss book put antelope's heart into insect's body (3,5)
- 7 Endlessly stupid studies (4)
- 9 Priest heard animal in the Andes (5)
- 10 Ignore Civil War general holding claw (3,5)
- 11 Certain shelters beginning to change a capital of Bolivia (5)
- 13 Harder to find area mostly surrounded by railroad (5)
- 15 Newspaper column discussed wild-animal refuge of a sort (4,4)
- 17 Rested, I would lead in the past (5)
- 18 Irritate arm without fail (4)
- 19 Female churchgoers chopped elm? No way (8)

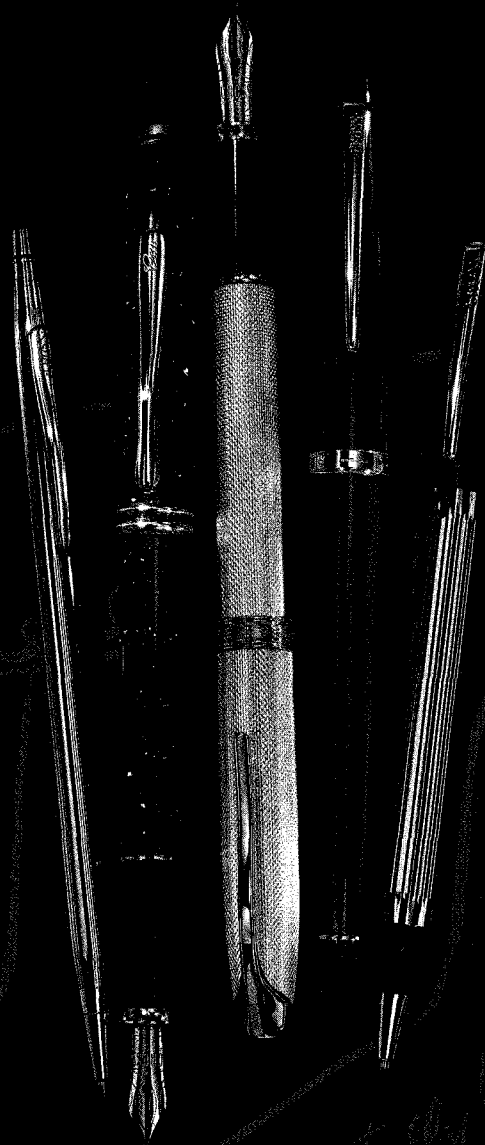
DOWN

- 1 It's tough to accomplish radical revolution by going backward (4,5)
- 2 That guy Leonard goes over a U.S. capital (6)
- 3 Deli masterpiece contains some beans (5)
- 4 Flipped over pay TV that could be taken back (9)
- 5 Author unknown in the near future (4)
- 6 End-of-game comeback from one side (9)
- 8 Deny tales swirling about nineteen-seventies rock band (6,3)
- 12 Steak I braise on the outside, wrapped in bread (3,3)
- 14 Kind of broadcast advertisement in South American city (5)
- 16 Between introduction and conclusion, sent up Charles Lamb (4)

The solution to puzzle No. 61 appears on page 81. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. For an electronic version, send an E-mail to puzzleguide@newyorker.com.



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THE HORROR OF REJECTION

BY BRUCE MCCALL

DEAR MR. KING,
Thanks for the look, but we'll pass on your "scary tale." Have you thought of the horror-comic form?

DEAR MR. KING,

A second copy of your novel (an oversight?) arrived today. Other opinions: "far-fetched," "weird," "wacky." Suggestion—a correspondence writing course, a fresh start. Why not start out in juveniles?

DEAR MR. KING,

Yet another copy of your novel (sorry again, no sale; this occult-murder stuff's been done to death) arrived today, at the very moment my secretary started screaming. Seems she found the office coffeepot full of blood. Publishing—you never know what's going to happen next!

DEAR MR. KING,

How the heck did you know to send your novel to me? It's my sad duty to report that your previous contact here suddenly turned inside out today in the weekly meeting—an awful mess—and I've just become the new first reader. Bet she won't eat at that new Mexican restaurant again! Afraid, though, that the answer's still uh-uh. I'm the one who called it "wacky."

DEAR MR. KING,

Thought you should know that someone claiming to be your "agent" (Bill Z. Bubbe? Bill Zebob?) was here today, and we had a literally "sulfurous" exchange. Wild & crazy threats, etc. You really should rein this guy in!

DEAR MR. KING,

Please take "No!" for an answer and

stop sending us your hopelessly jejune novel. We are very short-handed, now that a plague of boils has at least temporarily decimated our editorial staff.

DEAR MR. KING,

I've been assigned to return your novel. My predecessor blew up to fifty times normal size in the conference room today and exploded in a hail of horned toads. (Had apparently been feeling blah for some time.) Alas, your rather too-too-Gothic novel just isn't for us.

DEAR MR. KING,

Did you catch it on the late TV news last night? Our entire office melted into a puddle of boiling sludge yesterday. As luck would have it, no one was around—the Health Department had already closed us down on

account of the green slime dripping off the walls and pig intestines oozing out of the A.C. Miraculously, the latest copy of your manuscript was undamaged—in fact, untouched! But, since it was also unrevised, I'm afraid you know our response.

DEAR MR. KING,

Thanks for enclosing the gallon of Maine maple syrup with your new manuscript, but from what I've read of your novel so far I wouldn't get my hopes up. Frankly, the whole "curse" idea smacks far too much of nineteenth-century plot artifice.

DEAR MR. KING,

The wife loved the maple syrup. By the way, she and the kids pushed me down the cellar stairs last night—an accident, they were all as sleepy as zombies.

DEAR MR. KING,

Well, at least somebody likes your book! The entire P.T.A. meeting last night formed a circle around me and started reciting it—actually, chanting it, word for word—as they closed in. P.S.: This may sound crazy, but just before blacking out I thought I heard Mrs. Richardson say she is Bill Z. Bob's—your agent's—daughter!

DEAR MR. KING,

Let me introduce myself: I'm the chairman, and I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to publish your novel. My staff—talk about freak bad luck—is now all gone, and so are all our other authors, so what's to lose? Would a first printing of two million be O.K.? If what the python under my table today at the Century Association said is to be believed, I think so. ♦



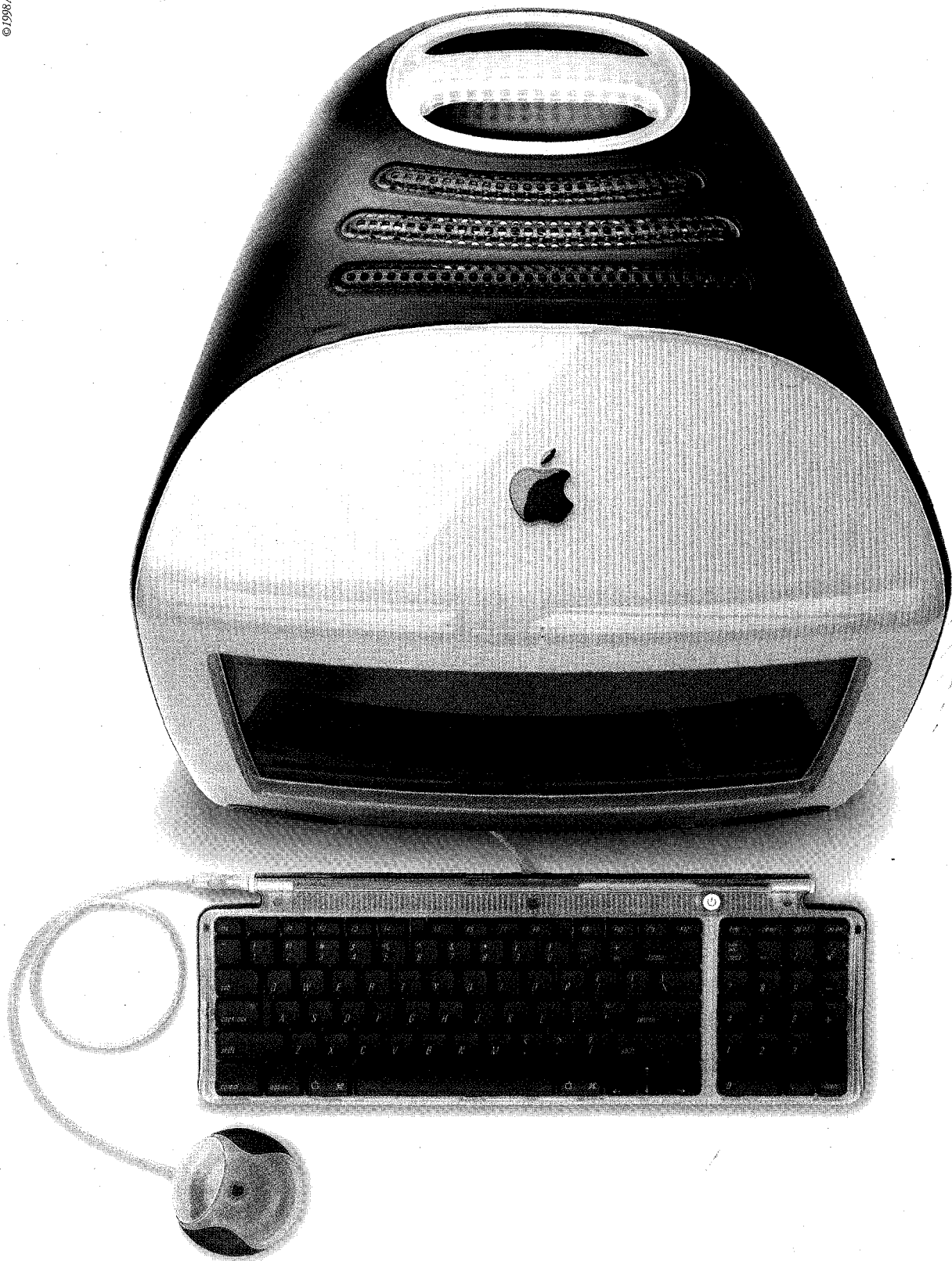


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